THE

APRIL

ROYAL

THE BLACK KNIGHT

BY

OWEN OLIVER

(SEE PAGE 506)

4D.

Google

You won't wear that worried look?

if you will only try

BEECHAM'S PILLS

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BODLEIAN 22 8 1905 LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

ENO'S FRUIT SALT
YOUR AILMENT IS
NATURE'S REPROOF
To overcome that ailment you require
NATURE'S ASSISTANCE
ENO'S FRUIT SALT
IS NATURE'S OWN REMEDY.
Prepared only by J.C. Eno Ld. Fruit Salt Works London. SE by J.C. Eno's Patent

Digitized by Google

How Clever Women Dress!

The clever women of to-day know that to dress properly, not only the quality of the material used has to be considered, but the STYLE in which the garments are made. The ever growing popularity of John Noble Ltd. is revealed in the following reasons:—The CUT of their Models shews the deftness and skill of a master hand, and being all that can be desired in point of Style, evince painstaking to the very last stitch.

WE PROVE THESE STATEMENTS at no risk whatever to you—send us a trial order and we guarantee every article we supply to give you satisfaction or your money will be promptly refunded. Prove this for yourself by writing to-day.

MODEL 560.

10/6 Carriage 6d. extra.

Charming New Costume in J.N. Cheviot Serge or Special Zibeline. Tailor-built Walking Skirt. Bodice with the new cross-over collar effect and latest style sleeves, prettily trimmed as sketch. To fit 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Price **10/6**, worth 15/-; carriage 6d. extra. Lined throughout, **4/6** extra. Colours as below. Made specially to measure, **2/6** extra.

MODEL 423.

10/6 Carriage 6d. extra.

Charming Spring Costume, smartly cut and well made in J.N. Cheviot Serge. The Sac Coat is becomingly arranged with shoulder cape, trimmed good braid; collar, front and cuffs trimmed to match. New sleeves. Price only **10/6**. To fit 34, 36 and 38in. bust. Colours as below.

MAIDS' SIZES are also supplied in this design at following prices:—

Lengths—	36	39	42	46	50 in.
Prices—	**9/6**	**10/-**	**10/-**	**10/6**	**10/6**

Lengths are from top of neck-band to edge of skirt in front.

WHAT TO WEAR

Is the title of our new Booklet of Spring Fashions. Everything in it is entirely new, and the Book itself is an authoritative Guide to Style for 1905. It will put money in your purse to possess it, and no lady should miss securing a copy—FREE for postcard request.

Colours of above Costumes: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Grey, Heliotrope, Wedgwood, Old Rose, Royal, Electric, &c.

Spring Dress Fabrics.

Entirely new weaves and shades Patterns free on approval. Send post card to-day.

MONEY RETURNED

MODEL 562.

3/9 Carriage 4d. extra.

Very dressy Blouse in coloured Nun's cloth, beautifully smocked in front to form points. Fastens at back. Sleeves and back finely tucked. Colours: Cream, Biscuit, Turquoise, Eau de Nil, Black, and Navy. Price **3/9**. The value of this blouse must be seen to be appreciated. Carriage 4d. extra. Honestly worth 5/6.

FAILING SATISFACTION.

MODEL 563.

9/11 Carriage 6d. extra.

The **New Coat** for Spring. Fashionably cut, of smart and useful design, with new sleeves and Chesterfield fronts. Supplied in Grey and Light **Fashionable Tweeds**, splashed green

MODEL 564.

6/9 Carriage 5d. extra.

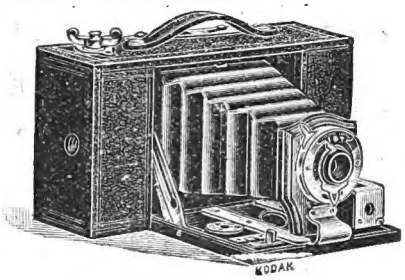
Well-cut Walking Skirt, with panel fronts and three cloth folds extending from sides, trimmed fancy pelets (as sketch). Supplied in stock sizes only in the J.N. Black and Navy **Vicuna Cloth** Price **6/9**. Carriage 5d. extra.

John Noble Ltd., 44 Brook St. Mills, Manchester.

Digitized by Google

HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW KODAK?

JUST OUT.



The No. 2 Folding Brownie.

For Pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Takes the No. 2 Brownie Spool.

Daylight Loading and Unloading.
Daylight Development.

PRICE **21/-** ONLY.

The most perfect Camera at the price. Well designed and strongly made. Dimensions when closed only $7 \times 3\frac{1}{2} \times 2$ ins., and weighs but 15 ounces. Fitted with Brownie Automatic Shutter giving instantaneous "bulb" and time exposures by a trigger release. Iris diaphragm. Automatic triple lock focussing device, entirely superseding the old scale and indicator. Reversible finder, and screw sockets for stand work.

Of all Dealers, or

Kodak LTD. 57-61 Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

The Ideal Camera for the Beginner.

BRANCHES:—96 Bold St., Liverpool; 72-74 Buchanan St., Glasgow; 59 Brompton Rd., S.W.; 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115 Oxford St., W.; 171-173 Regent St., W.; and 40 Strand, London, W.C.

Stationary Heel.

Revolving Heel Pad.

Rubber Heel Tip.

"The Man who wants to sit down."

The continued series of small shocks sustained by the system every time your hard leather heel hits the stone pavement creates "that tired feeling" and the inclination to sit down.

The Wood-Milne Rubber Heel

gives continual energy to your stride and buoyancy to every step. You don't want to sit down. Besides this, they more than double the life of your boots and retain their shape. Get a pair to-day; all boot shops have them. They can be fixed on in few seconds.

LOOK FOR THE NAME *WOOD-MILNE* ON THE HEEL.

Digitized by Google

THE RIGHT WAY TO BETTER YOUR POSITION

Is to Study.

DO YOU FEEL THAT YOU OUGHT TO EARN a larger salary? Are you worried because your present position is unsatisfactory? Have you thought that a knowledge of some of the following subjects: Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping, Up-to-date Business Methods, and Languages would help you? We assure you that we can assist you to be a success in your business. Write to-day to The Secretary, **Pitman's Metropolitan School, Southampton Row, W.C.**, for prospectus No. 33, which will give you particulars of individual tuition to students by correspondence, or in our Day and Evening Classes.

Practical Tuition in all Commercial Subjects.

THE RINGLEADERS

Supply a single ring at wholesale price.

Diamond Cluster with Ruby Centre. £2 10 0.

18-ct. gold.

Pink Coral, 24/6.
Real Opals, £2 2 0.

CASH RETURNED if not approved within 7 days

JOHN MYERS & CO., LTD.,
Gold Ring Makers,
135b Westminster Bridge Rd., LONDON.
(Established 1817.) Price List Free.

One Diamond and Two Rubies, 27/6.

Real Stones.

Three Sapphires and Four Diamonds, £4 10.

A Lady's Choice

of a Pen, if she seeks for perfection in design, elegance in workmanship, and absolute satisfaction in use, will undoubtedly be in favour of the world-renowned

"SWAN"
Fountain Pen.

Made in Three Sizes at

10s. 6d., 16s. 6d., 25s.,

up to £20, postage free.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.

Catalogue free on application.

MABIE, TODD & BARD,

79 & 80 High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.
Branches: 93 Cheapside, E.C.; 95a Regent St., W.; 3 Exchange St., MANCHESTER; and at NEW YORK and PARIS.

Size No. 1 "SWAN," Barrel Covered Chased Rolled Gold, 30/-

MOTHER!

Give your child FRAME-FOOD, and it *must* grow up WELL and STRONG.

Because

FRAME-FOOD contains those LIFE-GIVING Phosphates (taken from Wheat) which build up the human frame. Hence the name

FRAME-FOOD

(Builds up the Frame.)

16-oz. Tin, 1s.

FREE TEST.—Sample TIN sent free on receipt of 1d. stamp for postage. (Mention this journal.)

FRAME-FOOD Co. Ltd., The Famous Factory, Standen Road, Southfields, London, S.W.

Digitized by Google

EDWARDS'

"HARLENE" FOR THE HAIR

The Great Hair Producer and Restorer.

The Finest Dressing. Specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed. A Luxury and a Necessity to every Modern Toilet.

RESTORES, STRENGTHENS, BEAUTIFIES & PROMOTES the GROWTH of the HAIR.

Prevents its Falling Off and Turning Grey.

The World-renowned Cure for Baldness.

A TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

Under the Royal Patronage of—

H.M. THE QUEEN OF GREECE.
H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS GEORGE OF RUSSIA.
H.R.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SPARTA.
H.H. PRINCESS WINDISCHGRAETZ.
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF SPARTA.
H.I.H. THE GRAND DUCHESS OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.
H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.
H.H. PRINCESS DI SIPINO.
PRINCESS ANNA HOHENLOHE.
&c., &c.

MRS. LANGTRY, The Charming Actress-Manager, writes: "Previous to my using 'HARLENE,' my hair had become brittle, and was falling off. I have used your preparation daily for 18 months, and my hair is quite restored. I cannot recommend 'HARLENE' too highly."

A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

ROYAL MAGAZINE (April, 1905).

Will be sent to any part of the World to any person filling up this form and enclosing 3d. for postage. Foreign stamps accepted. If presented personally at our offices, no charge will be made.

Name.....

.....

.....

1/-, 2/6, and 4/6 per Bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the world, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 & 96 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google

CALTON

STYLO PEN.

Get a "Calton" Stylo—no scratching—no blots.
The "Calton" flows freely, get one and test—you'll find it just perfect—just the one that won't go wrong. It can't, that's why.

Price 3s., complete

"Jewel" Fountain Pen, Gold Nib, 5s., complete.

Of Stationers or Sole Makers,
(Dept. 51) **JEWEL PEN Co.,**
102 Fenchurch St., London, E.C.

The Pen that wont go wrong

I provide everything

FOR CASH OR EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

Send for any of my Departmental Catalogues, post free on application.

Watches	Books & Stationery	Bassinettes, etc.
Clocks & Bronzes	Athletic Goods	Boots and Shoes
Jewellery, etc.	Ladies' Outfitting	General Drapery
Sheffield Cutlery	Mantles & Costumes	Furniture
Silver Plate	Ladies' Millinery	Tools
Travelling Bags and Requisites	Men's and Boys' Tailoring	Machinery
Cameras	Men's and Boys' Outfitting	Glass and China
Musical Goods		Bicycles
		Harness & Vehicles

Buyers' Guide for Colonial and Foreign Trade (944 pages of Illustrations and Descriptions of Goods in our various Departments) sent to any part of the world.

AGENTS WANTED. GOOD PAY. NO RESPONSIBILITY.

J. G. GRAVES, *The Universal Supply Warehouse,* **SHEFFIELD**

POULTON & NOEL'S

SOUPS in Glasses, Tins, Tablets, and Powder.
POTTED MEATS in Tins, Glasses, and Jars.
MARMALADE & PICKLES in Jars and Glasses.

Order from your GROCER. Sample 6d. Sample Tongue, 3/9.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to

POULTON & NOEL Ltd., Belgravian Works, London, N.

BOOKLET sent FREE.

OX TONGUES IN TINS & GLASSES

To-day's mem.

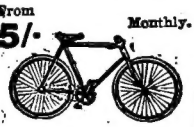
WHEN the dark days set in, you doubtless packed away many articles of apparel. We suggest you look these up to-day. The Blouse or Dress which was so much admired last season may not look quite so well as you anticipate, or your almost-new costume may be soiled or creased. Your Feathers may need cleaning and recurling. Gloves (from 3d. per pair), Laces, and other odds and ends, could all be made small new by our special processes and at very like cost.

We Clean and Dye many things. Gentlemen's Suits (cleaned and tailor-pressed 4/6); also Nottingham Lace Curtains (9d. per pair); Cretonne Chair and Sofa Covers, Tapestry Table Covers, &c. Our name is a sufficient guarantee for good work.

If no Branch in your town, send post-card direct for our new Price List.

JOHNSON BROTHERS (Dyers) LTD.,
(Dept. V), **Bootle Dye Works, Liverpool.**
200 BRANCHES.
Chief London Office: **96 Wigmore St., W.**

From **5/-** Monthly.



Sample £10-10 Cycle for Cash, £4-15.

Dunlop Tyres, Free Wheel (as advertisement), carriage paid. **Cycles £2-10 to £15-15.** Agents wanted. Big commission. List free.

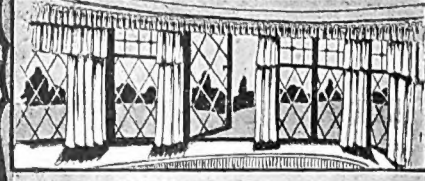
DEREHAMROAD CYCLE CO., NORWICH.

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

New Pattern Books of the Latest and most Artistic Furnishing Fabrics, Cretonnes, Muslins, Tapestries, Taffetas, Printed Cottons and Linens, Art Carpets, etc.

New Illustrated Catalogue of the Latest and Most Artistic arrangements in Casement Blinds and Fittings.

CASEMENT BLINDS A SPECIALITY



SUITABLE MATERIALS.

Cassia Cloth, in 30 shades, 50in. wide, 7½d. per yard.
Figured Cassia Cloth, 50in. wide, 9½d. per yard. Special Design.
Casement Flax, 50in. wide, 1/3 per yard.
Mercerised Canvas 48in. wide, 1/2 per yard.
Alma Cloth, 50in. wide, 1/4½ per yard.
" " figured, 1/11½ per yard.
Egyptian Cloth, manufactured from natural Egyptian cotton, 50in. wide, 1/3 per yard.
Lustre Cloth, 50in. wide, 2/11½ per yard.
Wool Casement Cloths, 50in. wide, 1/11½ and 2/6 per yard.
Dhio, manufactured from finest Donny Yarn, 2/11 per yard.
Silk Warp Casement Cloth, 2/11 and 3/6 per yard.

Special Trimmings for same. Patterns Free upon Application.

Competent men sent to all parts of the United Kingdom.
ESTIMATES FREE.
TELEPHONE No. 301 TOOTING.

WILLIAMSON & COLE
Nos 12A, 14A, 16A HIGH ST. CLAPHAM S.W.

Digitized by Google

A comfortable saddle makes cycling the pleasure it is intended to be—an uncomfortable saddle makes it a torture!

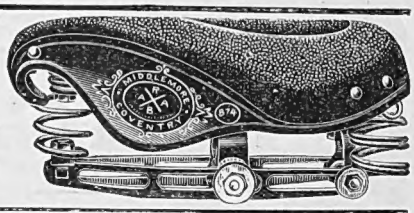
THE RIDEASY Is the most perfect saddle made. NEVER GETS HARD. PADDED TOP. Scientifically Constructed.

LADIES' PATTERN, 874B.

Price, Enamelled 12/6 each. | Extra Large Size, 2/6 extra. | Gent.'s Pattern Same Price.
" Plated 15/- "

Sent per post on trial to any address on receipt of 2/6, which forms part pay ment if saddle is kept. *Booklet Post Free on application.*

MIDDLEMORE & LAMPLUGH Ltd., COVENTRY.



Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.

A CURIOSITY IN CALIGRAPHY.

Our photo shows Mr. C. H. Unthan, whose unique performances attract great attention in the music-halls, performing one of his "feats." Mr. Unthan, the Armless Wonder, is engaged writing with a "Waterman's Ideal." If he finds, as he says he does, that "Waterman's Ideal" is the pen that best suits his foot—you will realise that it will give you extra ease and facility in writing with the straightforward use of your hand.

From **10/6**. In Silver and Gold for Presentation. Of Stationers, Jewelers, &c. Dainty Illustrated Booklet on Pens, post free, from

L. & C. HARTMUTH,
12 Golden Lane, LONDON, E.C. (New York: 173 Broadway).

ZOX FOR NEURALGIA.

YOU MAY TRY IT FREE.

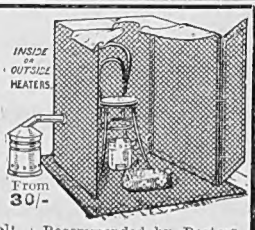
Neuralgia is a disease of the Nerves, and most commonly attacks the nerves of the face. All who suffer will be glad to know of **ZOX**, a Simple and Sure Remedy, certified free from injurious substance by Dr. A B. Griffiths. The Proprietors of the Remedy offer to send *two free sample* **ZOX** *Powders to any reader of* ROYAL *who will send them a stamped addressed envelope.*

ZOX Powders can be obtained of Chemists, Stores, etc., at 1/- and 2/6 a box, or post free from

THE ZOX CO.,
11 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

DO YOU KNOW—

what the **"GEM" Hot-Air and Vapour Bath** is? How it works, and what it can do for you—making you well if ill, keeping you well if well, fortifying you, strengthening you, making you capable of the most that is in you? Do you know why it has been declared a necessity in every home?



From **30/-**

Recommended by Doctors and Thousands of other users.

Particulars Free.

THE GEM SUPPLIES CO. Ltd.
(Dept. 11),
121 Newgate Street, LONDON.

Digitized by Google

CEREBOS TABLE SALT

THE IDEAL SHOE for Price, Comfort, Durability.

SEE TESTIMONIALS BELOW!

Made with strong Plaited Jute Soles, which will last much longer than leather with ordinary wear.

Mr. J. G.—, 42 St. Lawrence Road, Brixton, writes, 30/4/03: "Your shoes for comfort, price, and durability excel all I have come in contact with." Mr. Doyle, Hospital, Trinidad, writes, 2/11/04: "Last very satisfactory; hence second order."

Enclose Length of Walking Shoe. Colour—Brown, Black, or White—	Prices (post free). Children's.	Ladies'.	Gent's.
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping) ...	1/6	1/9	2/0
D. Superior Canvas (as per Illustration)	—	2/6	2/9
E. Boots (No Straps)	—	3/0	3/3
Felt Slippers, best quality (Black)	1/0	1/3	1/6
Canvas Leather-Soled Shoes (superior)...	3/6	4/0	4/9
Brown Canvas, or Brown Leather, fine Red Rubber Soles	—	—	5/9

Off three pairs at one time we allow 2d. per pair.
Price List free. Post free British Isles; abroad extra.

PATENT CANVAS SHOE CO., 95B, Bath-st., Glasgow.

MACKINTOSH'S EXTRA CREAM TOFFEE

DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS!

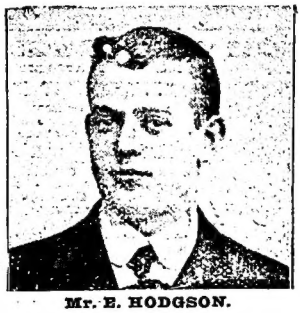
Purest of the pure. Sold everywhere.

A Very Large Sample Packet sent Post Free for Eight Penny Stamps.

J. Mackintosh Ltd, The Toffee Mills, Halifax.

If you like Extra Cream Toffee, try **Mackintosh's Old-Fashioned Treacle Toffee.**

FREE TO THE DEAF



Mr. E. HODGSON.

"I can now hear a watch tick at arm's-length."

15 Boundary Street, Roundhay Road,
Leeds, Yorks.

Dear Sir,

I had been gradually getting deaf for some time, when I read in the *Sunday Companion* about Mr. Isaac Shufflebotham, of Congleton, having been completely cured by the "Keith-Harvey System." As Mr. Shufflebotham's case was exactly like my own, I made up my mind to try the treatment. I noticed an alteration after applying the remedies for twelve days, and I am now pleased to state that my hearing is greatly improved since using your Treatment.

You will appreciate the improvement when I tell you that I can now hear a watch ticking at arm's-length from the ear.

You are at perfect liberty to use my name, and I shall also be pleased to answer any inquiries.

Yours faithfully,

14th November, 1904. E. HODGSON.

Miss M. BATEMAN.

17 Years Deaf. Completely Cured.

Sweet Tooth Lane,
Sandbach, Cheshire.

Dear Sir,

As the result of an attack of scarlet fever in childhood I had for the past 17 years been suffering from Deafness and noises in the head.

These "humming" and "buzzing" noises never left me, and latterly have become very troublesome. I could hear much better when in a train or amongst the noise of machinery, and the weather also affected me.

Noticing in the *Sunday Companion* that others had obtained relief from the "Keith-Harvey System," I made up my mind to try it. I am very pleased to tell you that your Treatment has proved most satisfactory in every way, and my hearing is now very good.

I shall be most happy to recommend the "Keith-Harvey System" to anyone.

Yours truly,

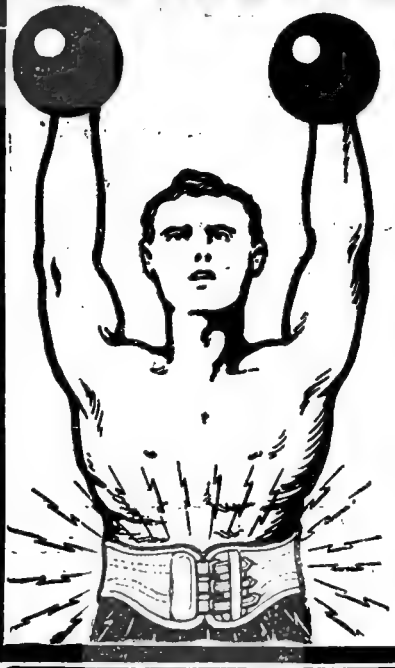
31st October, 1904. (Miss) M. BATEMAN.

IF YOU

are a sufferer from Deafness or Head Noises, and desire a complete and permanent cure, write at once to Professor G. Keith-Harvey, 117 Holborn, London, E.C., for Pamphlet, fully describing an entirely new self-applied method, which he will send you gratis and post free on mentioning the "Royal Magazine."

Digitized by Google

STRONG AND HAPPY



This is the way they feel now—the men who were once ill and weak, who were always nervous and trembling, and who never knew what it was to enjoy peaceful sleep.

They are now free from pain, and awake refreshed and full of energy—are light-hearted and self-confident.

HERE IS THE SECRET—

Electricity—that's all. This grand force is the only natural restorative; the only certain means of curing ailments of a nervous and debilitating character. All who suffer in this way should lose no time in investigating the claims of the Pulvermacher Electric Belt, which fills the body with nerve-life, warms the blood, and restores both physical and mental energy.

FREE BOOK. In order to prove our claims, and that the general public may know more about electricity as a curative agent, we have prepared a 90-page book (illustrated), dealing with the subject in an interesting manner, and this we will send free for the asking to those interested in the development of vigorous health in men and women.

Do not delay! Cut out this advertisement and send it to us to-day.

J. L. PULVERMACHER Ltd.,
25 Vulcan House, 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

MACKILL'S ASTHMA CURE.

A sure and speedy remedy for this distressing affliction. Mackill's is no new cure, but has been in operation for over 30 years, and its fame rests on the solid foundation of efficacy.

FREE TRIAL ON RECEIPT OF POSTCARD.
Tins 1/9, 2/9, and 4/6 post free.
The MACKILL ASTHMA CURE CO, BATHGATE N.B.
Sold by Chemists everywhere.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

FREE to all afflicted. To remove root and stem, send for the Treatise compiled from MSS. of the warrant-holder to the Courts of George IV., William IV., and Queen Adelaide. The proprietor will hold himself personally responsible for efficacy, permanency of cure and harmlessness.

ROBT. LOW, 5T Gt. Queen Street, LONDON.

MACKENZIE'S CREAM TOFFEE

Essentially High-Class.
THE LOVELIEST TOFFEE IMAGINABLE.
Sold Everywhere. Steam Works, London.

DRUNKARDS CAN BE CURED.

with or without the patients' knowledge
For free trial write: WARD CHEMICAL CO., 248 Century House, 205 Regent St., London, W.

In Springtime:

Bird's Custard and Rhubarb, wholesome and healthful, rich and creamy. **Bird's Custard** is the one thing needed with all Stewed, Tinned, or Bottled Fruits. It enhances their flavour and imparts to them a grateful mellowness.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

No Eggs!
No Risk!
No Trouble!

Completely supersedes the use of Eggs in the preparation of High-class Custard. Greatly increases the popularity of all Sweet Dishes. The unfailing resource of every successful hostess.

Digitized by Google

NEITHER ILL NOR WELL.

This unhappy borderland between health and disease is familiar ground to so large a proportion of our modern population that physicians now consider a condition of perfect health extremely rare.

Thousands of people go through their daily routine with a feeling of lassitude, of oppression and nervous apprehension, which destroys much of the pleasure of living. They are not ill in the general understanding of the word, and they are not by any means well—just dragging along, doing what they are obliged to do in a perfunctory manner, and worrying their hearts out over trifles which would never even occur to a person in sound health.

THERE IS A CAUSE

for all this, of course, just as there is a definite cause for everything which is unnatural. Nature intended that every man and woman should enjoy a superabundance of strength and energy, and it is only when Nature's laws are violated that we fall short of this.

ELECTRO VIGOUR

supplies to the system the energy which is lacking, stirs the subtle forces of nature into activity in a gentle manner, and does not injure the organism as is the case with strong drugs and so-called tonics, which have injurious effects long after their action has worn off.

DO NOT DELAY. Write to us and we shall be glad to give you our opinion on your case, and tell you candidly if our ELECTRICAL TREATMENT will cure you. If you are sceptical we feel sure of our ability to dispel your scepticism, if you will only give us a chance of doing so.

FREE BOOK. We have a very valuable 64-Page Book, devoted to our method of treatment, which we shall be glad to send you free on receipt of a letter or post-card, and, if convenient to call at our office, we will give you our advice and show you the working of this grand appliance.

THE DR. F. McLAUGHLIN CO.,
164 Strand, London, W.C.
Branch Office: 35 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW.

WHAT?

What do ***you*** know about Personal Magnetism, Hypnotic Influence, &c.? Do you talk from actual knowledge, or only guesswork? Have you noticed that some people possess a certain but intangible ability to succeed and a tract, while others equally clever fail? How would you like to exercise that power? Do you believe you could? Do you ***know*** you couldn't? Why? Do you ***know*** anything of the power of mind over matter? Are you ***sure*** you could not exercise a strong mental influence on those about you? Why are you sure? Why are you ***not*** sure? Why don't you post yourself on these subjects by sending for the

FREE BOOK

"The Power Within," sent anywhere on receipt of 1d. stamp for return postage.

NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING CO.
(Dpt. 301), Temple Chambers, Temple Ave, E.C.

THE FAMOUS

"Mab" THE FINEST SHAVING IMPLEMENT IN THE WORLD.

Dwarf Razor

BLACK HANDLE 2/6
IVORY " 3/6

PAIR IN CASE
BLACK 7/6
IVORY 9/6

"MAB" Co
NEWHALL ST. BIRMINGHAM.

THE POPULAR
SCOTCH
IS
"BLACK & WHITE"
WHISKY.

Digitized by Google

In the Spring

EVEN THE —— MOST HEALTHY

are subject to Skin Eruptions, Impure Blood, Stomach Disorders, Biliousness and Low Vitality.—The lack of out-door exercise, the fog, cold and damp of Winter weaken and debilitate the organs of digestion and excretion—the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys—so that they fail to do their work properly.—In the Spring time all men, women, and children

NEED ——

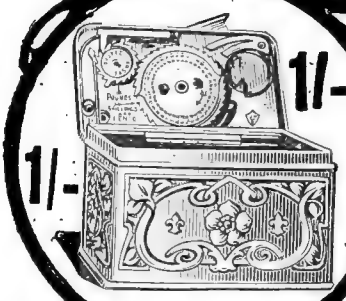
THE TONIC & BLOOD PURIFIER

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP. "I used to suffer dreadfully with Indigestion," says Mrs. Rachel Gutteridge, Walton-at-Stone, nr. Hertford. "I had dreadful pains after food, both at the stomach and in the back. I also suffered much from dizziness and headache. Nothing did me any good but MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP, which soon restored me to health. I think there is no medicine for indigestion to be compared with MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP. It has been my best friend for years."

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

TAKE IT DAILY AFTER MEALS.

Price 1/1½ & 2/6 per bottle.



"BANG WENT SAXPENCE"

is an old saying implying
the loss of that nimble coin.

But every sixpence or shilling put into a

"Daily Mail" Savings Bank

or every penny and halfpenny put into a

"London Magazine" Savings Bank

brings you nearer the sum you originally intended to save, because you cannot open the bank until you have obtained the amount desired. You set it to the sum you want. The coins once inserted cannot be extracted until the sum settled upon is made up. Every coin as inserted is registered, and amount still required to open it is shown on outside of box.

Simple and Effective. Cannot get out of Order. Full Directions on each Box. Handsomely and Strongly Made.

PRICE ONLY ONE SHILLING.

On Sale at all Railway Bookstalls, Stationers, Fancy Goods Dealers, Ironmongers, etc., or post free by return for 1/2½ from

Sole Makers and Patentees—
THE WORLD'S MANUFACTURING CO.
(Dept. 24), **11 VICTORIA STREET,**
LONDON, S.W.

MOST MARVELLOUS SAVINGS BANK EVER INVENTED.

S.H.B.

Digitized by Google

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE, SEE OUR CATALOGUE.

Beautifully Illustrated in Colours, which we will send Free.

THE PREMIER COMBINATION TEA AND BREAKFAST SET.

In Special Art Flown Blue,

53 PIECES

Packed Free **9/3**

DINNER SERVICE TO MATCH.

47 PIECES

15/6

Packed Free.

Finished in Gold 4/3 extra.

Finished in Gold, 2/6 extra.

Sample Plate, to show Pattern and Quality, 6d.

THE CHINA ST. POTTERY CO. (Dept. 3), **VIVIAN WORKS, FENTON, STAFFS.**

Money returned if not approved. Bazaars, Schools, Hotels, catered for. See Goods Bear our Name.

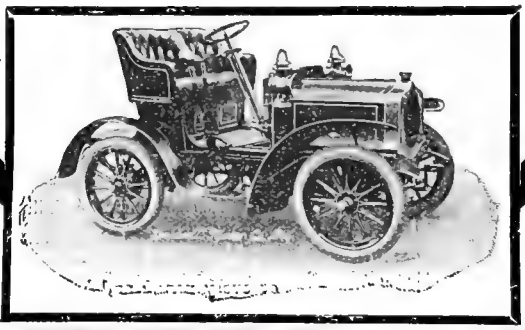
THE

SPEEDWELL

6 h.p. 125 Gns. 10 h.p. (Two Cylinders) £260

NEW LIST NOW READY.
POST FREE ON APPLICATION TO DEPT. E.

THE SPEEDWELL MOTOR Co. Ltd., 151 Knightsbridge, London, S.W.



ALCOHOLIC EXCESS

Drink and Drug Habits cured at home in 3 to 7 weeks by the recognised TURVEY TREATMENT.

This Treatment eradicates all desire for Stimulants, creating a permanent distaste for Alcohol and Drugs in every form. All craving removed and healthy sleep and appetite restored within a few hours. The Course, with full instructions and advice, can be sent to any part of the world. MR. THOMAS HOLMES, the well-known North London Missionary (of the **Church of England Temperance Society**), referring to his cure of some of the most hopeless cases in England by the

TURVEY TREATMENT,

says:—"The patients' physical condition rapidly improves, their depression of mind passes away, they become bright and hopeful—in fact, new men." **Call (10 to 5) or write for Treatise with Press Report of Successful Public Test, Annual Report, and Consultation Form (post free).**

Med. Supt., TURVEY TREATMENT CO. Ltd., 3 AMBERLEY HOUSE, NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON.

(Near Somerset House.) TELEGRAMS: "Turvert, London." TELEPHONE: 5494, Gerrard.

Digitized by Google

Let Us Give

You a 2s/3d. Bottle of Liquozone, to Show You What it is.

We offer to give the first bottle of Liquozone free to each sick one who asks it. And we are spending £100,000 to announce and fulfil this offer. Our object is to let Liquozone itself show what it can do. A test is better than testimonials, better than argument. When we give a free bottle to each of a million sick ones, there will be few who don't know the value of Liquozone.

In every neighbourhood there is sickness which nothing but Liquozone can cure, and suffering which only Liquozone can stop. Hundreds die daily whom Liquozone could save. Our plan seems the right way—the best way—to quickly let these sick ones know it.

Kills Inside Germs.

Liquozone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. The process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research.

The result is a liquid which does much of what oxygen does. It is food for the nerves and the blood—the most helpful thing in the world for you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalising, purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of £250 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquozone—the very life of an animal—is deadly to vegetal matter.

There lies the great value of Liquozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease, while Liquozone is almost certain. This fact has made Liquozone so valuable that, after it had been tested for five years, through physicians and hospitals, we paid £20,000 for the British rights.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and for ever. That is inevitable.

Asthma	Hay Fever—Influenza
Abscess—Anæmia	Kidney Diseases
Bronchitis	La Grippe
Blood Poison	Liver Troubles
Bright's Disease	Malaria—Neuralgia
Bowel Troubles	Many Heart Troubles
Coughs—Colds	Piles—Pneumonia
Consumption—Colic	Pleurisy—Quinsy
Constipation—Croup	Rheumatism
Catarrh—Cancer	Scrofula
Dysentery—Diarrhœa	Skin Diseases
Dandruff—Dropsy	Stomach Troubles
Dyspepsia	Throat Troubles
Eczema—Erysipelas	Tuberculosis
Fevers	Tumors—Ulcers
Gall Stones	Varicocele
Goitre—Gout	Women's Diseases

All diseases that begin with fever—all inflammation—all catarrh—all contagious diseases—all the results of impure or poisoned blood.

In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitaliser, accomplishing what no drugs can do.

A 2s./3d. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then post you an order on a local chemist for a 2/3 bottle, which he will give you, on our account, to try. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquozone is and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 1/1½, 2/3, and 4/6.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and post it in a sealed envelope to the British Liquozone Co. Ltd., 60 Wilson Street, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

My disease is.....

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me with a 2/3 bottle free I will take it.

.....

.....

A194 .....

Give full address—write plainly.

Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

Digitized by Google

WE WANT YOU TO PROVE THE MARVELLOUS HEALING POWERS OF MAGIC FOOT DRAFTS FOR YOURSELF. SO THAT YOU CAN DO THIS WITHOUT RISKING EVEN A PENNY WE WILL SEND YOU

4/6 WORTH FREE

If you send us your name and address and are a sufferer from that horrible plague

RHEUMATISM

We are anxious for every sufferer to know of these wonderful Drafts, for they have cured thousands—they will cure YOU. We never refuse any case—we guarantee to cure.

Magic Foot Drafts have cured cases of over thirty years' standing. Some of our cured patients once kept to their beds for years, others used crutches for a long time, but now they are permanently cured. Why not you, too?

Just read this letter from one of our patients:—

Mr. STEPHEN COOPER. (From a Photo.)

12, Gardens-terrace,
Courtney-street,
Holderness-rd.,
Hull.

Dear Sirs,—I beg to inform you that the Magic Foot Drafts have done me a wonderful amount of good. I was going down the street when friends said, "What have you done with your other stick?" and I told them about the Magic Foot Drafts, and they said, "You go better with your one stick than you did with two." I shall be 81 years of age on St. Stephen's Day, and I am proud to say that there is not anyone in better health than I.

Your's truly,
STEPHEN COOPER.

All we ask you to do is to send us your name and address—no money, no stamps, and by return post we will send you 4s. 6d. worth of these wonderful MAGIC FOOT DRAFTS ABSOLUTELY FREE. When we say FREE we mean it. Send to-day.—MAGIC FOOT DRAFT CO.,
435 Victoria Chambers, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN

with NEW HEMSTITCH FRILLS, 3yds. long, 8/3 per pair. PLAIN FRILLS, 6/9 per pair. Sample Book of Plain and Fancy Muslins on approval. CASEMENT BLINDS, Fringes, &c CARPETS, TAPESTRIES, CRETONNES, ART SILKS, ART LINENS, PLUSHETTES, ART SERGES. Patterns on approval. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Carpets, Matting, Linoleum, Cork Carpet, Furniture, Bedding, Post Free.

ART WICKER CHAIRS

in great variety of styles. Upholstered in Cretonne from 8/3 Tapestry, 9/9. Patterns on approval

GORRINGE ART CARPETS.

Seamless and Reversible Moss-Green, Terra-Cotta, Art Blue, and Crimson, plain or patterned centre. Most durable. 6 by 9, 9/-; 7½ by 9 11/3; 9 by 9, 13/6; 10 by 9 15/9; 12 by 9, 18/-; 13½ by 9, 20/3; 10½ by 10½, 18/6; 12 by 10½, 21/6; 13½ by 10½, 23 9; 12 by 12, 24/-; 13½ by 12, 27/-; 15 by 12, 30/-; 18 by 12, 36/-. RUGS to match, 6 by 3, 3/- each. STAIR CARPET to match, 18in. wide, 10½d.; 22in., 1/0½; 27in., 1/3½; 36in., 1/7½ per yard. Plain, 14d. per yard less. Patterns on approval.

GORRINGE LINOLEUM.

We cut and match this excellent material to any size required. 7½ by 9 12/-; 9 by 9, 13/8; 10½ by 9, 16/9; 12 by 9, 19/-; 12 by 10½, 22/-; 12 by 12, 25/6; 13½ by 12, 28/6; 15 by 12, 31/6. Also for PASSAGES, 18in. wide, 9½d.; 27in., 1/3½; 36in., 1/7½ per yard. Patterns on approval.

GORRINGE FEATHER BEDS.

Made from Feathers specially purified by steam, and are, therefore quite fresh and sweet. Double Bed Bolster and 2 Pillows. 6ft. 6in. by 4ft. 6in., weight 50lb., £1 17s. 6d., carriage paid. Samples of Feathers and Ticks free. Purified Feathers from 9d. per lb.

H. GORRINGE & CO., 67A Dept., NOTTINGHAM.

Drum in position.

DEAFNESS

AND HEAD NOISES RELIEVED BY USING

WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR DRUMS.

A new scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are safe, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment.

Write for Pamphlet. Mention this Magazine.

WILSON'S EAR-DRUM CO.
D. H. WILSON, 59, South Bridge, EDINBURGH.

NECROCEINE For GREY HAIR

Stains Grey Hair any shade desired. Does not stain the Skin. Applied in a few minutes. Is Harmless, Washable, Lasting, and Restores the Colour to the Roots, making detection impossible, and is undoubtedly the Cleanest and Best Hair Stainer in the World. No. 1, Light Brown; No. 2, Golden; No. 3, Dark Brown; No. 4, Black. Sent secretly packed by post for 1/3, 2/3, 3/3, 5/-, and 10/-.

Leigh & Crawford (Dept. 56), 32 & 33 Brooke St., Holborn, London, E.C.

Capt. GEO SOULSBY, of 94 Coltman Street, Hull,

HAS BEEN CURED OF A DOUBLE RUPTURE

CAPT. GEO. SOULSBY.

of 40 years' standing without an operation. This is proof conclusive that rupture can be cured. Everyone one who has a rupture would be only too glad to have it cured, but some have been led to believe that rupture was incurable except by operation. Capt. Soulsby is a well-known man in Hull, and he would have no object whatever in saying he was cured if such was not an actual fact. He would have nothing to gain by telling a falsehood. He relates his experience with trusses, &c., as follows:—"I had a double scrotal rupture when 29 years of age, and for 40 years tried several trusses, but as my age advanced my ruptures got worse. When in London in June last year, I obtained the Rice Method of Cure, and by the end of last December my rupture had entirely gone. It has not been down for nearly 12 months, although at present I am troubled with a severe bronchial cough. I can go about without any truss. My age at present is 69 years."

The Rice Method is fully described in a book which is sent free to every sufferer upon application. Send for it at once. In the meantime, write to Capt. Soulsby if you wish, and let him verify this. You cannot afford to let your rupture go without proper treatment. Don't put it off any longer. Write for this book at once to **W. S. RICE, Rupture Specialist (Dept. 2174), 8 and 9, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.,** before you forget the address.

Digitized by Google

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

RUCK'S Postcards

Look for Name & Trade Mark NONE GENUINE WITHOUT

"PAR EXCELLENCE"

THE MOST WELCOME, ARTISTIC & UP-TO-DATE!

All available for the £3,000 Prize Competition.

TEST ITS VALUE

H. SAMUEL'S FREE BARGAIN BOOK

Test the value to yourself of H. Samuel's

FREE

MONEY-SAVING BUYING GUIDE by purchasing some small article from among the thousands of bargains it describes.

The choice afforded is extensive, and unsurpassed for novelty of design. The bargains offered include:

Gent's Real Gold Watches 30/-; Real Gold Brooches, 3/6; Dinner Cruets, 4/6; Solid Silver Alberts, 3/6; besides Jewellery, Silverware, Plate, Cutlery, and Clocks, at equally low prices.

A month's **FREE TRIAL** is allowed and your satisfaction fully guaranteed.

The Free Book awaits your request. Write TO-DAY and test its value to you.

H. SAMUEL, No. 39, Market St. MANCHESTER.

NO. 1. Razor Complete 7 6.
Extra Blades 4/-.
The Original KAMPFE
STAR SAFETY RAZORS KAMPFE BROS.
Are the Very Best Trade Mark on every Blade
Simplest—therefore Cleanest. Beware of Imitations.
Every blade bears a reputation of 29 years' standing. Recommended by DR. OLIVER WENDALL HOLMES in his book, "Our One Hundred Days in Europe." Quick Easy, Reliable, and Safe. In Morocco Cases, 2 blades, 14 6; 3, 18/6; 4, 22 6; 7, 40/-. Handsome Combination Cases, 23 - to 100/-. Solid Silver and Ivory 7 day Set, 80.-
Write at once for List (free) and full particulars—
MARKT & CO. *L Dept.*, 20 Chapel St., London, E.C.

Most Suitable for Presents. Sold by all Silversmiths and Cutlers.

Triscuit

Electric Baked Sliced Form of Shredded Wheat. Should replace White Bread at every Meal. 24 Triscuits in Box, 6d.

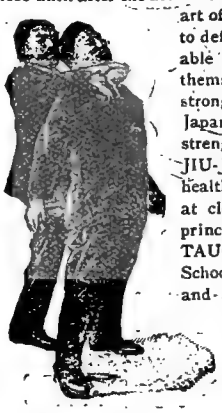
SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT With Hot Milk makes the Best Breakfast.

"Of its purity, its nutritious qualities, and its digestibility there can be no question."—*The Hospital.*

Digitized by Google

Victorious Japan!

JIU-JITSU is the most wonderful system in the world of all-round physical culture and self-defence. It has made the Japanese, though small of stature, the Greatest Athletes in the World, and made them the superiors of Western people in health, endurance, vitality, and cheerfulness of temperament. JIU-JITSU was for hundreds of years the closely guarded secret of the powerful samurai, hereditary fighters of Japan. It was not taught to the ordinary Japanese until after the ascension to the Imperial Throne of the present Mikado. Strategy and skill are its basis. A mysterious art of self-defence by which the Japanese prove antagonists whom it is impossible to defeat in physical encounter. The well-trained Jiu-Jitsian, man or woman, is able to meet and defeat at all points the fistic expert much larger and stronger than themselves. The weaker man, if skilled in JIU-JITSU, is able to vanquish his stronger, but unversed opponent. It is to the persistent practice of Jiu-Jitsu that the Japanese own their courage and success in battle, their almost superhuman strength and power of endurance, their low death rate and their material progress. JIU-JITSU not only embodies the ideal principles of attaining and retaining perfect health and perfect physical development, but as a means of self-defence it is as potent, at close quarters as the deadliest weapon. A knowledge of its self-preserving principles renders a man or woman impregnable to every form of vicious attack.



柔術

TAUGHT BY POST with perfect success. Mr. Kara Ashikaga, of the Yoshimosa School of Jiu-Jitsu, Tokio, has arranged a correspondence course, which completely and successfully teaches this marvellous system by post. It develops health, strength, endurance, revitalizes the whole body and improves the mental capacity. In order to show how marvellous this system is, we will send booklet, full particulars, and

ONE LESSON FREE,

which teaches one of the numerous Japanese methods of defeating a dangerous assailant.

THE ASHIKAGA SCHOOL OF JIU-JITSU,

6, Electric Buildings, Maryland Street, LIVERPOOL.

CALL OR WRITE.

Design No. 730.
10/6

Allen Foster & Co

THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS

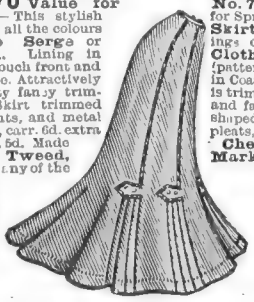
47 GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

CALL OR WRITE.

Design No. 732.
10/6

ALLEN FOSTER & CO. are famous for their COSTUMES and COSTUME SKIRTS.
Buy direct from the "ALFOSCO" FACTORIES.

Design No. 730. 10/6 Wonderful Value for Half-a-Guinea. — This stylish Costume stocked in all the colours of the **Specialite Serge** or **Venetian Cloth.** Lining in Bodice, which has pouch front and pointed shoulder cape. Attractively trimmed with pretty fancy trimming. Full size Skirt trimmed small tabs, foot pleats, and metal buttons. Price **10 6**, carr. 6d. extra. Skirt alone **5 6**, carr. 5d. Made in **"Princess" Tweed, 16 6**, carr. 6d., or in any of the choice shades of the **"Alexandra" Tweeds, 18/6**, carr. 6d. Skirt can be lined good linenette, 2/- extra. All patterns sent free on application.



Design No. 732. 10/6 New Style for Spring—**Stylish Coat and Skirt**, made in all the colourings of the new **Venetian Cloth** or **Specialite Serge** (patterns free). Coloured lining in Coat which has full front, and is trimmed good silk ornaments and fancy trimming. Splendid shaped Skirt, trimmed foot pleats, tabs and buttons.

Cheapest Line on the Market. Stocked in all sizes and colours. Price only **10.6**, carr. 6d. extra; Skirt alone, **5/11**, carr. 5d. Satisfaction guaranteed. This costume made in the new **"Princess" Tweed**, only **16.6**. Shades sent post free.

Design No. 661. 7/6 An Up-to-date Costume Skirt, Fashionable Design, Superlative Value. Made in good quality **Black** or **Navy Vicuna Cloth.** The Skirt is cut full and trimmed with black silk strapping, silk buttons and tucks. All lengths and sizes in stock. Price only **7/6**, carriage paid 6d. extra. **Illustrations of Tweeds and Skirts** set post free.

SEND FOR ONE.

Write for new Illustrated Spring Sketch Book, sent post free.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.
47 Golden Lane,
Barbican, LONDON, E.C.

Digitized by Google

THE FENTON POTTERY CO.

(Dept. V), Royal China Works, Fenton, Staffs.

COMBINATION TEA AND BREAKFAST SERVICE.

"THE FENTON," A BRITISH MARVEL. "THE FENTON,"

8/6 PACKED FREE. As here shown. ROYAL BLUE. 53 pieces.

8/6 PACKED FREE. As here shown. ROYAL BLUE. 53 pieces.

ART POTTERY ALBUM POST FREE. Shewing Dinner, Tea, Chamber, Dessert Services, and Glass. Every Article for the Household.

A Work of Art in 25 Colours and Gold. WRITE NOW.

DINNER SERVICE, 47 PIECES, 14/-.

100,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of *The Royal Magazine*, 1/4/1905. On receipt of P.O. for **5/6** we will forward, **Direct from our Looms** to your address, one of our

REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN HALF-GUINEA BRUSSELETTE CARPETS,

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered, in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, and Floral Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and **large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room.** These Carpets with **Rug FREE.** They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. **With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send Two Carpets and Two Rugs for 10/6. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Unsolicited Testimonials received. Galaxy Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Table Linen, Curtains, Skirts, &c., Post Free,** if mentioning *The Royal Magazine* (1/4/1905) while writing. Address:

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. R), Manufacturers and Merchants, Woodsley Road, Leeds.

VEGESALIS

TABLE SALT WHICH IS SALT.

Dainty and Digestive, with Vegetable Virtues. Does not Blacken Silver.

Ask your Grocer for it, and insist that you have it.

Do you want a BABY CAR

From 30/-

If so, don't pay a fancy price at a local Shop We can supply a 'COVENTRY EAGLE' (THE KING OF BABY CARS) direct from Factory and save you 7s. in the £. Prices from 30s., or 4s. Monthly. Send today for lovely Art Catalogue of 150 latest designs. All cars Carriage Paid, and on approval. Money back if not satisfied. Handsome and varied Gifts Free to all purchasers. **Coventry Eagle Carriage Co.,** Dept., 15, Coventry.

MAKES WOMEN BEAUTIFUL.

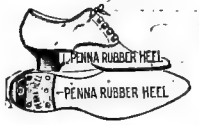
Marvellous Development accomplished by the new and wonderful Diano method of enlarging the female bust.

Thin women are quickly developed into commanding figures that excite wonderment and admiration.

A new and surprisingly effective home treatment has been discovered that enlarges the female bust at least six inches. Women who are not lacking in this respect will not be particularly interested, but those who by some unfortunate circumstances of health or occupation are deficient in this development will be very much fascinated by the peculiar prominence achieved by the treatment. It is called DIANO, and is controlled by the well-known ESPANOLA MEDICINE COMPANY. There is no doubt about the marvellous power of this new treatment to develop the bust to a gratifying extent. Any lady who wishes to know more about DIANO should send her name and address to the ESPANOLA MEDICINE COMPANY. They will send free in plain sealed envelope by post a new "beauty book" they have just prepared, also photographs from life, showing the actual development induced, and a great number of testimonials from physicians, chemists, and prominent ladies, all commending the wonderful and remarkable power of DIANO to enlarge the bust, no matter how flat the chest may be. Do not fail to write at once. The beauty book and portraits will delight you. All you need to do is to send name and address and a stamp to pay postage. All correspondence strictly confidential. Address—

LADY MANAGER, D.G. ESPANOLA MEDICINE COMPANY (Dept. 43), 203a Regent Street, London, W.

"The desire to possess Beauty is keenest where refinement is strongest."



WHY?

spoil the look of your boots or shoes? Why risk accidents by wearing turning-style heels? when you can have the Penna Elastic Rubber Heels, an exact and secure fit to your leather heels, which do not betray their existence, look clumsy, or unsightly. If you wear Penna Heels no one can tell you are wearing Rubber Heels. The new **DECK PENNA** Heels have an **everlasting** device to prevent slipping on **Wet** or **Damp** pavements, or wet ship decks, and they wear twice as long as any other style of rubber heel (turning-style or any other form). See the words **DECK PENNA** on each heel, Insist upon having them and no other from your bootmaker and repairer.

PENNA

LADIES', 9d.; MEN'S, 1/3 per pair. Write for pamphlet (FREE) to the Patentees—

HOWISON & CO., 4 SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

DON'T SLIP.

Digitized by Google

The above illustration shows how the Co-ro-na Medicator sends the Medicated Air into every nl passage of the head (see dotted lines). Nothing but air can penetrate the fine air cells and reach the homes of the living germs that cause these diseases.

MONEY BACK 10/6 IF 10/6 NOT SATISFACTORY.

The Latest Scientific Discovery

FOR THE CURE OF

CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COLDS,

without the use of noxious Medicines or Drugs.

And one that bears the unqualified endorsement of the **United States Health Reports, *hundreds*** of Physicians and thousands of benefited users, is the

CO-RO-NA MEDICATOR

It is made of Nickel, and will last a life-time; is compact, may be carried in the waistcoat pocket. The CO-RO-NA stands without a rival in the history of appliances for administering MEDICATED AIR for the cure of all diseases of the air passages with dry air medication.

It penetrates the obscure places which medicine, taken in the stomach, cannot reach. If you will stop and think for a moment you will realise that the Germs of Disease are carried into your head by air, and that air is the only agency that will carry a medication to the diseased passages capable of destroying such germs.

W. THATCHER, Esq., Proprietor of Royal Denby Dairies, London, S.W., writes:

"I have had Catarrh and Bronchial troubles for six or seven years; "nothing that I took did me any good. I saw your advertisement "of the CO-RO-NA MEDICATOR. I tried one. In a few days "I was much relieved, and have got rid of it altogether. I "certainly would not like to be without one now."

"The Modern School, West Bridgford, Nottingham, Sept. 1st, 1894.

"On July 4th I purchased from you a CO-RO-NA MEDICATOR for "chronic Catarrh. I have experienced more relief from its use "than from any other remedy I have tried during the four years I "have suffered from the complaint. It holds it in check in a wonder- "ful way. Will you please send me another bottle of Medication?

"Yours faithfully (Signed) (Mrs.) G. G. MORRIS."

We make it easy to prove beyond all question by the following **GENUINE OFFER**: For a short time we will send to any reader of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, on receipt of **10/6** in stamps or postal order, One CO-RO-NA MEDICATOR complete; and if, after a week's use, it is not entirely satisfactory and beneficial, we agree to return in full the money on receipt of the outfit.

NOT SOLD BY CHEMISTS. AGENTS WANTED.

THE CO-RO-NA MEDICATOR CO., 37P, Southampton Row, W.C.

NO CURE ! NO PAY.

The "Allenburys" Foods.

MOTHER AND CHILD.
Baby, 6½ months of age. Fed from birth on the 'Allenburys' Foods.

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management
(48 pages) free on request.

The "Allenburys" Foods

The Milk Foods closely approximate in composition to human Milk, the natural and therefore best nourishment for the young infant.

They are as easy of digestion as maternal milk, and provide a perfect diet for the formation of firm flesh and strong bones.

The Milk Foods are absolutely free from any noxious germs, and hence are far superior to cow's milk as obtained in towns, especially in the summer time.

No diarrhœa, digestive or stomach troubles need be feared from the use of the "Allenburys" Foods.

The Milk Foods can be made in a moment, hot water only being necessary.

The "Allenburys" Foods provide the maximum amount of nourishment that the child is able to digest at the periods of life for which the foods are recommended. For the robust and delicate they are alike suitable, and children thrive upon them as on no other diet.

MILK FOOD No. 1. *From birth to 3 months.*
MILK FOOD No. 2. *From 3 to 6 months.*
MALTED FOOD No. 3. *From 6 months upwards.*

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard Street, LONDON.

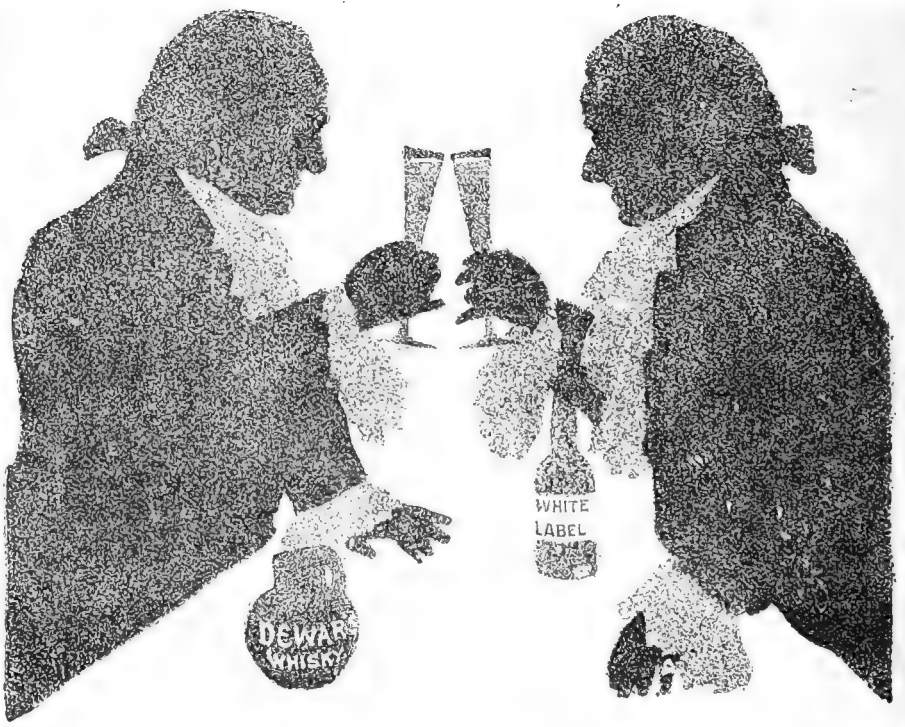
United States: Niagara Falls, N.Y
Australia: 7, Spring St., Sydney.
Canada: 66, Gerrard St. East, Toronto.
South Africa: 88, Castle St., Cape Town.

The "Allenburys" Castor Oil.

ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT ODOUR OR NAUSEOUS TASTE

Digitized by Google

The same old Toast
in the same old Whisky
Dewar's

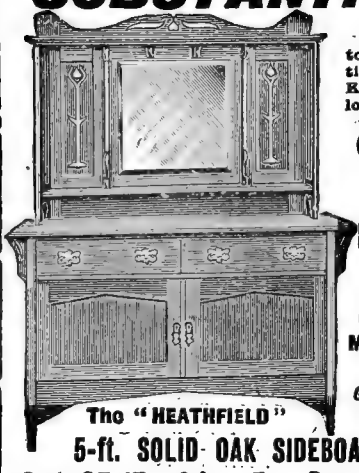


DEWAR'S
WHISKY

The Choice of Connoisseurs

Digitized by Google

SUBSTANTIAL & ECONOMICAL FURNITURE.



Sent Carriage free to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom on the following terms:

CASH OR EASY PAYMENTS.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded in Full.

GENUINE BARGAINS.

The "HEATHFIELD"

5-ft. SOLID OAK SIDEBOARD

Cash £7 17s. 6d. or Easy Payments of **15/- down and 10 monthly payments of 16s., or 15s. down and 20 monthly payments of 8s. 6d.**

DESCRIPTION.—Solid Oak. 5-ft. Sideboard, depth back to front, 1ft. 9in., height 6-ft. 6-in. Cut through back and Brackets, Bevelled Crystal Plate 22-in. by 22-in., Brass or Copper Oxydized Handles, Two Cupboards of ample capacity, and Two useful size drawers. This Sideboard is a combination of economy, usefulness, and sound construction and handsome appearance.

The "ASHDOWN"

Cash £6 17s. 6d. or Easy Payments of **15/- down and 10 Monthly Payments of 13/6 or 15/- down and 21 Payments of 7/- Monthly.**

THIS SUBSTANTIAL HANDSOME SUITE consists of Couch, pair of Arm and four Small Chairs, covered in Crockett's Best English Leather. Cloth or Tapestry any shade. Small Chairs have Padded Backs, all pieces are of full size, the larger pieces being mounted on castors, frames are polished Walnut colour and well finished. The Suite is thoroughly well made and is suitable for Dining Room, Breakfast Room, or Parlour.

FREE Whether you are furnishing or not, it will pay you to write for our fully Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue, Price Lists, etc. **It costs you nothing and will save you pounds.** *Mention this Paper.*

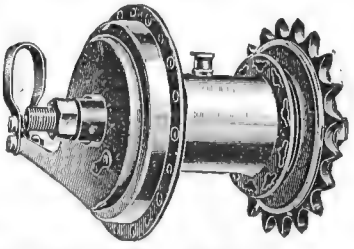
GLOBE FURNISHING Co., (Dept. D), Pembroke Place, Liverpool.

South African, Colonial & Foreign Orders receive special attention. Bankers: London, City & Midland Bank, Ltd.

EADIE

Cyclists, Control Your Bicycles!

A PERFECT BRAKE operated by the feet, thus leaving the hands free, and a perfect FREE WHEEL are provided by the



EADIE COASTER HUB,

EADIE MFG. Co., Ltd., REDDITCH.

Write for Illustrated Booklet, Post Free. Dept. L.Y.

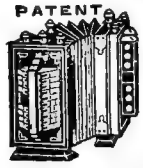
Digitized by Google

PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

SEND A POSTCARD for our 1905 Catalogue Post Free. It is a large Book of all kinds of LACE AND MUSLIN CURTAINS, LACES, LINENS, BLOUSES, HOSIERY, ROLLER BLINDS, &c. Obtain our Exclusive Designs at Direct Loom Prices. EVERY ITEM MEANS A SAVING.

Popular Parcel, 21/- Lot No. 125 contains 5 PAIRS OF CURTAINS, made specially for this Parcel, as follows:—2 Pairs ALIKE Dining-room Curtains, choice design from real lace, 3½yds. long, 60ins. wide; 1 Pair superb Drawing-room Curtains, full Lace Border, Light Centre, 4yds. long, 2yds. wide; 2 Pairs ALIKE Bedroom Curtains, 3yds. long. Modern Art Design. Ecru if desired. CARRIAGE PAID 21/-. SOLD ON ITS MERITS FOR 25 YEARS. RELIABILITY is the foundation Of its success.—SAML. PEACH & SONS, Curtain Manufacturers, Lister Gate, 125, NOTTINGHAM. Est. 1837.

MUSIC IN THE HOUSE MAKES CHEERFUL HAPPY HOMES.



CAMPBELL'S GOLD MEDAL MELODEONS

With Organ and Celestial Tone, and Sweet Bell Accompaniments. **No Home should be without one.** The solemn Psalm, the soul-stirring Hymn, the Cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance can all be played on these charming instruments. **No Knowledge of Music Required. 300,000 TESTIMONIALS.**

Special Offer to the Readers of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

Campbell's "Gem" Melodeon	price only 6/9
Campbell's "Miniature" Melodeon	,, 10/9
Campbell's "Paragon" Melodeon	,, 14/-
Campbell's "Favourite" Melodeon	,, 16/6

Cut out this and send P.O.O. for the amount. Either sent carriage paid to any address in Great Britain and Ireland.

All lovers of Music should send for Campbell's New Illustrated Price List of all kinds of Musical Instruments, Talking Machines from 6/9; also 10,000 Gold Moulded Columbia **Records**, reduced to 1/- each. Send 1d. Stamp to—**CAMPBELL & CO.**, Musical Instrument Makers, 116 Trongate, GLASGOW. *Est. 60 Years.* N.B.—BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

NO LANCING OR CUTTING

Required if you use the world-renowned **BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.** It has saved many a limb from the knife. Cured others after being given up by Hospitals. The BEST REMEDY for WOUNDS and all SKIN DISEASES. A CERTAIN CURE for ULCERS, TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ECZEMA, &c. *Thousands of Testimonials from all Parts.*

Sold by all Chemists, 7 d., 1/1, &c., per box, or post free for P. O. from Proprietor, E. BURGESS, 53, Gray's Inn Road, London. *Advice gratis.*

Soon getting fresh, useful, and more on market before. Not distinguishable from linen. Will not crock or turn yellow. Always ready for wear. When soiled, washed with soap and water and dried on towel. After this, snowy white as before. No starching required. **Collars**, 6½d. each, or 3 for 1/6 (state size, depth and style when ordering). **Cuffs**, 1/- pair. **Fronts**, 1/- each. **Cuff Protectors**, 1/- pair. All post free. Supplied only by **PARKER'S.** Full Illustrated List sent. Agencies granted to persons who can devote spare time. Good pay.

PARKER'S, Dept. 17, Lancaster.

HAIR DESTROYED

root and branch permanently, painlessly and inexpensively. For free particulars, write

CAPILLUS MANUFACTURING Co.,
162 Century House, 205 Regent St., London, W.

Do you Cycle ? or want to ?

THEN THE LANCER CYCLE IS THE ONE YOU NEED

COVENTRY IS THE HOME OF THE CYCLE, and commonsense suggests you cannot do better than go to the fountain-head, buy of a leading Firm with a genuine reputation, save intermediate Profits and be Pounds in Pocket. Sent anywhere ON APPROVAL Cge. Paid.

£10 10 0	FREE WHEEL	£6 12 6	Carriage
£8 8 0	CYCLE FOR	£5 12 6	Paid.

EASY PAYMENTS from 10/- Monthly. EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED FOUR YEARS. Money returned in full if not satisfied. Send to-day for Catalogue.

LANCER CYCLE CO. (Dept 15), COVENTRY.

THE GOOD OLD HOME MADE ARTICLE.

FARROW'S REAL MUSHROOM KETCHUP

"THE SMELL OF IT MAKES YOU HUNGRY."

Makes Soups, Gravies, and Stews very delicious.

If your Grocer does not stock it, send us his address then we will send you a

SAMPLE FREE | or a reputed ¼ pint for 10d. or a ,, 1 ,, ,, 1/3. | **POST FREE.**

To make sure you are getting the GENUINE MUSHROOM article see the name "FARROW'S" on each bottle or you will be disappointed.

J. PARROW & Co. Dept. B19, PETERBORO' Eng.
Largest & Best Makers in the World.

A PERSONAL PROPOSAL TO EVERY READER.

The latest fashionable craze

is to exchange your own personal photo post-cards for those of your friends'. In your own circle you are a more important personage than are celebrities to the general public. Post us any favourite photo you have, and we will copy same in artistic high-class style upon post-cards. The quality of our work is equal to that of the picture post-cards sold in shops.

Take it up now.

Any photo may be sent—no matter what size—either of yourself, wife, husband, sister, brother, children house, garden, dog, or other pet. Send P.O. with order.

6 CARDS, 1/6; 12, 2/6; 24, 3/6; 50, 6/-; 100, 10/-.

Add one penny stamp for each dozen cards for postage. The post-cards will be sent in a few days after receipt of order, together with the original photo.

PERMANENT PICTURES! BEAUTIFULLY EXECUTED!

POPULAR PRICES! FIT FOR ANY ALBUM!

PORTRAIT POST-CARD STUDIO (DEPT. No. 4) 61 King William St., London, E.C.

Digitized by Google

LUNTIN MIXTURE

SPECIAL OFFER.

Send 7 stamps and we will forward a sample supply of this grand Tobacco—you will find it delightful. Send to-day.

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, (Dept. 4,) Edinburgh.

THE
WORLD'S CURE
FOR
Coughs, Colds,
Asthma, Bronchitis,
Influenza, Whooping-Cough, Hoarseness, &c.

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

The enormous Success of Owbridge's Lung Tonic could not have been won, and continue to increase after **30 YEARS,** *apart from its great intrinsic merit as the most efficacious remedy ever known.*

Beware of Substitutes; ask for **"OWBRIDGE"** *when buying Lung Tonic and* **TAKE NO OTHER.**

Prepared by
W.T. OWBRIDGE, Ltd. Hull.
Sold everywhere in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., & 11s.

COPYRIGHT.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH

WHAT IS THE WEIGHT OF YOUR BICYCLE?

This is an important question. The supreme test of quality in the modern bicycle is lightness, but with increased strength. . . . Why should you push pounds of superfluous metal about, when Britain's Best Bicycle, the Rudge-Whitworth, which weighs as low as 24½ lbs., and never exceeds 30 lbs. for the fully-equipped Roadster, can be bought at modern common-sense prices? Every machine fully guaranteed.

There are 70 MODELS of Rudge-Whitworths, from £5 5s. to £15 15s.

Packed Free and Carriage Paid.

From all Dealers, or from Rudge-Whitworth, Coventry, and all Branches.

Easy Payments, from 4s. 3d. monthly.

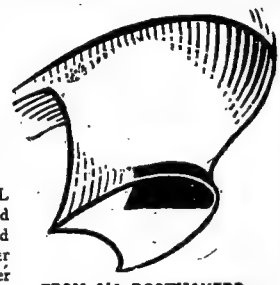
64-page Catalogue post free from

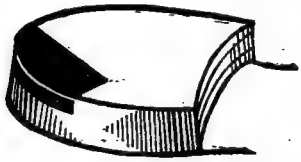
RUDGE-WHITWORTH, Ltd.,
(Dept. A2) COVENTRY

Digitized by Google

YOUR HEELS WON'T WEAR DOWN
IF YOU WEAR

RUBBERETS





They will keep your heels absolutely LEVEL AND EVEN until your soles are worn out, and will give you a delightful sensation of ease and buoyancy that cannot be obtained by any other means. Infinitely superior to circular Rubber Heels.

FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS.

Write for Pamphlet. Send six stamps for sample pair. State Lady or Gentleman.

PHILLIPS' PATENTS, Ltd. (Dept. R), 142, 144, 146 Old Street, London, E.C.

VELMA Chocolate

1d., 3d., 6d. & 1/-

Sole Maker:
Suchard.

RED NOSES

are a disfigurement—a distressing complaint that attracts unpleasant attention. I am daily curing sufferers of same. I will cure you by a simple home treatment at an infinitesimal cost. I also have a machine for misshapen or ugly noses. Write me in confidence for particulars FREE.
M. L. Temple, 9 Pugh's Place, Carnaby St., London, W.

Trial Bottle Post Free.

7D.

N. M. ALEXANDRE.
(Est. 1861.)

TO COLOUR

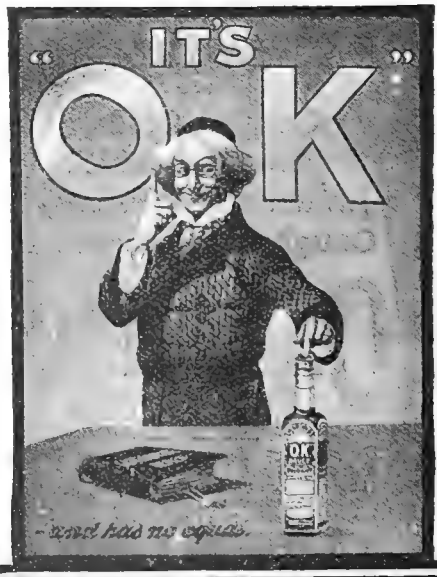
GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable, and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required.
53 Westbourne Grove, London, W.

SPRING CLEANING

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP is a necessity for Spring Cleaning. It takes away dirt, grease, and ink spots, and cleans and restores the Carpets to a condition like new. A damp cloth—a little of Chivers' Soap—a Carpet like new.
Price 6d. per ball, of all grocers, oilmen, chemists, etc., or we will send a sample ball direct for seven stamps.

F. CHIVERS & CO., Dept. A,
Soap Works, BATH, ENGLAND.



DELICIOUS
"O.K." SAUCE
APPETISING, DIGESTIVE, PURE.

HOT BATHS

DAY OR NIGHT WITHOUT KITCHEN FIRE

MAUGHAN'S NEW GEYSERS

THE MOST PERFECT MADE

Ask your Ironmonger or Write for List.

MAUGHAN'S P.G. CO. LTD.
(*Original Makers*),
10 Holywell Row, Worship St., E.C.

Kleinert's
Dress Necessities

A Guarantee with Every Pair.

Because they fulfil their purpose.

Kleinert's Guaranteed

DRESS SHIELDS

May be had in all sizes and suitable styles, and are worth more than their slight extra cost.

Kleinert's PATENT

HOOKON HOSE SUPPORTERS

BEST FOR SUPPORTING STOCKINGS
BEST FOR KEEPING CORSET IN PLACE
The most Popular, most Convenient, Safest and most Economical HOSE SUPPORTER
Can now be had fitted with the new IMPROVED "KOMPOSITE" KLIP which firmly grips but does not tear the Stocking

Write for Name of nearest Stockholder
DEPT. F. KLEINERT RUBBER CO., 62 & 63 Basinghall St, LONDON, E.C.

KLEINERT'S DRESS NECESSITIES

are stocked or can be obtained by all Drapers.

Digitized by Google

THE "NEPTUNE"

Fountain Pen (No 100) made entirely in England, is guaranteed to give **16/6**

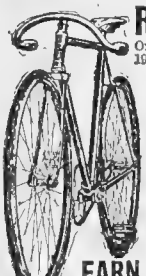
ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION.

You want a pen which writes directly it touches the paper. You get this in the "Neptune." Try it for a week. We will return your money if you are not satisfied then.

OUR NEW CATALOGUE

tells you all about our pens (2/6 to 10/6). Free on receipt of a postcard. Of all Stationers or direct from the Manufacturers

BURGE, WARREN & RIDGLEY, Ltd.,
91 & 92, Gt. Saffron Hill, London, E.C.



RIDER AGENTS WANTED

One in each district to ride and exhibit a sample 1905 Cycle. *Write for special offer.* Highest grade

Coventry Made Cycles

LATEST MODELS ***£2.10 to £6***

Packed Free, Carriage Paid

Eadie Coaster Hubs, Dunlop or Clincher A Won Tyres, Inverted Lever Brakes, Two Speed Gears

200 ***Second-Hand Cycles*** all makes ***£1 to £2.10***

good as new.

Great factory clearing sale *at half factory prices.*

Ten Days' Free Trial is allowed on every cycle. **Money** in full **refunded** without question if not *perfectly satisfactory*.

EARN A CYCLE taking orders from sample machine furnished by us. Our agents are making large profits. Write at once for **free catalogues.**

MEAD CYCLE CO. **Dept. 64F,**
91, Paradise St., Liverpool, and 19, Charing Cross Road, London.

BLUSHING.

FREE, to all sufferers, particulars of a proved home treatment that quickly removes all embarrassment, and permanently cures blushing and flushing of the face and neck. Send stamped envelope to Mr. A. H. TEMPLE (Specialist), 9 Pugh's Place, Golden Square, London, W.

BIRKBECK BANK

ESTABLISHED 1851

Current Accounts. 2% Interest allowed on minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.

Deposits. 2½% Interest allowed on Deposit Accounts.

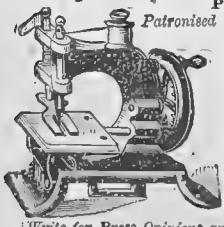
Advances made. **Stocks and Shares** bought and sold.

Apply C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary,
Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.

6/- SEWING MACHINE. 6/-

Patented.

Patronised by H.I.M. the Empress Alexandra of Russia.



THIS machine does work which will bear comparison with that of other machines costing higher prices. Entirely made of metal, with plated fittings, improved stitch regulator, etc. It works at great speed. It has no complications like the old-fashioned intricate machines, therefore no experience is required. It works fine and coarse materials equally as well.

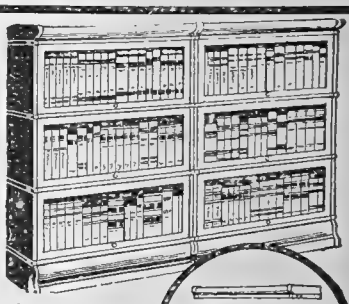
Sent in wooden box, carriage paid, for 6/9; two for 13/-.

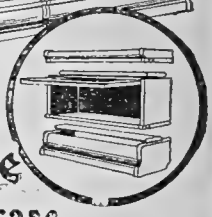
Extra needles 6d. and 1s. packets.

Write for Press Opinions and Testimonials, or call and see the machine at work. Address—

SEWING MACHINE CO., 56 Dept.,
32 & 33, Brooke Street, Holborn, London, E.C.

The Most Perfect Case for the Treasures of the Book Lover.





Globe Wernicke 'Elastic' Bookcase

The principle is simple. In the circle one bookcase is shown making one section of the bookcase above it. If you want your case to grow, you purchase more units and build them up into a larger case. The case is complete at every stage, and grows as you need it to grow. Builds in corners, round pillars, horizontally and vertically.

We are the Originators of the "Unit" Idea.

All goods are packed free, and orders to the value of £2 and upwards are delivered carriage paid to any goods station in Great Britain. Catalogue No. 90 B, Illustrated, post free from—

The Globe-Wernicke Co. Ltd.

Office & Library Furnishers,

44 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.
& 82 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.

THE ROYAL ROAD

PER 6D TUBE

USE

SECCOTINE

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

TO STICK EVERYTHING EVEN IRON.

TO SUCCESS

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE TO THE

SOLE PROPRIETORS:

M'CAW, STEVENSON & ORR, Ltd., BELFAST.

31 & 32, SHOE LANE, LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.
93, HOPE STREET, GLASGOW.
7, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Digitized by Google

I WANT TO GIVE YOU A BETTER POSITION AND BETTER PAY.

I know I can do this for you by our successful system. We give you the right training to enable you to leave the overcrowded and poorly paid trades, where the supply always exceeds the demand, where the unemployed question is prominent, and enter the paying and up-to-date profession of Electrical Engineering. We have done this for thousands, and can do the same for you. We train you by post, in your spare time, direct to your home, and at little cost to yourself.

I SEND YOU FREE

our interesting book, "How to become an Electrical or Mechanical Engineer." It tells you the story of success in life, and gives you convincing proof that I will carry out what I state. We train you in Electrical Engineering, Electric Tramways, Electric Light and Power, Dynamo Tenders, Mechanical Engineering, etc., etc.

Don't miss this opportunity, it is too good to lose, but write to-day for this free book to

Secretary, ELECTRICAL ENGINEER INSTITUTE. 429 Norwich House, 13 Southampton Street, Holborn, London.

GIVE YOUR INVALIDS

Mason's

Broths, Soups & Essences.

Specially prepared for

INVALIDS, CONVALESCENTS, DYSPEPTICS, ETC.

Guaranteed Made Solely from the FINEST ENGLISH MEATS.

Sold in GLASS containers by all CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS.

CAUTION. Genuine only with TRADE MARK as above.

EXPLANATORY BOOKLET SENT FREE ON APPLICATION TO GEORGE MASON & Co. Ltd., LONDON, S.W.

A Cool, Clean, Dry Smoke is assured with a

"MASTA" PIPE

The most perfectly constructed Pipe known. Patented 1897. Nicotine is effectually prevented from entering either mouth or pipe-bowl. Smoke a "MASTA" Pipe once and you will never smoke any other make. It is unique.

All Pipe connoisseurs know and smoke the "MASTA." It smokes cool and dry and smokes to the end of the tobacco. Flawless briar bowls. Sold at 2/- 3/6 5/- 7/6 and upwards.

OF ALL TOBACCONISTS.

Write for most interesting free Booklet, "POINTS ON PIPES," containing many important suggestions on pipe-smoking, etc., etc., post free.

"MASTA" P. PIPE CO., Dept. 4, 153, Fleet St., London, E.C.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

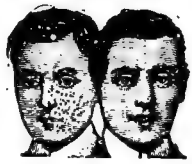
AND EARN £5 PER WEEK.

You should learn the business of advertising, no matter what your line may be, because it is a fundamental requisite to your success. It does not require a moment's more time or a whit more energy to earn £250 a year than it does to earn 30s. or £2 per week. You are helped to write advertisements for your firm, to work up an advertising business in your own home, or to secure a position of not less than £5 per week. Illustrated Prospectus Post Free.

PAGE-DAVIS CO. (Dept. N), 195 Oxford Street, LONDON, W.

Digitized by Google

Eczema, Tender Skin, Pimples, Sores and all Skin Irritation is cured by 'Antexema'



Before and After Use.

We wish to urge on all readers of this paper the extreme importance of having a healthy skin. If the pores are clogged by some skin disease, ill-health is sure to result. Any uncomfortable irritation or disfigurement is quickly cured by "Antexema," the well-known outward remedy for Eczema and all skin troubles of men, women, & children. A trial will convince sufferers of its virtues.

Before and After Use.

Remarkable Cures of Eczema and Impure Blood

Mrs. E. R. writes: "'Antexema' is the best remedy for chapped hands or chilblains. I sent for a bottle, and after using it a few times, am glad to say it cured them, when all others failed."

Mrs. J. writes: "'Antexema' cured Ringworm on my child's face."

Mr. W. H. H. writes: "I am happy to say that I am now perfectly free of Eczema. 'Antexema' has done for me in ten days what the Skin Hospital failed to do in seven months."

Mr. S. W. P. writes: "For a month my face was studded with blotches. A bottle of 'Antexema' completely cured me."

Mr. J. P. writes: "I was troubled with Eczema on both arms, but after using 'Antexema' it entirely disappeared."

Miss N. S. writes: "I cannot speak too highly of 'Antexema.' I had Eczema in both legs, and 'Antexema' effected a complete cure."

Mrs. S. B. writes: "I should be wanting in common gratitude if I did not let you know of most marvellous result of using 'Antexema' on my child, 2 years old. She had eczema badly on the face which was quite cured in 7 days. I can only add such a preparation should be in every home where there are children."

Don't Delay. Get a Bottle To-day

Before Use

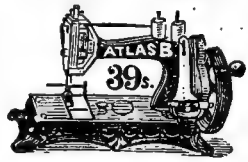
Thousands of letters testifying to the value of "Antexema" can be seen at our offices. The one regret expressed by the writers is that they did not know of "Antexema" sooner. "Antexema" will cure any skin complaint. Its benefits are immediately felt. Read the booklet "Skin Troubles"; copy enclosed with every bottle. "Antexema" is supplied by Chemists and Stores at 1/1½ and 2/9, or can be obtained direct post free in plain wrapper for 1/3. It should be in every home. Any sufferer not absolutely convinced of the value of "Antexema" should send stamped envelope, naming ROYAL MAG. for free trial, a valuable treatise on Skin Troubles and 200 letters from persons who have been cured. Address: **"ANTEXEMA" 83, Castle Rd., London, N.W.**

Poor Baby!

To Asthma Sufferers

Instant relief is gained in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of **Potter's Asthma Cure.** Sold by all Chemists and Herbalists in Tins at 1/-. Test it free of charge. Send postcard to POTTER & CLARKE, Wholesale Druggists, Artillery Lane, London, E. for Free Sample. Kindly mention this paper.

"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39s.



Equal in size and quality to any machine. Will work by hand or treadle. 4 years' guarantee. To ensure satisfaction machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. If desired, can be paid 5s. **Monthly.** Write for terms, designs, samples of work, **Atlas Sewing Machine Co., 184B,** High St., Camden Town, London; or 63, Seven Sisters Rd., and 14, High Rd., Kilburn.

Mention ROYAL MAGAZINE.

WOMEN, BE BEAUTIFUL

LET US SHOW YOU THE WAY. IT IS VERY SIMPLE. INSTRUCTIONS FREE. READ ON.

EVERY WOMAN desires a well-developed figure, but so few are perfect. If you want to have that impressive stamp that signifies good health; if you want to be admired and have a commanding influence among your own circle of friends, use Venustro, that marvellous new French treatment which vigorously stimulates the developing forces of nature, and which will develop your figure to a gratifying extent. Venustro not only develops the figure, but strengthens the inside nerves and makes the skin as beautiful and as soft as satin. We have testimonials from hundreds of prominent women showing that our treatment will develop and enlarge the bust, no matter how flat the chest may be. We will send you, free of charge, in plain sealed envelope, the most superb work ever published on the matter, containing reproductions of beautiful women who have used Venustro. In writing send us your name and address and stamp to pay postage. Your letter will be kept strictly confidential. **Do it Now.** There is nothing to risk. You may as well see the book, whether you intend buying or not. Send your application by the next post to **Lady Manager, R. Dourais Co., M51 Leopold Road, Liverpool.**

Digitized by Google

From all Chemists & Price 2s.6d. & 4s.6d.

"Antipon"

Regd Trade Mark

HAS CURED THOUSANDS

of the distressing disease of obesity, increasing at the same time strength and vitality. This statement is convincingly proved by the hundreds of testimonials received by the "Antipon" Company and carefully filed for reference in proof of genuineness. Anyone may see them. "Antipon" is a most pleasant and simple home treatment which can be followed by anyone in strict privacy and without the least discomfort. Just a dose at stated intervals of an agreeable liquid of purely vegetable ingredients—that is all. There are no vexatious dietary rules to follow; no exhausting exercises; no drugs to take. A course of "Antipon" would not harm a child. "Antipon" gradually expels from the system every vestage of superfluous and diseased fatty matter, both internal and subcutaneous. At the same time it *destroys the tendency* to the formation of excessive adipose. The cure is therefore permanent. "Antipon" is an admirable tonic which increases appetite and promotes digestion. Food—good nourishing food—is the only help "Antipon" requires, so that sound muscular tissue and rich blood may replace the flabby muscles and impure blood impregnated with particles of fatty matter. Within a day and a night of first dose a reduction of 8oz. to 3lb. is the sure result, this being followed by a steady daily decrease until normal weight and elegant proportions are attained. By then the limbs will have become firm and well-shaped, and the whole body, face and figure, symmetrical. The skin, acting more freely, will be pure and clear, and the complexion much improved. After a course of "Antipon" the subject will once more work with zest and enjoy outdoor recreation without any fatigue.

The Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News (For Town and Country) says—
"Antipon has a tonic and invigorating effect upon the entire system so that at the end of the cure the patient is both healthier . . . . and stronger."

The Sketch says—

"This most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure."

The Illustrated London News says—
"Antipon not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases health and vitality."

Weldon's Ladies' Journal says—
"Readers troubled with *embonpoint* will find in Antipon a reliable and permanent cure, pleasant to take, without incurring any distressing restrictions as to diet."

The Methodist Recorder says
"It is satisfactory to know that the new cure 'Antipon' is the practical result of a specialist's researches & discoveries so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy."

Sheffield Daily Independent says
"'Antipon' bids fair to revolutionise medical science as far as the cure of corpulence is concerned."

THE GREAT PERMANENT CURE FOR CORPULENCE

"ANTIPON" can be had of Chemists, Stores, etc., price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance) post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers:

THE "ANTIPON" COMPANY,
13 BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "CORPULENCE, LONDON."

Google

No Breakfast Table complete without

EPPS'S

In these days when the Milkman is heavily fined or selling milk if found with the cream abstracted, it is essential that the housewife should be made aware that Cocoa in like manner contains a most nutritious cream or butter, which, if removed, as it is in all thin and foreign cocoas, leaves the preparation like skim milk, almost useless as a food

COCOA

In Epps's Prepared Cocoa this highly nutritive element is retained, and so carefully blended that it makes one of the most valuable food products, suitable for those of all ages and classes. To prove the presence of the butter it is only necessary to place a pinch of the two preparations between the fingers for one minute, when the difference will be readily seen.

EPPS'S

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

"A book that every young mother should have in her possession."—HEALTH.

Just Published, a Cheap Edition

THE MOTHER'S GUIDE

TO THE CARE OF CHILDREN IN SICKNESS AND HEALTH.

By LYDIA LENEY, M.D.

OCULIST TO THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.
CLINICAL ASSISTANT TO THE NEW HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, Limp. **Price 2s.**

"Dr. Lydia Leney is well qualified by her appointments to write a small book to be of use to mothers who need a practical guide to which they may refer in cases of illness or accident until medical advice can be obtained."—*Lancet.*

At all Railway Bookstalls and Booksellers, or post free for 2s. 4d. from C. Arthur Pearson Limited, 17, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Special Appointments to His Majesty the King and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

BELFAST, LTD.

Regent St. and Cheapside, London; and Liverpool.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Bordered.
Children's ... 1/3 per doz.
Ladies' ... ... 2/3 „
Gentlemen's ... 3/3 „
Hemstitched.
Ladies' ... ... 2/9 per doz.
Gentlemen's ... 3/11 „

IRISH COLLARS CUFFS & SHIRTS.

Collars.—Gentlemen's 4-fold from 4/11 per doz.
Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 per doz.

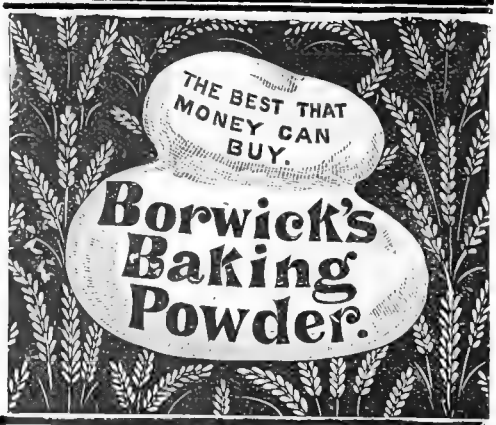
Matchless Shirts, fine quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts and Cuffs, 35/6 per half-dozen; to measure, 2/- extra. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in neckbands, cuffs, and fronts, for 14/- the half-dozen.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE & HOUSE LINEN.

Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz.
Dinner „ 5/6 „
Table Cloths, 2 yds. square, 2/6 each.
Table Cloths, 2½ by 3 yds., 5/6 each.
Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each. Real Irish Linen Sheeting, fully bleached, 2 yds. wide, 1/11 per yard.

SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter-orders and Inquiries for Samples of these goods should be sent direct to Belfast.



C. Brandauer & Co.'s LTD.

CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

Seven Prize Medals.

These series of Pens neither scratch or spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 7 stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series.

London Warehouse: 124 NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

Digitized by Google

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

The rights of translation and reproduction in the contents of this number are strictly reserved.

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1905.

		PAGE
OUTSIDE COVER. Designed by R. G. Praill.		
MRS. ALYN WILLIAMS. From a Miniature Painting		*Frontispiece.*
FROM THE STALLS ... Illustrated with Photographs.		499
THE BLACK KNIGHT. A Complete Story Illustrated by J. Barnard Davis.	OWEN OLIVER	506
HOW TO BE HEALTHY AT A MINUTE A DAY Illustrated with Photographs.	HENRY CRUISE	513
HOW ROVER SAVED THE PYJAMA KIDS. A Complete Story Illustrated by R. C. Carter.	S. BRIDGE-WORTH	516
SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS. No. III.—NAVARINO. The Last Battle Between Sailing Ships.	WALTER WOOD & ADMIRAL SIR ERASMUS OMMANNEY Illustrated by Stanley Wood.	522
THE SEA SERPENT SYNDICATE. A Complete Story Illustrated by John Hassall.	EVERARD JACK APPLETON	532
PICTURE PARAGRAPHS. Illustrated with Photographs		540
A CHANGE OF NAME. A Complete Story Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills.	CHARLES W. WESTRON	545
MR. X—HIS PAGES		551
THE FRIGHT OF BRIGGS MAJOR. A Complete Story Illustrated by Gordon Browne.	WALTER DEXTER	554
THE MINOR POET—HIS AMBITION. A Poem	KILDA KILROY	559
REAL LIFE ROMANCES Illustrated with Drawings.		560
FROM FRESHER TO BLUE Illustrated with Photographs.	A. S. M. HUTCHINSON	565
HOW A CHILD SEES THE WORLD. Illustrated	JOSEPH A. REDMAN	571
FOR ST. BRIDGET'S. A Complete Story Illustrated by J. R. Skelton.	F. L. MORGAN	574
CONFESSIONS OF CUPID. A Complete Story No. IV.—LINKED ON THE LINES. Illustrated by Walter E. Webster.	GERTIE DE S. WENTWORTH-JAMES	579
A SHEAF OF AUTOGRAPHS Illustrated with Autographs.	BERNARD NUSSEY	584
CAP AND BELLS. Illustrated with Drawings		587
MR. EDITOR—HIS PAGES		591

The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are inclosed will make every endeavour to insure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for Volumes I.—XII. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 may also be had, price 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

The original drawings in this Number are on sale on application to the Editor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION: 6/6 per annum, post-free to any address in the United Kingdom. Abroad, 7/- post free. Address: The Subscription Dept., ROYAL MAGAZINE, 17 & 18 Henrietta-street, London, W.C.

Printed by HORACE COX, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.

No. 725.

Free box of patterns.

Fashionable designs; light, medium, and heavy textures; all widths and prices state on each pattern. Suitable for ladies' costumes, gentlemen's suits, also for boys and girls.

Hamilton's Irish Homespuns,

price from 1/9 per yard. Sold by the yard also in costumes and suits. Moderate charges for tailoring. Fit and smartness guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns and "The White House Budget" sent free on request. Address Desk 49.

THE WHITE HOUSE, PORTRUSH, IRELAND.

Depot for Irish Peasant Industries.

BEETHAM'S

LAROLA

Regd

MAKES THE SKIN SOFT AS VELVET

Entirely removes all ROUGHNESS, TAN, REDNESS, IRRITATION, CHAPS, &c., and KEEPS the SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH & WHITE at all Seasons.

DELIGHTFULLY SOOTHING AND REFRESHING AFTER CYCLING, MOTORING, &c.

Bottles 1/-, 1/9, and 2/6, of all Chemists and Stores.

M. BEETHAM & SON Cheltenham.

Digitized by Google

We will send post paid, a strong, well-made, real Irish Linen Cooking Apron, upon receipt of metal tops from Armour's Extract of Beef jars. For Conditions see Coupon enclosed with each jar.

"Delicious Dishes"—book containing 101 recipes—will be posted free to you if you address Armour & Co., Ltd., Department L, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Armour's Extract of Beef
makes the most tempting Soups and rich Beef Tea.

Armour's Extract of Beef
adds to Sauces and Gravies a delicious touch of flavour, obtainable in no other way.

One quarter teaspoonful of
Armour's Extract of Beef
goes as far as a full teaspoonful of any other Beef Extract.

"ARMOUR'S SEASONED FLUID BEEF"—a highly concentrated and richly flavoured extract of choice beef and vegetables—has been prepared for those who prefer a seasoned Beef Extract in fluid form. It makes most delicious soups, sauces, gravies and beef tea. As a hot drink it is unsurpassed.

ARMOUR & Co., Ltd., 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google

Photo, Jerome.

Her face is like the Milky Way in the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.—*Suckling.*

Google

From the Miniature reproduced by the courtesy of the artist, Alyn Williams, R.M.S., R.B.A.

MRS. ALYN WILLIAMS.

When Queen Alexandra saw this portrait she was so delighted with it that Mr. Williams was commissioned to paint a miniature of Her Majesty in exactly the same pose.

Google

FROM THE STALLS

Photos *Biograph Studio.*

CYRIL MAUDE.

Our Cleverest Comedian, as Captain Barley in "Beauty and the Barge."

Mr. Maude is joint lessee with Mr. Frederick Harrison of the Haymarket Theatre. Perhaps the two biggest successes he ever scored are in "The Second in Command" and "Beauty and the Barge."

◇ ◇ ◇

The burglar stole Cyril Maude's coat from a Sydney club. The police found clues by the score, but no coat.

Then the sequel. Cyril Maude went to a thought-reading *séance*, and, at the end of the performance, secured one of the men who had stood on the platform, and said, "Sir, inside the lapel of your greatcoat is a grease spot. The name Messrs. So-and-So is on the label, and the initals C. M. are under the collar."

Result: Coat for the actor, oakum for the burglar.

Google

THE CHUNCHUSES.

Jugglers from Manchuria.

The Chunchuses, or, to quote their proper name, the Tschin Maa Troupe of Manchurian jugglers, hail from the seat of war, from Lian-Yong.

The particularly marvellous thing about their entertainment is that they can, and prefer to, juggle upside down, or on their backs, or on someone else's back. The photographs we give here show

this weakness of the gentlemen from Mukden, the one man standing on his head doing a little plate-twisting trick, while the other does a similar performance bent double backwards.

The Chunchuses always carry about with them a large poster reproducing their agreements with their English managers. This is in Chinese, and attracts many marvelling onlookers, who wonder what the cryptic characters mean.

Digitized by Google

Photo *Ellis & Walery.*

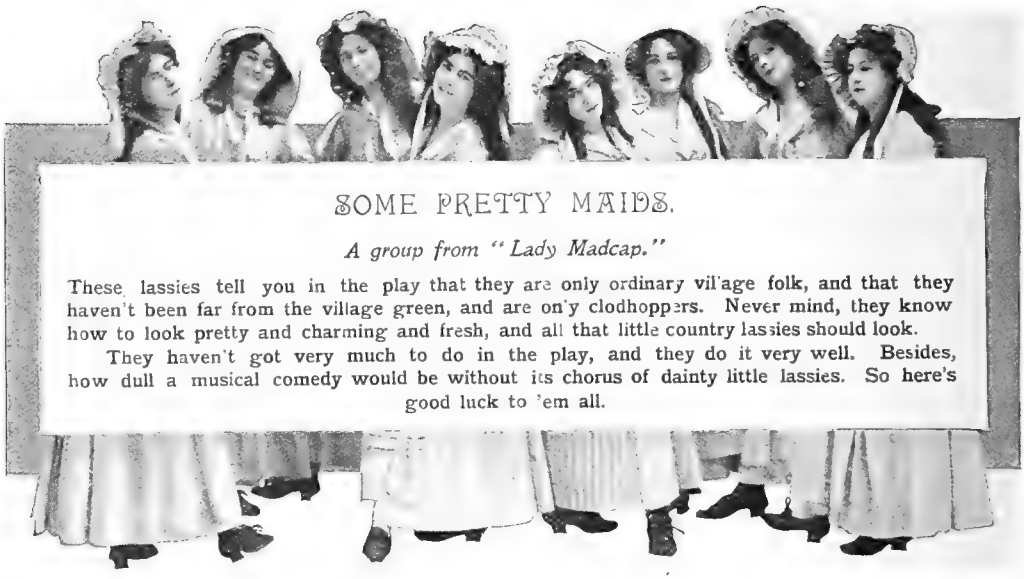
GURNEY DELAFORTE.

A Pretty Soubrette.

Musical comedy is the birthplace of many of our most charming actresses. Miss Gurney Delaporte has not had very many years on the stage, but works hard and intends to get on. She is a dainty dancer, too, and has a good voice. These qualifications, besides an undeniably pretty face, should satisfy both managers and public. Don't you think so?

"But then," says the young lady herself, "you must work and learn as much as possible, otherwise you never get further than a small part and an understudy."

Digitized by Google

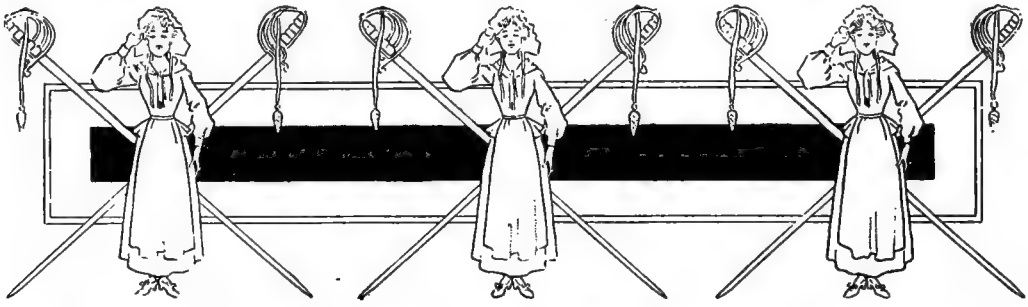


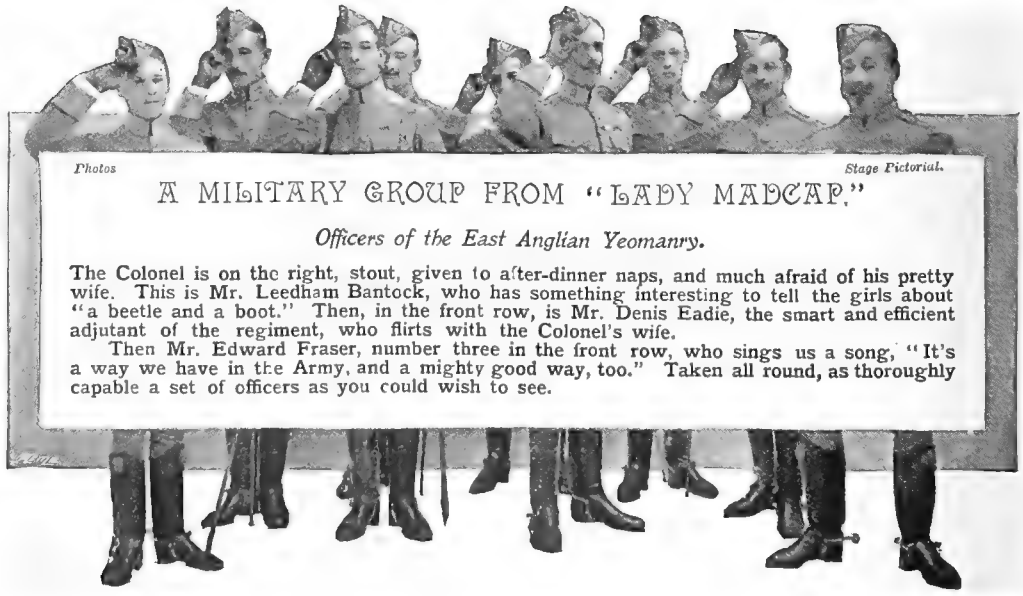
SOME PRETTY MAIDS.

A group from "Lady Madcap."

These lassies tell you in the play that they are only ordinary village folk, and that they haven't been far from the village green, and are only clodhoppers. Never mind, they know how to look pretty and charming and fresh, and all that little country lassies should look.

They haven't got very much to do in the play, and they do it very well. Besides, how dull a musical comedy would be without its chorus of dainty little lassies. So here's good luck to 'em all.





Photos *Stage Pictorial.*

A MILITARY GROUP FROM "LADY MADCAP."

Officers of the East Anglian Yeomanry.

The Colonel is on the right, stout, given to after-dinner naps, and much afraid of his pretty wife. This is Mr. Leedham Bantock, who has something interesting to tell the girls about "a beetle and a boot." Then, in the front row, is Mr. Denis Eadie, the smart and efficient adjutant of the regiment, who flirts with the Colonel's wife.

Then Mr. Edward Fraser, number three in the front row, who sings us a song, "It's a way we have in the Army, and a mighty good way, too." Taken all round, as thoroughly capable a set of officers as you could wish to see.

Digitized by Google

Photo *Lizzie Caswal Smith.*

NELLIE BOWMAN.

As "Little Black Sambo" at the Garrick.

When she's not "in black," Nellie Bowman is a very pretty little lady. Miss Nellie had a quaint experience once. She was quite a little girl, and appeared on the stage alone, and wrecked, on an iceberg. Suddenly, one night, there was a crash and a rush of water. The tank broke and the water flowed over the footlights—but the plucky little lady remained steadfast in her place.

Google

Photo *Reutlinger.*

MABEL LOVE.

The Daintiest of Dancers.

As pretty a little lass, and as pretty a little dancer, as one could wish for.

Mabel Love started her theatrical career at a very early age. She tells how she had to turn to one day, and dance with no rehearsal, and, worse than that, no frock.

"We wired to town," she writes, "for dancing skirts and shoes, and I told the band to play what they knew best, and I would dance to it."

She wore a summer frock, and in the dance tore the frill off. The dance was encored, and the audience was in roars of laughter, for it had seen pretty Mabel tearing the frills and flounces off her skirt—the curtain had not fallen to the bottom between the dances.

Digitized by Google

Photo **A "CINGALEE" GROUP.** *Stage Pictorial.*

Rutland Barrington, Gracie Leigh, and Huntley Wright.

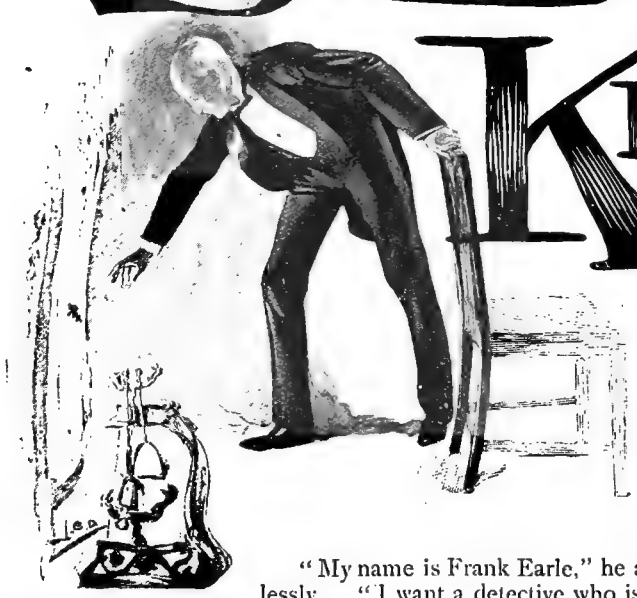
On the left is the great Indian potentate, Rutland Barrington, the veteran of musical comedy, whose topical song is always one of the best in the piece. Number two is Gracie Leigh, always a popular little lady, and a very graceful dancer.

On the right we find Huntley Wright, funniest of funny men, and always getting into scrapes and having all sorts of punishments threatened him. In "The Cingalee" he is lucky to escape with one ducking in the river.

Rutland Barrington, besides acting admirably and most amusingly, writes verses, very often the encore topical verses of his own songs. His first effort was at an early age, and the refrain is still preserved. It runs thus: "Fol de rol lido doodle um day," which is at the same time elevating and explicit.

Google

THE BLACK KNIGHT



A Detective Story of a Plot that Failed.

By Owen Oliver.

I.

It was a cold, damp evening, and I was dozing by the fire after dinner, when the maid ushered in a short, slight young fellow of about five and twenty, with straw-coloured hair and pale blue eyes that seemed to avoid me as he spoke.

"My name is Frank Earle," he announced, moving his fingers restlessly. "I want a detective who is a gentleman; someone who can come home with me as a friend to look into something. I was recommended to come to you." I bowed.

"What is the case exactly?" I asked.

"I don't want to accuse anybody," he said hesitatingly. "If you would come for a few days, in case anything turned up? I could give you the particulars then."

"Hadn't you better send for me when you are prepared to trust me?" I suggested.

He traced the pattern of the carpet with his foot.

"It might be too late then. The case is this: I live with my uncle, Mr. John Brand, of Narrowby. My cousin, Edith Norton, lives with him too. He is a man of property. We are dependent on him. About half of the property is his absolutely. He has left it between us. He has only a life interest in the remainder. It goes to another nephew—George Morris. He has been very wild. He may be all right now. Three years ago they quarrelled. My uncle ordered him out of the house. Some bitter words passed. I—I don't suppose he meant them seriously."

He paused uneasily.

"Meant what?" I inquired.

"My uncle vowed that he would do nothing for him so long as he lived; George replied that he would have to do something for him before long; and that was to die." He spread out his hands deprecatingly. "They were idle words probably. My uncle took them as a threat. They did not speak for three years. A fortnight ago they became reconciled through some chess-playing friends. My uncle is an ardent chess-player, and a very skilful one, although he is blind."

"Blind! Then how can he play?"

"He has special chessmen that peg into holes in a board. The white men have knobs to distinguish them from the black. He tells the position of the pieces by passing his hands over the tops. Morris has become a good player lately, and taken a cottage near us. I don't think my uncle really likes him, but it is difficult to find a worthy opponent in our little place." He got up and paced the room. "They are together a great deal. Morris is a desperate man, according to report. Of course report is often wrong." He sat down again and played with the fringe of the table cover. "I know that he is in want of money."

Copyright, 1905, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google

"You suspect him of some design on your legacy?"

"It isn't that. My uncle is not likely to leave my share or Edith's to *him*." He looked me straight in the face for the first time. "It is my uncle himself that I am concerned about."

"In short, you think that your cousin is anxious to come into his inheritance, and would not be scrupulous as to the means?"

"I have no right to think so; but I—I am anxious. I am very fond of my uncle. So is Edith."

"Miss Norton shares your suspicions?"

"No, no! You must not breathe a word to her. She won't listen to anything against Morris. In fact"—he sighed—"I fear she helped to bring about the reconciliation."

"Ah!" I lit a cigarette. "I don't want to be impertinent; but are you fond of her?" He smiled.

"Not in the way you mean. I intend to marry—someone else—when I am in a position to do so. My uncle does not approve of my choice. As I have told you, I am dependent on him."

"Is your uncle violent-tempered or unreasonable?"

"It is my uncle himself that I am concerned about."

"Not in the least. Quite the contrary."

"Then why not tell him your suspicions?"

He fidgeted again.

"He might think I wanted to injure Morris. I am the next heir to the entail also, which makes it—awkward."

I puffed thoughtfully at my cigarette.

"Frankly," I told him, "you do not seem to have much to go upon; but I cannot give a definite opinion till I have studied your cousin and his antecedents."

"You will come then?" he asked eagerly.

"I will come," I promised.

He looked at his watch.

"Come to-night," he begged, "by the 9.40 from Paddington. It is only forty minutes' ride."

"Very well."

"You are an old college friend of mine, remember—except to Symons."

"Who is Symons?"

"The butler. He has been in the family for thirty years. We can trust him."

I shook my head.

"Is it necessary to confide in him? It is a good rule never to trust anyone unless you are obliged."

"It will be necessary if you are to have the run of the place," he assured me.

Then I went off to pack. In half an hour we were in a hansom, bowling along to Paddington. A dog-cart awaited us at Narrowby station, and Symons was at the hall-door. Miss Edith had gone to bed with a headache, he said, and the master was not yet home from Mr. George's. We waited for him in the library. It was nearly midnight when he arrived.

Mr. Brand was a small, spare man of about sixty, with sharp, hard features, and a piercing look in his sightless eyes; but his voice was soft and pleasing. He greeted me cordially as "my nephew's friend and therefore mine"; but he seemed thinking of something else while he spoke.

"I am not quite myself," he apologised, "this evening. It is only a little—faintness." Then he collapsed.

"He has only fainted once before," Earle told me. "That was also after he had been to my cousin's to play chess!"

Google

II.

The next morning I learnt that Morris was going to London for a few days. I proposed to follow him and make inquiries about his antecedents and associates; but Earle was averse to my leaving the place. So I wrote to a brother detective to make the inquiries while I studied the household. A detective can never know too much of all the persons concerned in a case.

Mr. Brand himself impressed me favourably as a shrewd, straight-forward, courteous gentleman. Symons declared that, until his infirmity came upon him, he had been headstrong and passionate. His nephew and niece declared that they had never known him anything but kind and good-tempered. His one weakness was an inordinate passion for the game of chess. Before his blindness he had been one of the best amateur players of the day; and afterwards he had won a game against the great Steinitz by a brilliant coup with the Black Queen's Knight.

To commemorate this he had replaced the Knight in the set by a duplicate, and had the original mounted upon a silver pedestal, which stood on the library mantelpiece.

Edith Norton was a tall, slight girl, with a mouth that drooped a little too much, a voice over deep for a woman, and a manner that, at times, bordered on vacancy. I thought her plain till I noticed her eyes; shallow, till I heard her sing; and negligible till I discovered that, quietly, she ruled the household. She was the sort of woman who would be very good or very bad; and I was not sure which.

Earle was as difficult to estimate. He seemed to take his colouring from his company, and however frankly he spoke on nine points of a subject he always kept the tenth point back. I fancied that I had not seen his real self at all; but everyone spoke well of him.

Of Morris I could learn little in the locality. There were rumours of wild doings abroad; but they were vague and conflicting. The country people said that he was a dangerous man to cross, and Symons declared that "he would stick at nothing." "He's been a bad lot, sir," he remarked with a solemn shake of his grey head, "from the time he was a boy."

In the late afternoon of the day before Morris' return was expected I received a letter from my detective friend, detailing what he had gleaned about him. I noted down three points as deserving special attention.

1. He had been mixed up in a desperate gambling affray in Australia.

2. He was in pecuniary embarrassment.

3. He had made a special study of chess before attempting reconciliation with his uncle—presumably with that object.

From stray remarks of Mr. Brand and his niece I had arrived at a fourth conclusion for myself:—

4. He had some hold over Mr. Brand, and possibly over Edith Norton.

I was pacing the shrubbery in the dusk considering the matter, when I noticed a tall, well-built man stealthily crossing the lawn. I stole behind a tree, and watched him enter the French windows of the dining-room. I was about to follow when I heard Edith Norton's voice.

"It is no use threatening him, George," she said. "He will never give way—never, so long as he lives."

"He won't live for ever," said a man's voice—"possibly not very long. In the ordinary course of nature——"

"He will live till *you* are ruined," she cried passionately, "till *I* am old and ugly."

He murmured some protestation.

"Sometimes I almost wish——" She began crying, and he was evidently comforting her. I caught a few words here and there.

"You don't mean it, Edith, you know," he said.

"Sometimes I think I do," she sobbed. "I am a wicked woman."

Then I could hear only odd words, till he said that he must go. I retreated some way behind the trees, and found Symons beside me!

"I saw him from the larder, sir," he muttered in my ear. "He has come like this before, and none of them have seen him but I."

I noted mentally that he had not heard Edith's voice, and had not mentioned the previous visits to Earle; or, if he had, Earle had not told me.

Then Morris came out, and went away as stealthily as he had come. I could see Symons clench his fist.

"My poor master is in danger, sir," he whispered.

"I am afraid he is," I owned.

"You'll save him, won't you?" He plucked at my sleeve eagerly. "You know now that danger comes from George Morris, as I warned you."

"Yes," I said. "I know where the danger comes from."

But I meant Edith Norton.

Digitized by Google

Shortly after dinner began, Symons made pantomimic signs to me from the door. I excused myself on the ground of faintness, and went out. The old man was holding the tankard from which his master usually drank. His hand trembled violently.

"There's a sediment, sir," he said, "at the bottom. I was just going to fill it. When *he* came in here he must have put it in the tankard. My poor master!"

"Give me the stuff in a tumbler," I commanded. "Rinse out the tankard thoroughly, and give it to Mr. Brand as usual. Don't let anyone suspect anything."

I took the sediment to my bedroom and analysed it, having a fair knowledge of chemistry, as a detective should. It contained a slow poison, which it is not necessary to name. One such dose as that in the tankard was practically harmless. Given regularly it would cause a gradual wasting away, without leaving any evident trace of its use.

George Morris had no means of administering such a poison with the regularity required. The question was, was Edith Norton the sole criminal or an accomplice? From the conversation I had overheard I inclined to the former view.

As Symons would probably tell Earle about Morris' visit, I spoke to him myself; but I said nothing of Edith's presence, for fear that a change in his manner to her might put her on her guard.

III.

The next day I watched Miss Norton narrowly. She waited upon her uncle assiduously, and made an unusual demonstration of affection. When a message came from Morris announcing his return, and asking Mr. Brand to come over and play chess that evening, she seemed anxious to dissuade him. It was bad weather for him to go out, she said, and the games would over-excite him.

I was inclined to revise my opinion and consider her an accomplice rather than the principal. Probably, I thought, she had a fit of remorse, and knew that a further administration of poison would be attempted during the evening. So I arranged that Earle should endeavour to obtain some of the liquor from his uncle's glass. The poison, as I have explained, was not so immediately dangerous that it was necessary to prevent him taking any, as I pointed out to Symons when he "took the liberty," as he put it, of suggesting to me that another attempt would probably be made that night.

Earle put the chessmen in their box, and gave this and the board to Symons to send over in the afternoon. We drove there after dinner, and I made Morris' acquaintance. But for my suspicions he would have impressed me favourably.

His face was hard in repose, but he had a pleasant way when he spoke. He lost two games and won one with equal good humour. Then he asked his uncle to play over the famous game for my entertainment.

"Perhaps Mr. Fisher will discover a reply

Earle emptied some of the whiskey from his uncle's glass into a little glass flask.

to the great move," he suggested with a glance at Edith.

"No, no!" she cried sharply, "I don't want to see the game any more. It excites uncle too much." She turned to him. "You were poorly last time when you came home," she pleaded. "Don't play it to-night."

"Your uncle would not play it then," Morris stated. "We only discussed the great move."

The old man rose suddenly.

"I do not wish to discuss it any more," he said in an annoyed tone. "It is time we went."

Google

Morris shrugged his shoulders good-temperedly and accompanied his uncle to the hall. As soon as their backs were turned Earle emptied some of the whiskey from his uncle's glass into a little glass flask that he had brought. I stood between him and the door while he did so.

When the others had gone to bed, he took it from his pocket and held it up to the light.

"See," he cried, "there is a deposit at the bottom—a grey powder."

I started and examined the bottle. I possess considerable self-restraint, but it was some seconds before I trusted myself to speak.

"It is the poison, beyond a doubt," I told him.

"I noticed another strange thing to-night," he remarked. "You know that I locked up the chessmen before I gave them to Symons?"

"Yes." I had seen him do so.

"Well, when I went to unlock the box, I found that it had been opened. However, I don't see that he could do any harm to *them*."

"No," I agreed. "Probably not; but it is curious. It is a curious case altogether. I must think it out quietly."

"I will leave you to it. Good night."

He turned with his hand on the door handle.

"It is curious, too, what stress Morris lays on that move with the Black Knight," he observed, meaningly.

Then he went, and I sat for a long time thinking, with my head on my hand. The poison in the form of powder would take about two hours to dissolve in spirits; but, once dissolved, it would never leave a deposit. It had not come into the flask with the whiskey. The whiskey had found it in the flask.

Only one conclusion seemed possible. Earle wished to remove his uncle, in order to obtain his legacy, and to throw suspicion upon his cousin. If George Morris were hanged for murder, Earle was the next heir to the landed estate. *He* had put the poison in the tankard, and, when it was discovered, he had put some more in the flask, to increase the suspicion against Morris. He had employed me to make me a witness against his cousin, and over-reached himself as such men usually do.

Earle was evidently guilty; but I was not sure that Morris and Miss Norton were innocent. Possibly they were all three in league, and Earle was playing the others false. What a villain the man was, and how artfully he had directed my suspicions!

The grey powder was a very slow poison, and if not given regularly would fail. Possibly it was only a blind to divert attention from some more deadly agent. Earle had not spoken without meaning about the unlocked chess box, and the Knight's move—"Q. Kt. to Q. B. 6," in the technical language of the game. What did he wish me to discover?

The board and men were on the table beside me. I examined them critically. Except the knobs and pegs, necessary to adapt them to the use of a blind man, there seemed nothing strange about them though they were slightly foreign in shape. This was natural, as Mr. Brand had bought them when travelling in India, Symons had told me. The Black Queen's Knight, however, I remembered, was a duplicate made in England. Earle's secret must relate to that.

I took the King's Knight, distinguished by a stamped crown, and held the two together. There was no apparent difference; but when I put them on the letter balance the Queen's Knight proved heavier by about a quarter of an ounce. It had a slightly longer peg, too, I thought, on further examination.

Next I examined the board, prodding the holes with a long pin. The hole at the Black Q. B. 6 was very slightly shallower than the others. This, combined with the longer peg, would prevent the Queen's Knight fitting tightly in without considerable pressure. What would happen then?

An explosion would be too uncertain and too much in evidence. An electric discharge occurred to me, but there was no means of completing a circuit through the wooden board. It must be poison, if anything. I examined the top of the piece, where it would naturally be held, with a pocket microscope. There seemed to be a number of tiny, glittering specks on it. I covered my hand with an antimacassar, wrapped in folds, held the Knight by the base instead of in the usual manner by the top, and pressed the peg firmly in the hole at Q. B. 6. I felt a spring give, and with the aid of a microscope I detected ten fine needle points projecting from the top of the Knight to such a trifling extent as to be invisible to the naked eye. They would pierce the skin so slightly as to give no pain and leave no mark.

There were some white mice in a cage in the conservatory. I fetched one, put the top of the Knight against it, and pressed the peg at the bottom. The mouse died without even a tremor. When Mr. Brand moved the

Digitized by Google

piece to the fatal square, as Earle knew he would in playing over his famous game, *he* would die; and I, if I were clever enough to find out the means of his death, was to be a witness against Morris as the murderer.

The man who had planned this was a dangerous opponent. He would not scruple to remove *me*, if it suited his purpose.

The grey morning light was invading the room when I went to bed. I smiled as I yawned, for I had formed my plan.

IV.

The next morning, when Earle and Miss Norton were out, I told Mr. Brand the whole story. At first he was incredulous; then angry; then he turned away from me and wiped his eyes. When I came to the poisoned Knight, he half rose from his chair and laughed hysterically.

"*Now* I understand," he said. "Give me a little brandy. My nerves are not what they were. You have a plan, you say?"

"The safest plan, of course, would be to denounce the plot at once; but I imagine that you are prepared to run a little risk to make quite sure who is guilty."

"I know the guilty one," he asserted.

"You know one who is guilty; but do you know that there is only one?" He winced.

"I have no doubt in my own mind; but it is a point to be quite clear about. What do you propose?"

I told him the outline of my plan, and we worked out the details together. It is only necessary to mention one of them here. We put the poisoned Knight on the silver stand, and the harmless Knight from the stand in set; having first enlarged the peg by successive layers of thick gum, so that it would be as difficult to fit in the fatal square as the other.

"I think," I stated, "my plan will find out who is guilty."

"I hope," he replied, "it may find out who is innocent."

"It will deal with both."

"I am not so sure of that," he said; but he would give no reason for his doubts.

Morris was coming at half-past eight that evening. When dinner was over Earle went to his room, as usual, to read for a short time.

"I want you to run over my famous game with me, my dear," Mr. Brand told his niece.

"Oh, no, Uncle!" she begged. "I—it excites you too much."

"I wish it, my dear," he insisted. So she consented, with obvious reluctance.

I set the pieces for them, and they began to play, talking between the moves. Mr. Brand's composure was outwardly perfect; and if his niece felt any agitation she betrayed none. But her smile seemed forced when they came to the Knight's famous move.

"Now you will see my uncle's great coup," she told me. "Q. Kt. to Q. B. 6."

"Q. Kt. to Q. B. 6," he repeated absently. "Yes, yes. My hand is unsteady this evening. Move it for me, my dear."

He leant back in his chair and trembled perceptibly; she took up the piece calmly and moved it to the fatal square.

"It doesn't go in properly," she remarked.

"Push it hard," he commanded with a tremor in his voice. She pressed it firmly in its place.

"That is all right," I announced. He made a hoarse noise.

"What is the matter, uncle?" she asked quickly.

"Nothing—nothing! Thank God!"

She jumped up and caught his arm.

"What does it mean?" she demanded breathlessly. "Tell me."

He looked to me with his sightless eyes.

"You had better tell her," I said unwillingly, "since it has gone so far." If he did not, she would be almost sure to say something that would warn the others.

"You tell her," he said hoarsely.

So I told her the whole story, including the conversation that I had overheard. She said nothing till I had finished, but her face was very white.

"You will not find George guilty," she asserted quietly. "I know! It wasn't only that we were dependent on you, Uncle. I did not want to grieve you. You do believe me?"

"Yes, my dear." He stroked her hair.

"As for the threats—you know what George meant."

"Yes." He turned to me. "He has discovered a reply to my great move. I was weak enough not to wish it published, and——"

"He never would have," she interrupted.

"I shall publish it now."

"It is not necessary."

"It is honest. Chess is a minor matter, after all." He smiled gravely.

"There is no need for Miss Norton to stop in the room while we make the—the experiment," I suggested. "She might unwittingly betray her anxiety."

She faced me proudly.

"I have no anxiety about George."

Digitized by Google

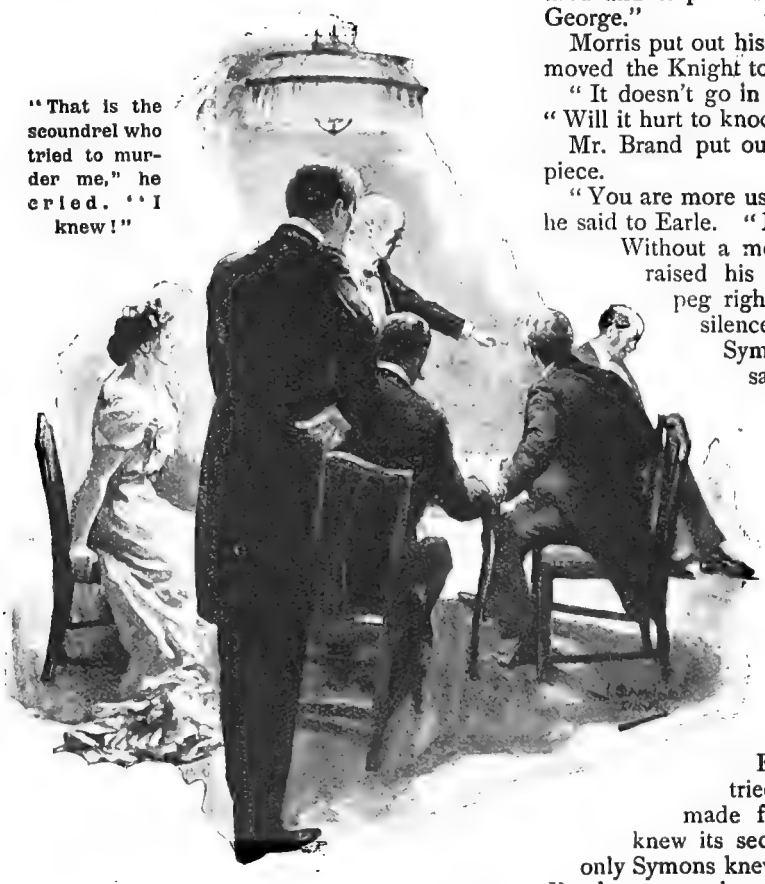
"No, no. Still——"

"I shall betray you neither by word, look, nor sign," she declared. "I *must* stay, Uncle."

"You shall stay," he promised.

At half-past eight both nephews appeared. Mr. Brand sat down to play Morris. His other nephew and niece sat at either side of the table. I stood behind Morris' chair.

"Before we have a regular game," Mr. Brand said, "I want to play over the old one." Morris frowned. "I have told them of your discovery." Morris flushed.



"That is the scoundrel who tried to murder me," he cried. "I knew!"

"I should never have told them, or anyone else, whatever I may have said to you."

"That does not alter my wish."

Morris shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well. Shall I begin?"

Mr. Brand nodded. As the play neared the crucial point, a great hush came over us. The old man was unnaturally composed, Morris seemed uneasy. His eyes sought Edith's once or twice; but she kept hers fixed upon the board.

Earle was obviously excited; his restless fingers kept closing and unclosing. My own muscles were tense with the nervous strain, as the fatal move approached. Even Symons seemed to catch the prevailing excitement, and drew near his master's chair. Then Morris played his move and waited for the Knight's reply. The old man hesitated.

"Q. Kt. to Q. B. 6," he muttered. "I am tired and stupid. Make the move for me, George."

Morris put out his hand immediately, and moved the Knight to the fatal square.

"It doesn't go in very well," he observed. "Will it hurt to knock it in?"

Mr. Brand put out his hand and felt the piece.

"You are more used to the board, Frank," he said to Earle. "Knock it in—hard."

Without a moment's hesitation Earle raised his hand and knocked the peg right in. There was dead silence for a moment. Then Symons gave a gasp and sank helplessly in a chair. The blind man rose and pointed in his direction.

"That is the scoundrel who tried to murder me," he cried. "I knew!"

* * *

The obvious question came afterwards; and Mr. Brand sighed before he answered.

"It was the *original* Knight with which he tried to poison me. It was made for such a purpose. I knew its secret, and beside myself only Symons knew. As for the rest, poor Frank was merely an innocent tool in trying to convict Morris through you."

"But what was Symons' motive?" I asked.

"He loved Frank, and wished him to come to his own. He *shall* come to his own."

"You will prosecute Symons, of course?" I remarked, but he shook his head.

"I bury the past," he cried. "See!"

He walked over to the mantelpiece, and with unerring hand seized the fatal piece. His blind eyes seemed looking at it affectionately for a moment—then he dropped it in the fire. And that was the end of the Black Knight.

Digitized by Google

How to be Healthy at a Minute a Day.

This Simple Exercise, if Performed Daily, Will Keep You in Splendid Condition.

By Henry Cruise.

Last year the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY offered the handsome prize of One Hundred Guineas to any reader who submitted what was considered, by an Adjudicating Committee, to be the best physical exercise. The exercise was not to take longer than one minute to perform. The Adjudicating Committee, which consisted of five experts on physical training, unanimously selected the following exercise as the most excellent from among the many thousands submitted for their decision.

No man or woman of sedentary occupation can hope to keep permanently healthy unless they devote some of their spare time to physical culture. Neglect this and they may be certain of a breakdown some time or other—to-morrow perhaps, or twenty years hence, but come it will as inevitably as Fate.

It is possible for nearly everyone to be physically fit, provided they take proper measures, and the exercise given here may safely be recommended as thoroughly desirable in every way, and to perform the whole series only occupies *one minute!* Of course, the more often they are repeated the better it is for the subject, but if fatigue shows itself, a rest should be taken at once.

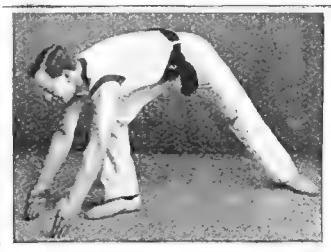
Before starting to perform the movements shown in the illustrations, the following exercise must always be gone through:

Stand erect, inflate the lungs by a slow, prolonged inhalation *through the nostrils;* at the same time raise the fully stretched arms at right angles to the shoulders. When the lungs are well inflated, retain the air in them for four seconds, then forcibly expel it *through the mouth,* at the same time lowering the arms. *Time occupied, 10 seconds.*

Any exercise illustrated as employing one side of the body must be repeated on the opposite side. The time stated allows for both movements.

The photographs on these three pages illustrate an exercise which takes only one minute to perform. It consists of twenty movements, and each of the movements can be made in a few seconds. If you give up ten minutes of your day—and I am sure you can do that—to performing this exercise, and continue giving up those ten minutes, you will find in the course of a few months that you are a different person. I don't ask you to give up ten minutes all in a lump. Two at a time will do excellently well. Spread the ten minutes over the whole day, but make a special effort in the early morning and before you go to bed.

1. Lunge to the right, bending the forearms.



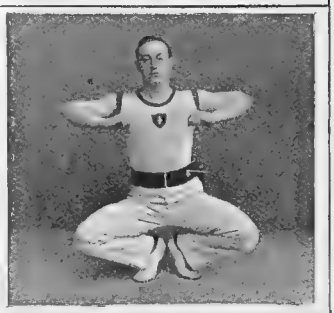
2. Bend the trunk and stretch the arms obliquely forward as far as possible.

3. Bend the trunk well backwards and stretch the arms upwards. Time occupied by these three movements, 10secs.

No appliances of any kind are needed—that's the beauty of our exercise—but concentration of the mind is needed and so is common sense. It is quite useless to go through the thing perfunctorily, with your thoughts wandering in all directions; you must fix all your heart and soul in every movement. And then don't shut all

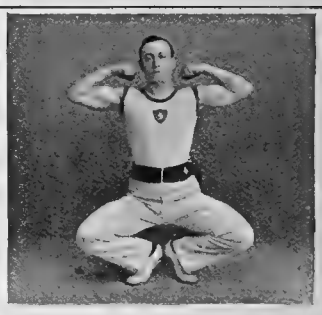
Copyright, 1905, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google



4. Bend the knees and arms, having the heels raised and pressed together, and the forearms bent towards the chest.

5. Straighten the knees by springing up; separate the feet and swing the arms upwards and downwards to the sides.



6. Bend the knees and arms, having the heels raised and pressed together, and the forearms bent towards the shoulders.

7. Rise on tiptoe and extend the forearms sideways. Time occupied by these four movements, 8secs.

8. Step obliquely forward with the right leg Raise the hands above the right shoulder as if holding a cricket bat.

9. Strike obliquely downwards with both arms as if "cutting" a cricket ball, and incline the body well forward.

10. Sharply turn the trunk to the left, bend the left knee, straighten the right leg, and strike round to the left with both arms.

your windows during the operations; open them to their fullest extent. Furthermore, it is necessary to be as lightly clothed as possible, in order to secure perfect freedom of movement. Do the exercise, if possible, without a rag on your back. You needn't be afraid of catching cold.

Well now, go up into your bedroom, study the photographs, make a start—and continue. You'll never regret it.

11. Stoop as if about to pick up a cricket ball.

Digitized by Google

12. Imitate throwing a cricket ball. The arm in position for the throw.

13. The ball has just left the hand.

14. Hold the arms as if a ball were to be caught. Time occupied by these seven movements, 12secs.

15. Bend the forearms, spring from the ground and separate the feet.

16. Stretch the arms upwards, bend the trunk to the right and then to the left.

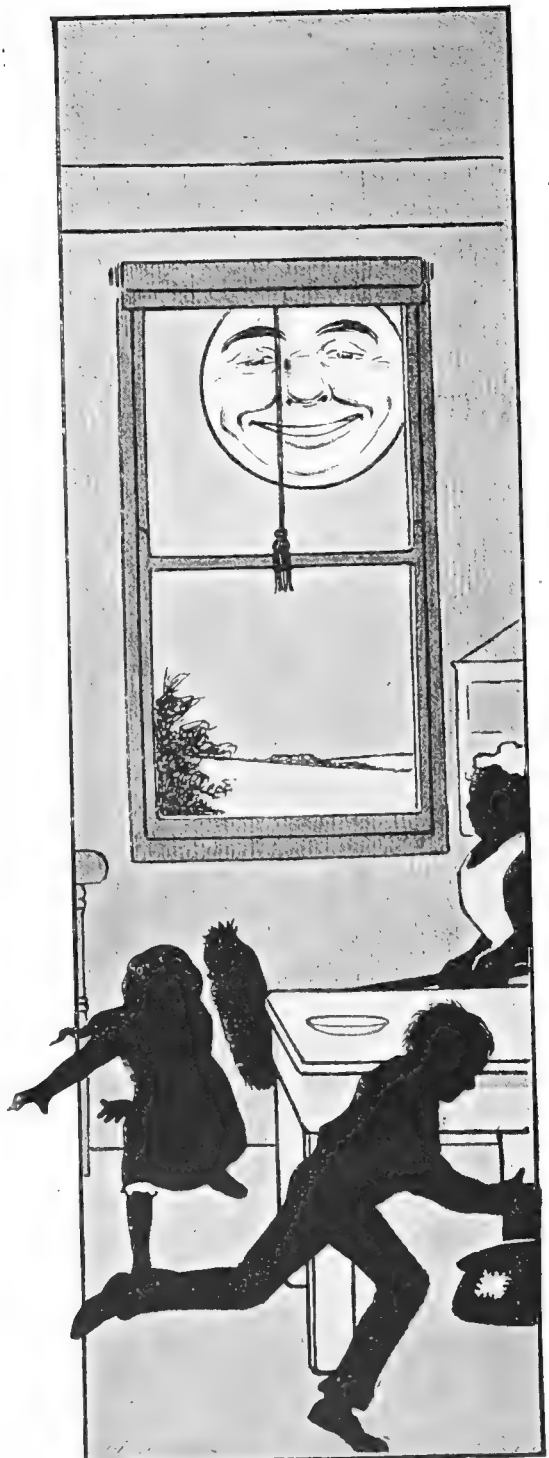
17. After straightening the trunk, bend it forwards and downwards, with the arms outstretched.

18. Backward movement of previous figure. Straighten trunk at finish. Time for the four movements, 10secs.

19. Rest the left hand on a chair and swing the left leg backwards, and the right arm forwards.

20. Swing the right arm backwards and the left leg forwards. Time occupied by the two movements, 10 secs.

Digitized by Google



I laughed to see the old cook seize a broom, and begin to chase the Pyjama Kids out of her kitchen.

Copyright, 1905, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

How Rover Saved the Pyjama Kids.

Another Exciting Story about Desperado Bill and Laguna Lil. Told by Mother Moon.

By S. Bridge-Worth.

Very much do I love my Pyjama Kids, who live in the big house down in Essex. I am sure there could be no better children in all Mother Earth—if it were not for their love of moonlit adventures.

Now, I can hardly blame the Pyjama Kids for being so fond of moonlight, seeing, if I may say so without conceit, how beautiful it is—so much more beautiful, you know, than any other light! But I must say the Pyjama Kids are very naughty to run out of doors to enjoy my moonlight when they should be asleep in their beds! And I am sure they would be quite perfect children if they *didn't* play games by moonlight! So why I tell you these stories is really for a warning *not* to play games by moonlight! Then, perhaps, you may be perfect children.

This story that I am going to tell you now is a most particular warning. It is about an adventure the Pyjama Kids had the other day, that they are likely to remember as long as they live. Indeed, I very much doubt if they will ever play moonlit games again after this!

When I rose in the sky the other evening, I hastened to look down into Essex to see what the Pyjama Kids were doing. First, I looked into their bedroom, but they were not there; then I searched the garden, but still could see no trace of them, and it was some time before I thought of trying the kitchen. And there I found them, seated side by side on the table, swinging their legs and teasing the old cook.

"Be off to bed, ye young rascals," I heard the cook cry. "How do you expect me to get your Uncle George's supper ready if ye bother about me so, just like a couple of flies. Be off this instant now!" And I laughed to see the old cook seize a broom, and begin to chase the Pyjama Kids out of her kitchen.

But the Pyjama Kids easily dodged the cook by running in between the legs of the table.

"Give us some cake and then we'll go," I heard Desperado Bill cry as he ran. "Some

Digitized by Google

of that new walnut cake, cook, that you made this afternoon!"

"We won't go to bed until we've had some cake," Laguna Lil cried, too, as she tore round the kitchen in front of the cook's broom.

"Not a crumb of cake shall ye have to-night," the old cook answered, puffing round the kitchen in pursuit of the Kids. "Be off, ye little rascals!"—and her sweeping broom came down within an inch of Desperado Bill's head.

But the Pyjama Kids knew two tricks to the cook's one. They made a sudden dive into a big cupboard where she kept her dessert fruit, pulled the key from the lock as they went in, and turned the key on the inside.

"Now, cook," came Desperado Bill's voice from the inside of the cupboard, "now we shall eat up all your dessert!"

"Don't you dare to touch a single thing!" cried the old cook, rattling at the door-handle. "Come out this instant."

"Not until you say you will give us cake," cried Bill. "Cook," he added, "these preserved plums are *fine!*"

"Cook," cried Laguna Lil, "what splendid cherries these are!"

"I'm going to look for the dessert sweets, now," continued Desperado Bill, rattling about among the jars and cans.

"And I've got hold of the ginger," screamed Lil's voice, high with triumph.

Then the cook gave in.

"Come out, my darlints," she cried in persuasive tones, "and you shall have some cake, so you shall, then."

The children, at this, came out so suddenly that they nearly upset the old cook as they flung open the door. They flew to drag chairs to the table, and sat down to await the cake.

"Mercy me," said the cook, "what a hurry you are in!"

"The sooner we have the cake," said Bill, "the sooner we leave you in peace."

So the cook went for the cake, and the children feasted.

"Cook," said Bill presently, as he began his second slice of walnut cake, "what is Uncle George having for supper to-night?"

"Never you mind, Mr. Impertinent," answered the cook.

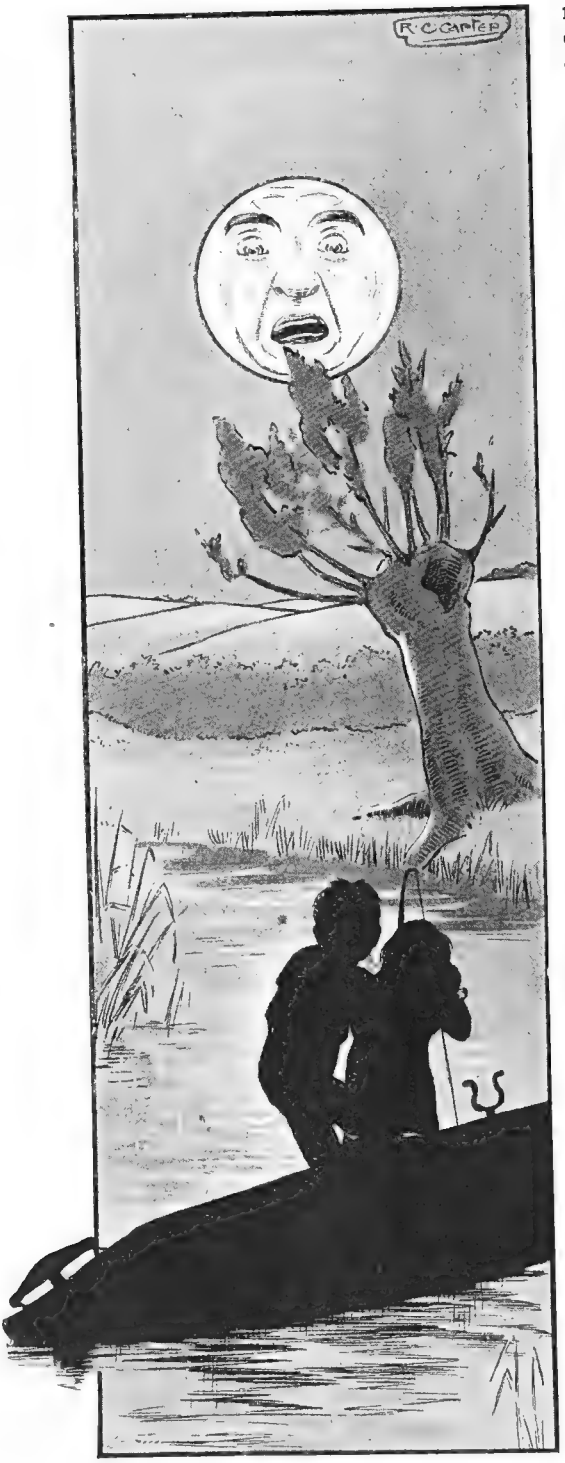
"I know," said Laguna Lil. "He's having some fish!"

"Oh, of course," said Bill. "He's so fond of fish, isn't he, cook?"

"Maybe he is," answered the cook, "and

They sat on a log beside the bank . . . watching the floats dangling from the ends of their rods, as they bobbed in the water.

Digitized by Google



The Pyjama Kids . . . tugged and tugged at the rod, never heeding the swaying of the boat.

maybe he isn't. Anyway, it's not a mouthful of fish *he'll* eat to night, for there isn't a bit of fish in the house."

"What!" cried Desperado Bill. "You mean to say you've got no fish for Uncle George? You naughty old cook!"

"You mind your own business, Master Bill, and don't interfere with mine."

The cook was growing cross again.

"You don't deserve to be cook at all," went on Desperado Bill, "if you can't remember to order the fish. There's only one thing to be done, and that's for me and Lil to go out at once and catch some."

"Well, I think you'd better," said the cook, glad of any excuse to get the Kids out of her kitchen, and never thinking what effect her words would have.

"Come, Lil," said Desperado Bill, "the rods are in the yard. We'll be back soon, cook."

"The longer you stay away the better I'll be pleased," said the cook, slamming the door behind the children, and thinking they would go straight to bed.

But Mother Moon, who had watched this scene with the greatest amusement, knew better.

* * * * *

An hour later, the Pyjama Kids' beds were still empty.

The sun had set; the stars were beginning to peep; my moonbeams flooded the country with silver light. And the Pyjama Kids were fishing.

A little stream runs across the quiet meadows at the bottom of their garden. It had taken them no time to run down the garden, across a field or two, and so to come to the water. They sat on a log beside the bank, side by side, intently watching the floats dangling from the ends of their rods, as they bobbed in the water. But no fish came to bite their bait.

"Bill," I heard Laguna Lil whisper, "I do believe the fish have gone to sleep."

"Nonsense," said Bill. "They are only frightened. They will bite soon if we keep quiet."

"Hadn't we better try somewhere else?" suggested Lil. "If we don't catch some fish soon we shall be too late for Uncle George's supper."

"I know!" cried Bill, springing to his feet in sudden excitement. "*We'll fish from the boat!*"

Next moment the Kids had pulled their lines from the water, and were rushing down the bank of the stream to where a little boat

Digitized by Google

was moored to a willow tree. Mother Moon, fearing lest they should fall into the river, trembled in the sky as she watched them.

"Jump in," cried Bill, as they reached the boat. "I'll cast her loose."

Lil scrambled in, and sat on the bottom of the boat; Bill unfastened the rope, and leapt on board; and the little craft, swaying and rocking, drifted out to mid-stream.

"Hurrah!" cried Bill. "Away we sail!"

The Pyjama Kids knew quite well how to manage a boat. They had often been out with their Uncle George, who had taught Bill how to use his sculls, and Lil how to steer; and once or twice they had been out by themselves. But never before had they attempted to fish from the boat, and this was why I feared they would come to a bad end. I watched with the greatest anxiety, as Lil got her rod out, and Bill pulled the boat along.

It was very peaceful, down there by the river. When Bill stopped paddling, and let the boat drift, not a sound was to be heard, except when now and then Lil whispered that she thought she could feel a fish biting, or when Bill declared that he knew a big fish was watching them. But the minutes passed, and no fishes were caught.

Then, of a sudden, a wild scream from Laguna Lil rent the air.

"A bite! A bite!" she cried. "It's a monster fish, Bill!"

Bill threw down his oars and sprang to Lil's side.

"I do believe it's a whale," he cried, seizing the rod, and helping Lil to pull.

"Or a shark," said Lil, "or a sea-serpent," and pulled behind Bill with might and main.

But the hook held fast. The Pyjama Kids, standing one behind the other, tugged and tugged at the rod, never heeding the swaying of the boat. Then a terrible thing happened. Just as Bill was crying in triumph, "It *is* a whale, Lil!" the fishing line broke!

And you may imagine the feelings of Mother Moon, looking down from the sky, when she saw little Laguna Lil lose her balance as the line snapped, stumble, and fall, heels over head, over the side of the boat, into the river!

At the same moment Desperado Bill collapsed in a heap at the bottom of the boat; but he was on his feet again in an instant. He gave one great yell, stooped low, and sprang straight out from the boat after Lil.

And for a moment the Pyjama Kids were lost to my view beneath the water.

Old Rover leapt into the water, with a great splash, to the rescue.

Digitized by Google

"'Pon my word!" he exclaimed, pulling up, and puffing hard, "you've fallen into the river!"

But as they sank from my sight, I suddenly saw that help was at hand. A black, bounding form came rushing along the river bank. It was Uncle George's old retriever dog, curly-haired Rover. And old Rover leapt into the water, with a great splash, to the rescue.

Barking as though saving lives were a splendid game, Rover swam out to where the Kids were splashing and spluttering, seized Laguna Lil's dress in his mouth, and in the twinkling of an eye had swum back to the bank, and dropped Lil high and dry. Then, with another joyous bark, he returned for Desperado Bill, who threw his arm round his neck, and so was brought to land.

Then Rover, barking and shaking fountains of water from his coat, turned and bounded away, as though seeking the further help that he was unable to give.

Mother Moon smiled to herself when she saw what Rover was after.

* * * *

Uncle George was walking home at the end of a long day's rabbit-shooting. It was past nine o'clock, and he was tired and hungry. His path led him beside the stream that ran past the grounds of the Pyjama Kids' home, where he was staying. When I first noticed Uncle George that night, his old dog Rover was rushing towards him, barking as though he had gone mad. Rover leapt up at Uncle George, then danced backwards, barking more excitedly than ever.

"'Pon my word," said Uncle George, stopping to view these strange proceedings, "what's the matter, old boy?"

But Rover had no wish for Uncle George to stop. Flying for his coat-tails, he began to pull him along! then he bounded away again, his loud bark saying as clearly as words: "Hurry! hurry! I've something to show you."

"'Pon my word," said Uncle George, "Rover wants me to run!" And, tired though he was, Uncle George started running down the path beside the stream, as fast as his legs could carry him. Rover bounded before, throwing his head over his shoulder every now and then to give a bark of encouragement. "I'm coming," Uncle George would answer, running faster still; for he loved dogs and quite understood their ways.

A minute later, running round a bend of the stream hard on Rover's heels, Uncle George came upon the Pyjama Kids, as they sat facing each other on the bank of the stream, wringing out their clothes.

"'Pon my word!" he exclaimed, pulling

Google

up and puffing hard, "you've fallen into the river!"

"Yes," cried Bill and Lil. "Yes, and Rover saved our lives!" They rushed for the old dog, and tried to throw their arms round his neck to thank him, but he was bounding and barking so excitedly that they could not catch him. So they fell upon Uncle George instead.

And Uncle George, catching them in his arms, hugged them close, laughing and scolding at the same time.

"'Pon my word!" he declared, "you children will live to be hanged!"

Then Uncle George threw off his overcoat, and wrapped it warmly round Laguna Lil's shivering little form; and next he took off his shooting jacket, and wrapped it round Desperado Bill; and then carrying Lil under one arm, and holding Bill's hand, he set off on the trot homewards—Rover bounding before.

As they ran along, Desperado Bill, looking now more like a desperado than ever, with his wet hair and his long coat, told Uncle George the whole story.

"'Pon my word," said Uncle George, at the end of the tale, "I'm sorry you didn't land the whale after all—if you are sure it *was* a whale and not a tree-stump—for I'm hungry enough to eat two whales!"

"I'm afraid," said Laguna Lil, "cook was right after all, and it's not a mouthful of fish *you* will eat to-night, Uncle George."

"Well, that's not your fault," answered Uncle George. "You've done your best for me, I'm sure!"

And he laughed so heartily at the joke that the Pyjama Kids felt quite pleased with themselves for having fallen into the river.

But I think they felt rather more ashamed than pleased when Uncle George led them into the house, and the time came for them to face their mother and their grandfather and their nurse—to say nothing of Batts, the butler, who opened the door to them, or of the old cook, who came up to their bedroom specially to see them, with some hot gruel and some walnut cake—and insisted on having the whole story told again for the tenth time.

"Well, my dears," the old cook said, "this will be a lesson to ye, I'm sure."

"And it will be a lesson to *you*," answered Desperado Bill, "never again to forget Uncle George's fish for supper!"

And this saying soon went round the house, and so the laugh was against the cook after all!

The old cook . . . insisted on having the whole story told again for the tenth time.

Google

· ALL · THAT · IS · LEFT · OF · THEM ·

Photo *West and Son.*

H.M.S. *Asia*, which took part in the Battle of Navarino, and now lies in Portsmouth Harbour, where she is used as the Flag Ship of the Admiral Superintendent.

The only Remaining Links with the Great Fight at Navarino.

TOLD BY WALTER WOOD.

LYING peacefully at her moorings at Portsmouth is a stalwart hulk which is a fit companion of Nelson's *Victory*. This is H.M.S. *Asia*, an old ship of the line, famous because of the part she took in the battle of Navarino in 1827.

Spending his declining years in honoured repose until December 21st last year, when, by a sad coincidence, he died, not very long after narrating the story on the succeeding pages, was one of the gallant officers who fought under the orders of the *Asia*, Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney. He, like the *Asia*, was a survivor of, and actual link with, that glorious old Navy to which Britain's greatness is mostly due.

Born in 1814, Sir Erasmus entered the Royal Navy in 1826. In the following year, in H.M.S. *Albion*, he shared in the total destruction of the Turkish Fleet at Navarino, and in after years became especially famous in connection with Arctic travel and exploration.

Almost the only survivor now of the old days of wooden walls is Mr. Jonathan Henderson, of Navarino Cottage, a snug little retreat at the Coastguard's quarters at Westward Ho. The gallant old pensioner has passed his ninetieth year, but is hale and hearty still, and with a clear remembrance of the fight in Navarino Bay.

Photo *Puddicombe.*

Mr. Jonathan Henderson, who served in the *Genoa*, which was in the thickest part of the fight at Navarino.

The veteran's story is, in the main, the story of Sir Erasmus Ommanney—if anything, perhaps, even more terrible, for Mr. Henderson served in the *Genoa*, and the *Genoa* was the heaviest loser in dead of any of the allied ships—her killed numbering twenty-six, and her wounded thirty-three.

"The *Genoa*," says Mr. Henderson, "stood into Navarino Bay with a three or four-knot breeze, and anchored about a hundred yards from the enemy's ships. Our men were furling sail, and we noticed that the Turks' guns were trained on them. As a matter of fact, we did not think there would be a fight and it was only a little while before that we had cleared for action. When the *Albion* bore up for the harbour she sailed through cabin bulkheads, mess-tables, partitions, and so on, which we had thrown overboard.

"I was one of the 'powder-monkeys' that you read about; but, although my place was largely in and near the magazine, I saw a good deal of what happened in the fight. I saw the firing which killed and wounded the officer and men of the boat which was sent from the *Dartmouth* and really began the battle.

"Another boy, named Fisher, was killed by a shot which nearly carried away his head. I myself was wounded in four places, and still have a piece of shell that was taken from my thigh."

Copyright, 1905, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google

Photo Maull & Fox.

Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney, K.C.B., whose story of the Battle of Navarino is given here.

SURVIVORS' TALES OF GREAT EVENTS

In this Story — the Third of a Series of Stories of Deeds that Have Made History during the Past Three-Quarters of a Century and Related by One Who Has Survived the Incidents Described—Sir Erasmus Ommanney, K.C.B., Tells His Experiences at the Terrible Battle of Navarino in which He Was Actively Engaged.

No. III.—NAVARINO: THE LAST BATTLE BETWEEN SAILING SHIPS.

From the Narrative of Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney, K.C.B.

Gleaned and Edited by Walter Wood.

The story of Navarino is told in a few words. Greece, which formed part of the Turkish Empire, had striven desperately for many years to free herself from the oppressor's yoke; but in vain. Finally England, France, and Russia agreed to liberate her, and in October, 1827, the allied squadrons concentrated in the Mediterranean under Sir Edward Codrington, who flew his flag in the Asia. *Battle was given to the Turco-Egyptian fleet in Navarino Bay, and after three or four hours' terrible struggle the allies were victorious.*

The British loss was 272, the French 187, and the Russian 198; while the Turks had more than 3000 slain and over 1000 wounded. Their fleet was almost annihilated, for out of sixty men of war only one frigate and fifteen smaller vessels were in a state ever again to put to sea.

"I was a midshipman in the *Albion*," said the Admiral, "one of the British ships of the line at Navarino. The *Albion* was commanded by my uncle, Captain Ommanney, and I was acting as his aide-de-camp. She and the *Genoa* each carried 74 guns, the *Asia* having 84. These were our three line-of-battleships. Then there were the *Dartmouth*, of 42; the *Talbot*, 28; the *Rose*, 18; and the *Mosquito*, *Brisk* and *Philomel*, of 10 guns each, and a tender or cutter called the *Hind*. In all we had a dozen British ships. There were seven French ships, including three of the line, and eight Russian—four line-of-battleships and four frigates. In all the allies had twenty-four ships.

"The enemy, who was known as the Ottoman Force, had a combined fleet of Turkish and Egyptian ships, amongst them being three line-of-battleships, seventeen frigates, thirty corvettes, and twenty-eight brigs, six fire brigs, five schooners, and forty-one transports—a total of 130. They were anchored in the port of Navarino, which was like a bottle, the neck being the entrance. I have a plan here, drawn by a British officer who was present at the action, and it shows that on the right of the entrance were the castle and batteries, and on the left more batteries and the Isle of Navarino. Besides these land guns, there were the guns of the Turkish and Egyptian ships, which were moored in the form of a crescent. It was a very strong and fine position for the enemy, being the work of a renegade Frenchman, who had been in the French navy. His idea was to leave room enough for the allies to enter the harbour, then to form his complete circle, and having surrounded his enemy to destroy him. There was a perfect semicircle of guns afloat, helped by the batteries ashore, and it was into the arms of this crescent, so to speak, that we sailed on October 20th, 1827.

Copyright, 1905, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google

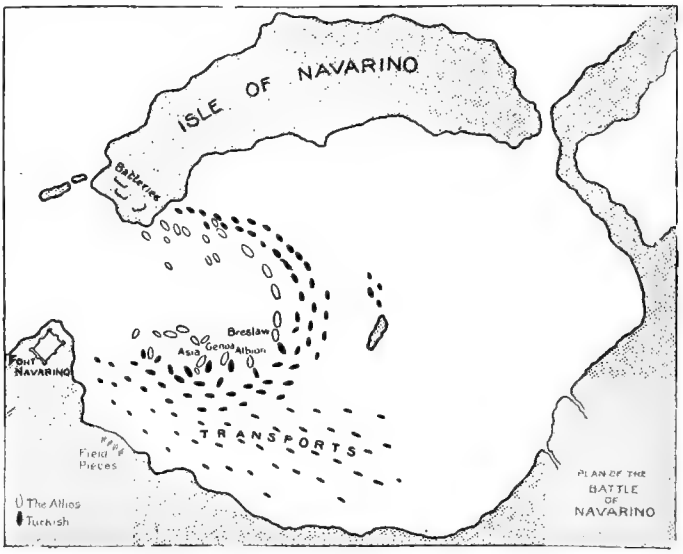
"The allies entered the harbour in two columns, the British and French forming the weather or starboard line, and the Russians the lee line. The *Asia* led the way, followed by the *Genoa* and the *Albion*. The British entered first, the French next, and then the Russians.

"The ships were all in line-of-battle, and presented a most beautiful sight. They were, of course, all under sail, because those were the days before steam was in use in the Navy. Many of the officers present, too, were men who had fought with Nelson. Sir Edward Codrington, our admiral, for instance, commanded the *Orion* at Trafalgar, and was one of the captains under Lord Howe on the 'Glorious First of June,' 1794.

"It must be borne in mind that the Turkish and Egyptian ships fought at their moorings, with bare masts and yards, and it was simply a case of going in under their very guns, and smashing away broadside to broadside, seeing who could smash the hardest, and which side could first blow the other out of the water. In that respect Navarino was a unique engagement, because by far the most of the old battles with sail were fought when the ships were under way and could be handled. It was because of this confined area of operations, this fighting in fixed positions, and the impossibility of escape for any ship, that Navarino was such a sanguinary struggle.

"In the letter which I sent home two days after the fight, I gave some brief details of what we in the *Albion* did, and they are confirmed by my log. The actual fierce fighting lasted four hours. We had scarcely anchored when it began."

Codrington's orders, it should be said, were that no shot was to be fired unless the enemy fired first; and obeying this instruction the *Asia*, *Genoa*, and *Albion*, with loaded guns and men at their quarters, silently passed up the harbour to the moorings which had been most carefully chosen for them, as well as for the rest of the ships of the allies. These stately ships, indeed, were sailing into what was literally a vast gun-trap, for on the right and left were batteries ashore, and sweeping out ahead was the crescent formed by the warships of the enemy. Both in his batteries and on board his ships the enemy was seen to be on the alert and prepared for battle. The fight actually began with firing on a boat which the *Dartmouth* had sent to one of the fire vessels, and so smart was the discharge of musketry that the lieutenant and several of the boat's crew were killed or wounded. That was the signal for action, and instantly a furious struggle was in progress.



Plan of the Battle of Navarino, showing position of the ships.

"The battle opened with this firing at the *Dartmouth*," continued the Admiral, "and immediately the signal was made to engage the enemy. The *Albion* was attacked by two sail of the line and a frigate; but in about a couple of minutes we had forced the frigate to surrender, and she was on fire. It was a sudden change from perfect quietness to deafening uproar, for there had seemed every likelihood of the enemy striking without coming to blows.

"As soon as we got into the harbour we anchored, and had just manned the rigging to furl sails when we were fired upon. 'Down, men, to your guns!' came the order, and the men tumbled below from aloft as we drifted towards the frigate, which was a double-banked Turkish ship.

"We got so closely locked together with the Turk as to make it possible to board her. The first lieutenant and the first division of

Digitized by Google

"An Irishman seized a musket, and with a roar of 'Make way there!' he swept a road through the Turks by swinging his weapon from side to side with crushing force."

Digitized by Google

boarders scrambled on to her, and soon mastered her. But they were forced to hurry back to the *Albion*, as the frigate was found to be on fire.

"In spite, however, of their natural hurry to get clear of a ship that might blow up at any moment, three of the *Albion's* men ran up the fore-rigging, made a dash at the top, where some Turks were stationed, and seizing two of them hurled them headlong overboard.

"There were many other daring acts and displays of courage. An Irishman seized a musket, and with a roar of 'Make way there!' he swept a road through the Turks by swinging his weapon from side to side with crushing force. One of my fellow-midshipmen, named Hicks, was amongst the boarders, many of whom had forgotten to take their pistols. Hicks shouted to the first lieutenant, 'Give them cold shot, sir!' and the boarders did, for they picked up the cold shot which was lying about ready for the guns, and hurled it down upon the Turks.

"Another midshipman, named Langtrey, slashed at a slackened cable of the frigate with an axe that Boteler handed to him from the wardroom windows, at the same time encouraging him to persevere. And Langtrey did persevere, too, although he was working in one of the cutters, which was swamped and flush with the water.

"Langtrey stuck gamely to his work until the cable nearly parted and he was almost exhausted. The danger and pluck of the achievement will be best understood when it is stated that the frigate was burning fiercely and was expected to blow up every second. As a matter of fact she exploded with a terrible crash and blaze when the *Albion* was only about a hundred yards away.

"Curiously enough, the gunners of the *Albion* felt no immediate ill-effects from the explosion; but below the case was very different. There the concussion of the disaster was so great that the gunner, who was in the magazine, thought it was his own ship which was destroyed, and he and his men rushed out, but had the presence of mind to lock the door.

"As it was, the *Albion* had a wonderful escape, for adjoining the magazine was a room in which three lamps were burning, so that the men who were filling powder could see what they were doing. The explosion shook two of the panes of glass out of their sashes, but, most luckily, the panes were not on the magazine side, or the powder dust would have been ignited and the *Albion* would have been blown to fragments.

"It is astonishing, indeed, how many and narrow were the *Albion's* escapes. On two occasions she was on fire, and each time the firemen were called to extinguish the flames. One of the most zealous of the firemen was the chaplain, who, although he was himself wounded, rushed up from the gloomy cockpit when he heard the alarm, and, in addition to bearing a hand with the flames, shared in the boarding, and varied his attentions to the dying and wounded by fighting.

"The danger did not come solely from the enemy, either, for Boteler made an awful discovery while moving about at his quarters and ordering the men to fire at certain ships. The *Albion* by that time was thick with a choking yellow smoke, which was highly inflammable. On approaching his cabin he found that one of the men, a silly, stupid fellow, had taken down a valuable fowling-piece from a hook in the beam overhead. The fellow was squatting down, and actually snapping the flint-lock of the weapon over some loose powder which was scattered on the deck! Boteler naturally kicked him away, and the captain of the gun near, seeing what had happened, gave him a stunning box on the ear as he got on his legs, while the second captain followed the blow up with another that nearly floored the man again.

"The cannonade was soon heavy and furious, and those being the days of very smoky powder, the air became so thick that we seldom saw beyond the length of the ship—about 200 feet—while often enough it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe.

"For a full hour and a half the *Albion* was very hotly engaged; then the French flagship, *La Syrène*, of 60 guns, came up and took the fire off us.

"By this time we were in the very thick of the battle, and there were many grand but awful spectacles. I was, of course, a very little fellow at the time, but I saw the fight from start to finish and witnessed pretty nearly everything that went on in and about the *Albion*. But more details than I can furnish are given in letters to me, and in Boteler's privately-printed autobiography.

"In 1882 I asked Boteler to write for me his recollections of the battle, of which he had made some contemporary sketches, and of which he had a very vivid remembrance. He did so, and told me how, soon after the blowing up of the frigate we had boarded and cut adrift, he ran on deck for a moment to try to get a general view of the fight. He shook hands with the captain, who was frowning, and shaking his head, and touching his

Digitized by Google

nose, where one or two drops of blood were falling.

"'Then,' said Boteler, 'there was Commander Campbell; he fought with a blood-stained handkerchief bound round his head, but not much hurt; and last, as also least, your own small self, your hands on your knees, looking with straining eyes through the spare quarter-deck port.'

"I must pause for a minute to tell of an incident that happened on board, showing how the old school of British tars behaved, and how sportsmanlike they were even in the heat of battle.

"At Boteler's quarters there was a squabble amongst the powder-boys, who were waiting for powder to take to the guns. Boteler demanded to know what the row was about, and the answer was that a big lad, named Knight, was getting all the powder.

"Knight was certainly greedy, for he had three cartridges in his box, and so Boteler pulled his ear and told him to be off. Then Boteler had to go away, but on coming back two minutes later he found Knight and another boy fighting, and most of the men of the crews of two guns standing round and encouraging them! They were even more interested in the fight between the powder-boys than with the Turks for the time being. Boteler turned to the captain of one of the guns, and angrily asked him what he could be about to abandon his weapon at a time like that?

"The man replied: 'Beg your pardon, sir; but we couldn't help it!' and with that they went back to their guns willingly enough.

"When the French flagship came up and took the fire off us matters became easier so far as the *Albion* was concerned, but the worst of the battle was by no means over. We were yet to witness its most terrible features. The ships were suffering greatly, and the surgeons were busy in the cockpits with the wounded, while the dead on board the ships of the line were numerous.

"The *Genoa* in this respect was the heaviest loser. Amongst her twenty-six killed was her brave captain, Bathurst, who was Commodore of the Fleet. He was wounded early in the action by a splinter, which struck off his hat. Then a shot carried away the tails of his coat, and a third came which mortally wounded him. It passed not only through his body, but also through the bulwarks near him.

"The Commodore lived until next morning, having received the personal thanks of the Admiral for his gallant conduct. Bathurst was a noble and unselfish fellow, and his last words were inquiries about his own wounded officers. His body was brought to England and buried at Plymouth with full honours two days after Christmas."

The *Asia*, too, was having a life-and-death encounter with the Infidels, who neither gave nor took quarter, and who perished rather than surrender. The sullen Turk refused to yield on any terms, and when the worst came to the worst he either blew up his ship and died with her, or escaped to the shore. Codrington had placed the *Asia* alongside the ship of the Capitana Bey, the Turkish Commander-in-Chief, and the *Asia* was even nearer to the flagship of the Egyptian Commander-in-Chief.

The *Asia* set herself deliberately to destroy her great and imposing enemies, and pounding steadily at them with all the zeal and skill of the gunners, she smashed the Turk on her right and the Egyptian on her left. Codrington's gunners worked, as he himself said, and he knew well what gunnery was, with a "precision which looked like mere exercise," and so devastating was the fire upon the Turkish flagship in particular, that she looked as if her sides had been tasted by the adze.

The Turkish Admiral fought with all the fatalistic valour of the Infidel, and fought until his ship was a veritable shambles, for when at last she was driven away from the *Asia's* side no fewer than 650 of her crew of 850 had been killed. It was impossible to see whether she surrendered, for her masts had been shot away, and Codrington could not even send a boat, because these little craft were so badly damaged by shot and bullet that not one of them would float.

So this furious, bloody, and destructive fight in a confined area, between ships which were anchored in one spot, and forts bellowing thunder, continued for four hours. The water was discoloured with blood, the air was dense with battle-smoke, and the crashing of the guns was ceaseless. There were the piercing cries of the combatants and the reverberation of the artillery in the neighbouring hills. The water, too, was strewn with wreckage and the slain, while to every spar and shattered boats men were clinging, making a last despairing fight for life.

Most terrible of all the struggles to witness were those of Greek slaves, who, still shackled, had somehow managed to escape from the ships in which they were cruelly held prisoners. No mercy had been shown

Digitized by Google

to these hapless wretches by their conquerors and captors, and while ashore the Greeks were homeless and starving—some were actually feeding on boiled grass—matters afloat were infinitely worse, for the slaves could not even attempt to escape from certain and appalling death. Of those who were blown skywards or into the water many were helplessly manacled to floating wreckage.

"We saved no fewer than fifty of these poor slaves, and took them on board the *Albion*," said Admiral Ommanney. "We saved others, too—amongst them, I remember, was the secretary, or some such official of the Turkish admiral, whose arm was badly injured. The arm was amputated, and my uncle took the Turk to Malta in his cabin.

"As I have said, the *Albion* was very hotly engaged for an hour and a half, but the heavy firing went on until about five o'clock in the afternoon. The battle, however, did not really finish until midnight. The crews were utterly exhausted by their labours during the fight and the work of preparation which preceded it, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they were kept from sleeping at their guns. They remained at their quarters, ready instantly to renew the battle, although, as a matter of fact, the firing had been so severe and continuous that the fleet had run short of powder and shot.

"When the lull in the firing came we were faced with another danger—one which was always present in the old days of wooden fighting ships, and that was the danger of fire. In this case it arose chiefly from the floating ships, which were blazing, helpless hulks, drifting where the tide carried them, and ready to set in flames anything with which they came in contact. The danger, of course, was intensified by the narrow area of battle, and was infinitely greater in the confined harbour in which we fought than would have been the case in open water. For a long time after our victory was assured these wandering masses of fire were a source of intense anxiety to us; but, as it happened, we kept free of any very serious calamity.

"The battle was full of strange and striking incidents, and many of these I witnessed personally in or from the *Albion*. We, like the other ships, had on board Greek pilots, who were stationed on the poop, and one of the most interesting features of the battle was to watch them potting at the Turks. Whenever they saw a chance of hitting a Turk they let fly at him.

"I saw a very strange thing in the *Albion* during the fight. We had a captain of marines, called Stevens, who had always a conviction that he would be killed in action. So strong was this premonition that he shook hands with Boteler on the poop, and said farewell to him, at the same time begging him to see that his few personal belongings should be sent to Canterbury, where both were then living.

"Strangely enough, poor Stevens' fear was realised, for he was cut in two by a shot which also carried away one of his hands. The hand was picked up by a young marine, who put it in his forage cap and then replaced the cap on his head, so that he could keep his relic safe until the action ended. When the fight ceased the marine went to Lieutenant Anderson, produced the hand, and holding it up by the finger, asked what he should do with it. The answer was, of course, stern and prompt—the ghastly relic had to go overboard, where the body of the officer had gone as soon as he was killed.

"The finest and most terrible sight I ever witnessed was the blowing up of the Turkish ships during and after the battle. Ship after ship was destroyed, mostly by the Turks themselves, so that they should not fall into our hands, and having blown them up the Turks tried to escape either by swimming or rowing ashore. Some of them succeeded, and could be seen crawling up the rocky cliffs of old Navarino. It was not the custom of the Turks to strike their colours in action, but when the worst came to the worst they deserted their ships and swam ashore, when, of course, they got the chance.

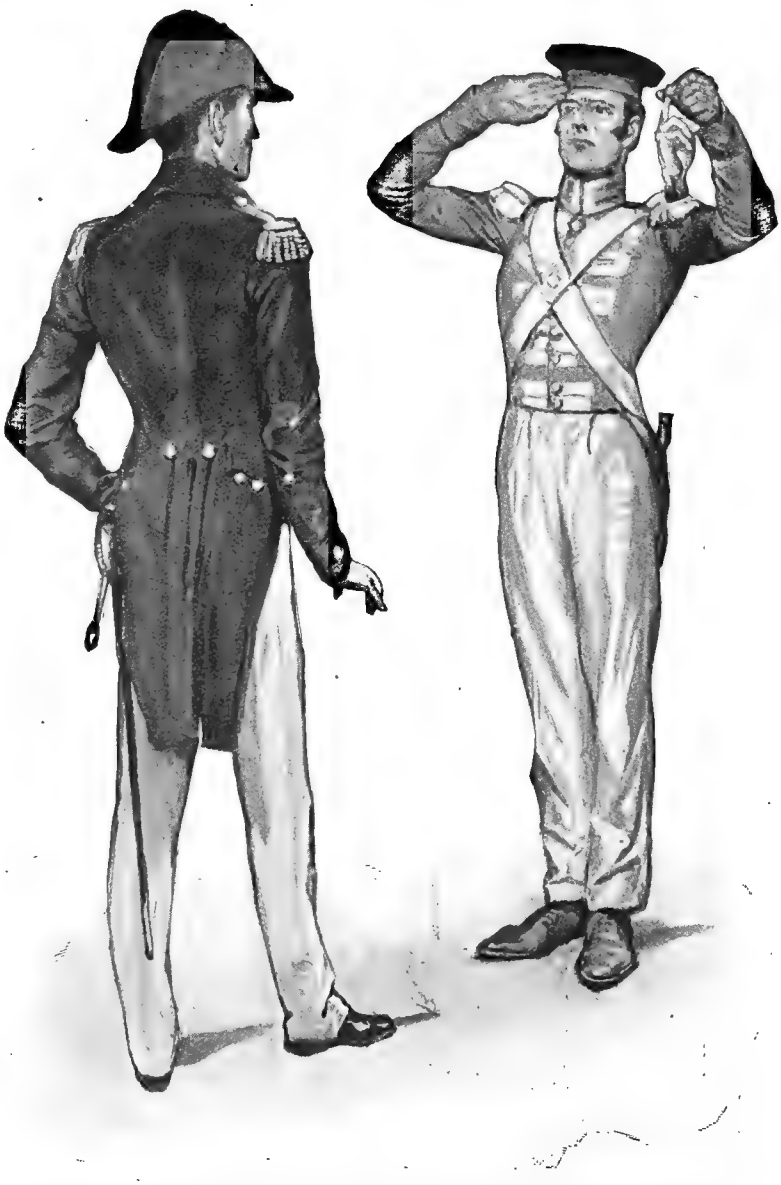
"The Turks carried no surgeons in their ships, and the wounded were simply left to die. Many helpless men were abandoned in the ships which were foundering and exploding. The Greeks were used as galley slaves, not kept as prisoners of war, and many of them were deliberately deserted, in company with the dead and dying, before the whole were blown up together. Of these poor slaves many, happily, were saved by other ships as well as the *Albion*, and as soon as they were got on board their fetters were knocked off and they were free.

"In the morning after the battle I went on board one of the Turkish ships with Boteler. It was a most shocking sight. There were dead bodies all about, and the stench was so overpowering that I could hardly stay below. Boy-like, I looked about me to see if there were anything worth taking, but there was not, for the Turks had broken everything, as if with the deliberate intention of preventing us from getting their belongings. The ship,

Digitized by Google

a corvette, was quite deserted, only one man having any life in him, and he was half-dead.

"Bad as this spectacle was, Boteler told me it was nothing to be compared with the Turkish admiral's ship, which he afterwards boarded. This ship was foul of another, and each had only one mast standing, besides being a pitiful wreck. These two ships between them had more than a thousand men killed and wounded. Boteler and his people got some trophies from them, including a gorgeous hanging compass of crimson and gold and many colours from the admiral's cabin. The Turks bowed and salaamed to this compass as Lieutenant Anderson carried it across the deck to the barge which was alongside."



"When the fight ceased the marine went to Lieutenant Anderson, produced the hand, and, holding it up by the finger, asked what he should do with it."

Later, however, Admiral Ommanney was presented with the Turkish captain's scimitar, and this was one of his most treasured mementoes of the famous fight. In a strange way also he received the Turkish Admiral's flag. This was surrendered to the British Admiral, Codrington, and fell to the share of the *Albion's* officers, to each of whom it was handed in seniority. Admiral Ommanney, as the last surviving officer, presented the flag to the King of Greece, who in acknowledgment, in 1890, decorated him with the Cross of Grand Commander of the Order of the Saviour.

Amongst the brilliant acts of that memorable day there was none more daring and courageous than the conduct of the cutter *Hind*, of 160 tons, which was tender to the *Asia*.

She was commanded by Lieutenant John Robb, who had a crew of thirty, and mounted eight light carronades. She became entangled

Digitized by Google

with a large Turkish frigate, and the Turks repeatedly tried to board her. She defended herself in the most valiant fashion, and even the surgeon, who was getting ready for an amputation, dashed up from below on hearing the call: "All hands repel boarders!"

The Turks at last, in savage desperation, manned a large boat, and it seemed as if the doom of the *Hind* were assured; but two carronades, loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, utterly destroyed both boat and Turks. The *Hind* lost half her crew in killed and wounded, and so great was the glory with which she covered herself that she won the proud name of "His Majesty's line-of-battle cutter."

Codrington, the admiral, seemed to bear a charmed life. His escapes from death were marvellous. So that he might command a good view of the battle, he stood on the poop of the *Asia*, the most exposed part of the ship. He was talking with the master, when a shot came and killed the latter at his side. A shot killed an officer of marines who was on the quarter-deck, just below the poop. The admiral left the poop only once, to go forward to talk to the boatswain, and, while talking to him, the boatswain also was killed at his side. A bullet went through his hat, in which it made two holes, and another bullet went through his loose coat-sleeve. Another bullet smashed his gold watch. When on the poop he stooped his head under a rolled awning, and, while bent like that, a shot passed through the awning's folds. At another time he had just turned from a spot on the poop when the place where he had been standing was covered with wreckage from aloft, which would have crushed and buried him. And yet, throughout the battle, when men were being slain and wounded everywhere around him, Codrington escaped uninjured!

One of the most famous and amazing stories of this great and lurid battle was that the bitterness which still prevailed between the French and the Russians, owing to the prolonged Napoleonic wars, led to deliberate mutual attacks, although nominally the two nations were friendly allies. It must not be forgotten that only fifteen years had elapsed since Napoleon had tried to sack Moscow and destroy the power of Russia, and that Navarino was fought only a dozen years after Waterloo and twenty-two after Trafalgar.

In the whole of naval history there is no more striking instance of strange bedfellows than this of Navarino, for here, joined together against a common enemy, were British, French and Russians. Only a few years later there was to be another change of allies — in the Crimea, when British and French were banded together to fight the Russians, and, stranger still, the Turks, who had been the enemy of the combined three, had thrown in their lot with the Saxons and the Latins against the Slav.

The story then was told, and widely credited, that instead of uniting their efforts for the downfall of the common foe, the French and Russians actually turned their guns upon each other during the fight and did a great deal of mutual mischief. I questioned Admiral Ommanney particularly on this point, and he replied: "I think the proper explanation of the story will be found in the fact that the battle-smoke was so dense, enveloping everything like a thick white fog, that it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe, and at times some of the ships of the allies fired into each other because they could not help it."

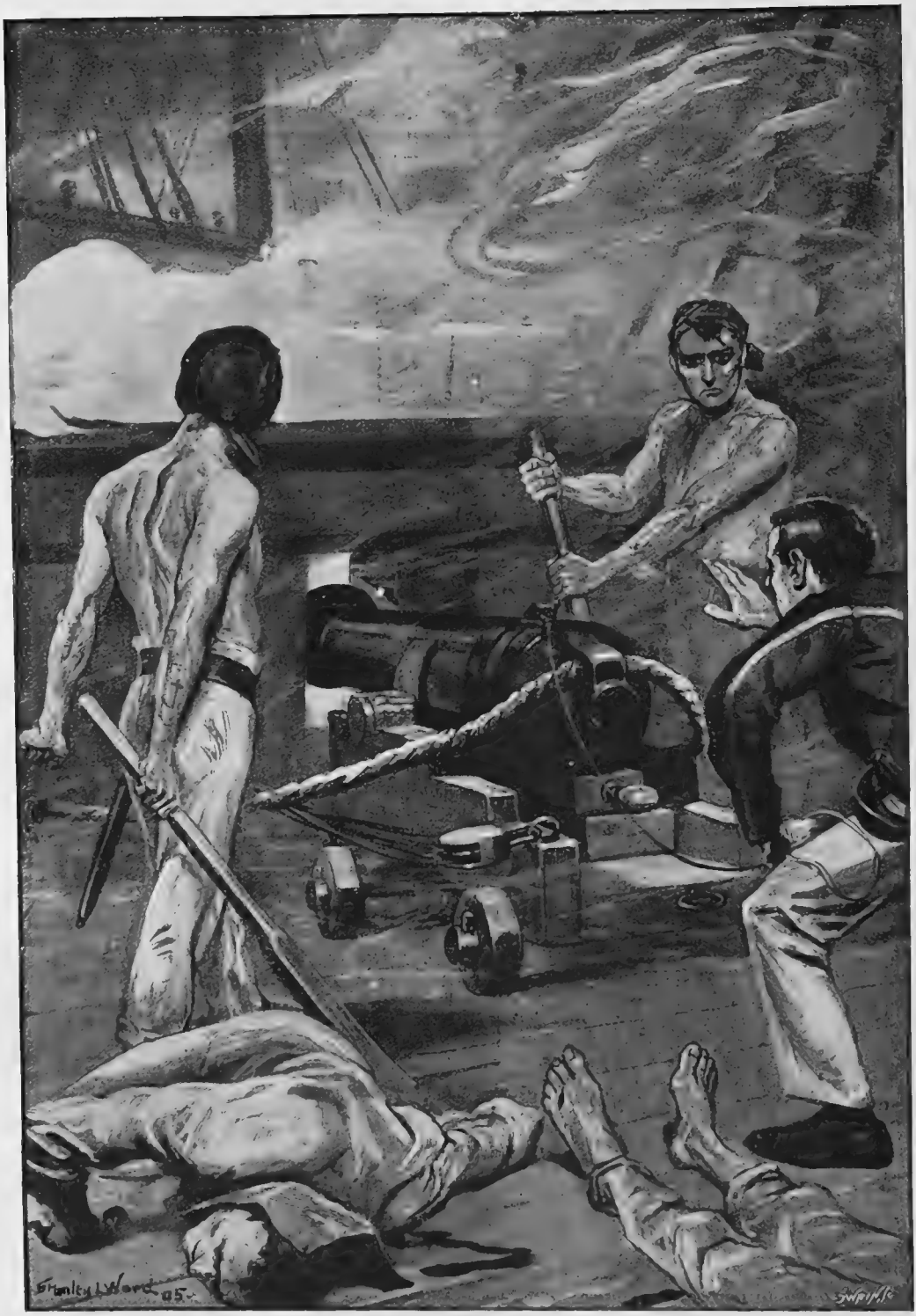
As a matter of fact, the *Albion* herself fired into the French ship *Breslau*, and the French returned the compliment with energy. When the fight was over some of the *Albion's* shot was found sticking in the *Breslau's* foremast, and Boteler was told by one of the French officers that they thought some of the shot came from the *Albion*. Certainly the *Breslau's* attention gained for her the friendly name of the *Albion's* "chum."

The victorious fleets left Navarino on October 25th, and reached Malta on November 3rd. The getting to sea was a period of intense anxiety, for the ships were crippled and were actually becalmed between the threatening batteries, which were still manned by the merciless Turks. But the seamen were standing grimly at their guns, and the Infidels did not fire at the bluff broadsides which had already wrought such havoc.

The conquering ships, with the help of all the boats which could be spared, slowly and majestically got clear of the harbour and sailed into a night of heavy rains and squalls, with a contrary wind, accompanied by thunder and lightning—an elemental pæan on the downfall of the Infidel and the triumph of the Christian in the Bay of Navarino.

Next month Lieut.-General Innes, V.C., will relate his impressions of the Siege of Lucknow, in which he played a conspicuous part.

Digitized by Google



"The cannonade was soon heavy and furious, and these being the days of very smoky powder, the air became so thick that we seldom saw beyond the length of the ship."

Google

The Sea Serpent Syndicate.

The Story of an Expedition and an Earthquake.

By Everard Jack Appleton.

If it wasn't for Jimmy Raines, I wouldn't try to write this story out. It ain't the kind of thing I like to think about, any more than I like to remember the name of a horse through which I have lost money; but Jimmy is a good fellow, and he asked me to do it—and what Jimmy Raines wants me to do, I do.

The reason he wants this story printed is because the people he tells it to don't believe him, and I don't know as I blame 'em; but he thinks if they see it in print they will.

The Sea Serpent Syndicate was a stroke of luck—bad or good, I don't know which. It started in a little summer garden, not far from Latonia, and it ended on an island somewhere south of Cuba. If it hadn't been for the earthquake—But I'm getting away before the flag drops.

To start right, it was a day that was hot enough to warp you—and Jimmy and I decided to absent ourselves from the Latonia races and take it easy.

We had dropped into John Porter's summer garden for a glass of beer and a cigar, and both of us tilted back in the shade, when the swing door from the street opened, and a chap that looked like the survivor of a North Pole expedition slouched in and dropped into a chair a few feet away from us.

The thermometer was somewhere at the hundred mark; but Mr. Coldfeet had on an overcoat with the collar turned up, and a muffler round his neck. Jimmy stared at him a moment, and then gave me the wink.

"I hope you ain't got your ears frosted, William," says he to me, as old John came out to get the stranger's order.

The guy had a big round package with him, and when John leant over the table to get his good ear near enough to catch the order, the stranger jerked the package away as if it had been a bunch of diamonds.

"Gimme a lemonade," said he, "and make it long and sour."

I was trying to make up my mind where I had seen him before when he looked up and straight into my eyes. The change that come over him was something remarkable. In a minute he had cleared the distance between us, and had hold of my hand, pumping it up and down like a steam engine, and saying: "Billy Martin, Billy Martin! Where did you come from?"

"I didn't come at all," says I, "I was here first. Where did you come from, Alphonse Doolan? That's the question!"

"From a mighty hot place," he answers, "and I ain't used to white man's weather yet. That's the reason I feel sorter chilly."

"We thought there must be something wrong," said I, waving my hand at Jimmy. "Mr. Doolan, shake hands with my side partner, Mr. Raines. Mr. Doolan is just back from a vacation in the middle of Africa, Jimmy."

Doolan shook his head.

"No, Billy," says he, "I left there five years ago. And I've been putting in my time in a hotter place than Africa. I've been surrounded by the equator, and glued to an island down in the Carib. And I'm nigh dead with the heat of it!"

"Won't you take off your overcoat, then?" I says. "The last I heard of you, you was sending daily reports about the temperature

Digitized by Google

and barometer readings from some hole in the great American desert for the wise-guys at Washington."

Alphonse dragged up his chair and the bundle with it.

"I was," he says, "but they transferred me. I had a joke one day, and sent a lot of dispatches to them about the ice forming and the snowstorm freezing my instruments. As it was August, they thought I needed a rest for a couple of months, and after that they shipped me to my island, where for four years I have been hanging on, broiling to death. Four years of heat and thirst, and nobody to talk to! Nothing to look at but scrub and sand—Lord, the sand there is on that island! It's a wonder it don't sink with the weight of it!"

"Working for the government still, Alphonse?" I asks.

"Sure," he answers. "Taking the readings every day, and sending them back to Havana whenever they happen to think of me and scow down with grub for me. I'm nigh crazy, Billy—but I'll soon be better, because——"

He stopped a minute, looking very foxy.

"Because I've got *him!*"

"Him?" says I. "Who's him?"

"Billy. I named him after you, Billy Martin, and you've got cause to be proud."

"Baby?" says I, yawning. I'd expected something more exciting from the way Alphonse had started out.

"Baby?" says he, scornful-like. "Naw! Sea serpent!"

Jimmy kicked me under the table, and I sat up. Alphonse was madder than I had thought after all.

"Oh, I am proud," I says. "I am, Alphonse. Where do you keep him?"

"On the island," he answers, sucking his lemonade through the straw, and watching me closely. "In the middle of the lake the earthquake made. He come in with the quake, and I've tamed him. He eats out of my hand, and he's a good snake, I tell you—but I can't afford him. It takes all my supplies to keep him good-tempered—and sardines, his favourite, come high."

"Yes," I says, "it must be a kind of a luxury to have a pet sea serpent, Alphonse,

"That's a scale from my sea-serpent—come off him two weeks ago, when he got upset at something and throwed it at me."

Digitized by Google

following you round the house and eating out of your hand. And as for sleeping with one——"

"Cut it out, cut it out, Billy," says Alphonse, as sensible as could be. "You and I worked together long enough for you to know that I ain't a liar. This is straight goods, and here's the evidence," and he commenced to unwrap the package. He took out something that looked like an overgrown soup plate and put it down on the table. It smelt fearful fishy, I noticed, and it appeared to be made of horn, half an inch thick, and as big as a scale from the fish you didn't catch.

"Well," I says, "don't be silly, Alphonse. Go ahead with your fairy tale. I'll listen to it if Mr. Baines will."

"There ain't going to be no fairy tale," says Alphonse bristling up. "That's a scale from my sea serpent—come off him two weeks ago, when he got upset at something and throwed it at me."

He took a letter from his pocket.

"This here letter," says he, opening it and tossing it across the table, "is from the Natural History Society secretary across the river, and you can see what he says—'The article in the possession of Mr. Alphonse Doolan appears to be, and probably is, a scale from an ocean reptile, popularly known as a sea serpent.'"

I looked at the letter, and sure enough that is what it said, and a lot more about the value of the discovery, and wishing the authorities at Washington would take the matter up with Mr. Doolan. I read it aloud, and Jimmy's eyes got bigger and bigger. When I finished and handed it back to Doolan, Jimmy spoke for the first time.

"Mr. Doolan," says he, "how much would it cost to go after that animal of yours, and bring him to the States for exhibition purposes?"

"Well," replied Alphonse, "I don't know. As soon as I get to Washington, I'm going to get the Smithsonian Institute to work it out."

"Smithsonian nothing," says Jimmy. "Can't you see something better ahead than that? If you bring that animal here, and if he is as big as that hunk of horn would seem to indicate, there's a fortune in it for three men."

Alphonse nodded his head slowly. "But it would cost all of five thousand dollars," he says, "and I'm broke."

Then Jimmy showed for the first time how sharp he had got all in a minute.

"Mr. Doolan," says he, leaning over the soup plate thing, "when I am a sport I try to be a game one. Billy Martin and I cleaned up a little more than the figure you name last month. That's why we are taking the afternoon off here in place of beating the bookies out of other people's money. Now, Mr. Martin seems interested in this story of yours, fishy as it looks to be, and I am, too. I am willing to make you a proposition. We will go back to your island, every fellow paying his own way. If that snake of yours is the real thing we'll pay for bringing him here, and split the profits on showing him. Is that fair?"

It was a long speech for Jimmy, and plain as an old shoe. Alphonse couldn't help seeing it was straight, too.

He thought a minute, looked at me, and then held out his hand to Jimmy.

"Shake," he says. I did the same, and the Doolan-Raines-Martin Sea Serpent Syndicate was formed.

* * * * *

Six days later we were aboard a little fruit boat on the Caribbean Sea, looking for Alphonse's island. It was my first experience on the raging deep, and I think it will be my last, unless I am chloroformed and dragged aboard another ship. The fourth day out, about ten o'clock in the morning, Alphonse let out a yell like an Indian, and grabbed a chart from the captain's hand.

"That's my island, cap," he says, pointing to a little black spot on the edge of the ocean. "Steer for her, and dump us off. I'm hungry to see that bunch of sand again."

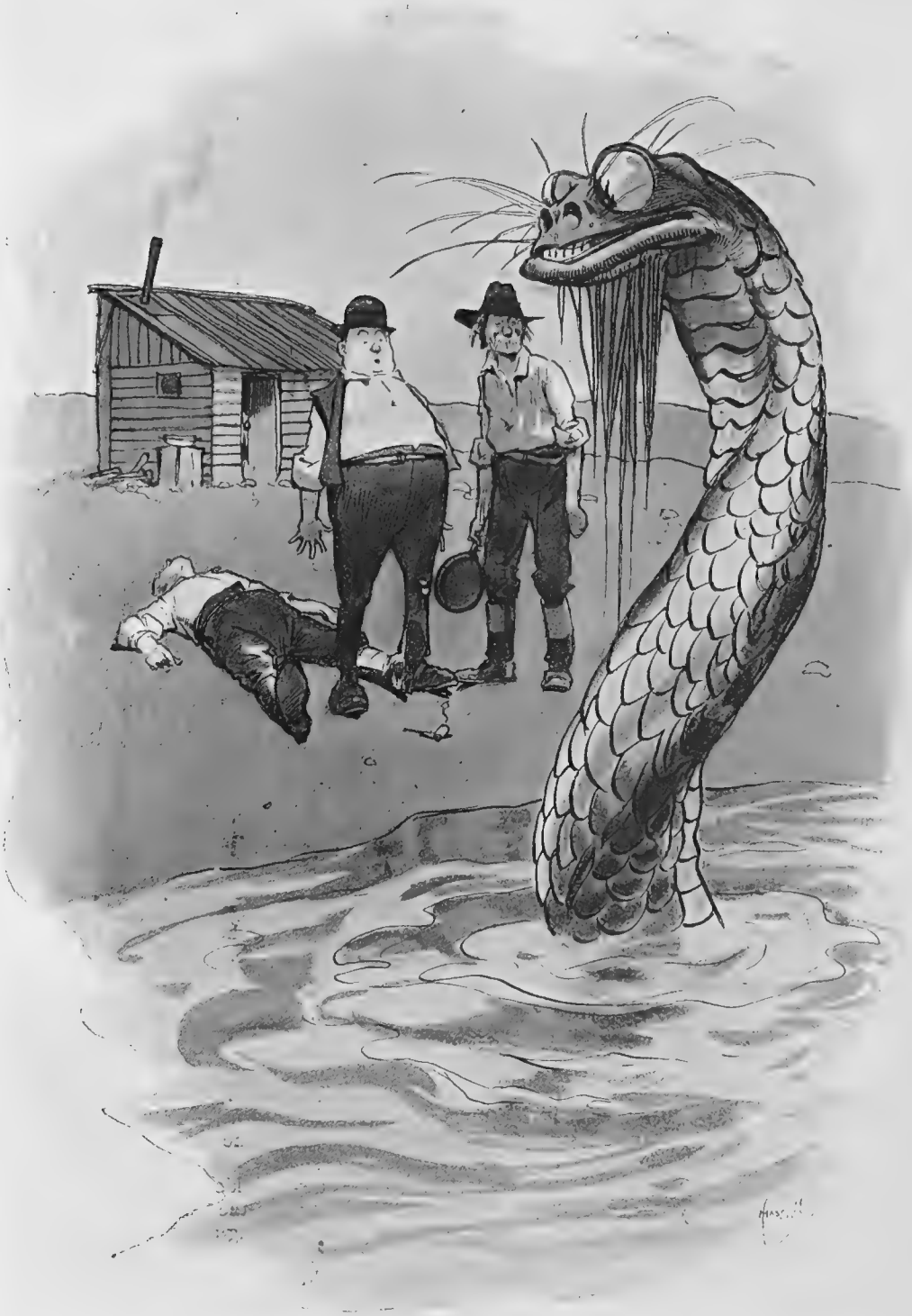
In less than an hour we had drawn up alongside the hump of sand and scrub palm trees, and half an hour later we were sitting on our traps watching the fruit boat get smaller and smaller in the distance. It was hot enough to roast a pig, but Alphonse seemed really happy. He messed round and got something for us to eat out of his pack, and then we all lighted our pipes and waited for the sun to go down a bit.

"Alphonse," says I, as we stretched out under the biggest tree we could find, "I haven't asked you for any particulars since we started on this expedition. Now I want you to tell us how you came to round up that snake of yours."

Alphonse took a long draw at his pipe and clasped his hands behind his head.

"It ain't much of a story," says he, "but you've got a right to know it. My station ain't anything but a shanty, and a soap-box for furniture. It stands at the head of what

Digitized by Google



"Ah, ha!" he cries, stepping out with his frying-pan in one hand and a box of sardines in the other. "Billy has come! . . . Ain't he a beaut., William—and ain't you proud he's your namesake?"

Digitized by Google

was a ravine. One night there come a 'quake, and I got up to see where I was. The moon was shining bright, and when I looked for my ravine I made sure I was off my head. There wasn't none left.

"In place of the valley was a lake, half-a-mile wide and two long, boiling and churning. And in it was the curiousest creature you ever see. He's three hundred feet long—I made him lie still once while I measured him so you can bet on the figures—and has a head on him like a skinned cow. He was bellering and flapping his fins, and smelt something fearful. That was Billy, and I soon figured out what had happened. The 'quake had opened my island from the bottom, let Billy and a lot of water in, closed up again—and left the snake and me to get acquainted.

"I didn't get much sleep the rest of the night, with his thrashing around and bawling for his folks, but by morning he'd worn himself out and was sleeping as peacefully as a lamb on top of the water. I took a fancy to him right then. I don't know what made me think of you just then, Bill Martin, but I did; and I named him after you before he could wake up and object.

"When he opened his eyes and seen me observing him, he got upset. He raised about ten feet of his neck out of the water, and cut loose, with a twist of his head and a grunt, and this very scale that brought us three together come sailing straight for me. I side-stepped and it buried itself in the sand.

"'Look a-here, Bill,' I says, 'that's no way to treat the owner of this island. I didn't invite you here, in the first place; you're unexpected company, and you oughter behave yourself polite. I'm willing for you to stay, but you've got to be good-natured.'

"I don't say he understood me, but he looked as if he might. Then he opened his mouth and yawned like he was embarrassed, so I throwed him a piece of meat. He caught it and swung around, and started for the other side of the lake. From that on he acted right, and I didn't have no cause to complain. I never realised what company a sea-serpent could be; I'm right lonesome for him now. He's an affectionate reptile, and it won't take him no time to get broke in, once we git him to the States. A few more weeks of kind treatment will make him as gentle as a kitten, and he will swim after any boat I happen to be on. You hear me?"

"But suppose he does object?" asks Jimmy.

"Mr. Raines," says Alphonse, "I ain't teaching my snake politeness through a correspondence school. If he is impertinent ain't I there to administer the proper chastisement—and stop giving him fish? You leave that to me. And now, as the sun is subsiding, let's be off."

At the end of two hours' hard walking over sand heaps we came to a low hill, from which we could see a little lake with a few scrub trees on the banks and a shanty at one end.

"There," says Alphonse, proud as a peacock, "there is Doolanville. Pleasant prospect, ain't it? I am thinking of cutting it up into lots and selling it to desirable parties only.

"Welcome to the Hotel de Doolan," says he, opening the door and peering into the shanty. "But mebbe you'd rather have the lizards out before you go in. They ain't very partial to strangers."

He steps inside, and raises a racket, and a menagerie of half-a-dozen scaly critters, not counting the land crabs and house snakes, ran out. "Now," says he, appearing once more, "your apartments are ready, gentlemen. Step inside and register. Sorry all our rooms with baths attached are took; but the lake is convenient and free."

By the time we had packed our things away and fixed our bunks the sun had almost set, and Alphonse was rustling around with his pots and pans on the outside, singing to himself. Jimmy and I watched him for a few minutes, and then Jimmy says to me, sorter quietlike: "Is this real or am I dreaming?"

"Don't ask me," says I. "Feels like I ought to wake up myself before long."

Jimmy shook his head. "The worst of it is that we are here, and we can't get our money back at the gate. Looks to me as if we'd have to see it through. But where's the snake?"

Just as he spoke, I looked out across the lake, and my hat raised two inches off my head. Of course, I had some faith in all that Alphonse had told us, but I wasn't prepared to have it all come true so sudden and unexpected.

Before I could kick myself to see if I really was awake, the snake was almost on us. He come sailing across that lake looking very wicked. He was as big as a water-tower, and I could have sworn that he was long enough to go round Latonia race-track twice, and a lap or so over. He slid across the water, a giant, greased fishing-worm, the

Google

last rays of the sun shining on his scales and turning them as white as silver.

When he caught sight of us, I held my breath. He raised his head out of the water twenty feet or more and back-pedaled, churning up the lake till it frothed. His eyes was bigger than a barrel, and when he opened his mouth, showing a row of teeth resembling a white-washed fence, it was too much for Jimmy. He gave a sort of grunt, and went off into a dead faint.

As for me, I was fast getting seasick myself and wondering how I could hit the trail back to the coast again, leaving Jimmy and his faint to themselves, when Alphonse stuck his head out of the shanty.

"But he ain't dead yet," says a weak voice from the other side of the boulder.

"Ah, ha!" he cries, stepping out with his frying-pan in one hand and a box of sardines in the other. "Billy has come! Now, I guess you fellows know whether your Uncle Alphonse was toying with the truth or not. Ain't he a beaut., William—and ain't you proud he's your namesake?"

I was trying to get enough breath back to express my thoughts on that and other subjects, when the snake struck the beach, stopped short, and let out a roar that blowed me over against Jimmy. Alphonse seemed to think it a good joke, and snapped his fingers at the critter.

"Here, Billy; here, Billy boy!" he calls. "Come and say howdy to your proud old boss and his friends. You mustn't forgit your manners."

The snake ducked down for a foot or two, looked us over suspiciously for a minute, and then brought his head to a level with Alphonse. It wasn't a head that you'd want a picture of in the parlour, with his big eyes, one green, and the other blue, and long white whiskers. But Alphonse seemed tickled to have him so close, and shoved the open box of sardines at him; and Billy smiled.

You have never seen a sea-serpent smile, of course, so you can't imagine what it is. You haven't missed very much, though, so don't lose any sleep over it. The inside of a mammoth cave, painted red—that was Billy's smile. I was glad when he closed it up again, on the box of sardines, for he seemed so tickled with them that he kept his mouth

Digitized by Google

shut and laid his head down on the sand beside Alphonse, like a sick kitten waiting to be petted. Alphonse scratched him with the frying-pan, and the snake lay there purring his gratitude and pleasure for five minutes.

It was the noise he made—you'd 'a' thought an engine was getting up steam—that brought Jimmy round. He came to, facing the snake, and when he clapped eyes on him, Jimmy let out a terrific yell. The snake didn't like it, and before Alphonse could speak to him, he had reared up, the scales standing out on his neck like bristles on a bulldog. The next minute he gave his head a short, sharp bob, and one of those horn wash basins broke loose from its moorings, and shot by Jimmy's ear, close enough to cut his hair.

"Wow! Take him away, take him away!" howls Jimmy, making for the shanty, followed by another little sea serpent souvenir. Alphonse waved his frying-pan at Billy, and called: "Behave yourself, Bill! Shame on you!"

But Billy was scared, too, and he kept firing scales at Jimmy until he reached the shanty and got hid under the boxes and barrels inside. Then the snake's short ears laid back, showing he didn't mean anything vicious; he lowered his head again, crawled up a few feet on the beach and butted his nose in the sand at Alphonse's feet, asking forgiveness for his behaviour as plain as any dog ever did.

Alphonse sat down and began to talk to his pet, and, not wishing to disturb a little family conversation like that, I sneaked away to find Jimmy, who was having a bunch of assorted fits in the furthest corner of the Hotel de Doolan.

And that was our introduction to Doolan's sea serpent.

It is hard to believe, I know, but inside a week I got so used to have that snake about that I didn't pay any more attention to him that I would to a big dog. We got to be good friends, too, although I never could find much enjoyment in his sea breath, which was strong and noticeable, him being so affectionate. Every morning when I went for a swim in the lake, he'd see me coming, and he'd cavort and do water gymnastics until I got out. He'd come to my call, just as he did to Alphonse's, and seemed to try his best to make me feel at home.

But he never did like Jimmy, I'm sorry to say. That yell he heard Jimmy give sort of prejudiced him, I guess. He didn't shy any more soup plates, but he just didn't take any more interest in him, and Jimmy seemed to rather enjoy the slight. It was a mutual dislike, too. If Jimmy could have handed Billy a dynamite sandwich, he'd have done it I reckon; but he never let on to Alphonse that the snake's vagaries hurt his feelings.

Even the night that Billy took Alphonse for a ride, Jimmy didn't look jealous. The snake was laying up on the beach, as usual, and Alphonse was scraping his head with a piece of board, when Billy seemed took with an idea. He slipped his head under Alphonse, raised his back, and started for the lake again, with Alphonse sitting astride his neck, same as a bareback rider in the circus. Billy took him fast across the lake and back, and Alphonse was so tickled with the experience that he made me try it the next night.

Every night after that Alphonse and I would have a ride or two, and all Billy asked was a box of sardines and a three-minutes' scratch of the head. I don't believe there ever lived a kinder-hearted sea serpent than Billy.

But, of course, this couldn't last. The end was bound to come, and it came sudden enough when it did. Alphonse had just announced to us, about two weeks after we had landed, that he thought Billy was ready for his trip.

"He won't try to play hookey," said he, answering my question on that subject. "When we get him to the coast, he'll be afraid to leave me. I think we'll start to-morrow, and then—across the water for us, and, fortune waiting on the other side! We'll have Billy the talk of the world inside of——"

And that was as far as Alphonse got. Something broke loose under the island just then, and the lake commenced to tear about as if there were a cyclone at the bottom of it.

Billy looked back at his happy home, slid up on the bank, shoved his head between Alphonse's legs, and whirled out into the middle of that boiling, roaring sheet of water like he had been sent for. Alphonse at once grabbed him by the ears and yelled for him to go back, but it wasn't any use.

As they reached the middle of the lake, there come a noise like Niagara and a dynamite factory let loose at once, and the ground under Jimmy and me began to buckle and crawl.

I closed my eyes a minute and hung on to Jimmy, trying to think of something fitting to say, and when I opened them again, the lake was gone! In its place was the long ravine

Digitized by Google

Alphonse had told us about, and a big, ugly-looking crack, into which the last of the lake was pouring. Out of the crack stuck a few yards of poor old Billy's tail. Before I could say a word, that had disappeared, and Jimmy and I were alone!

The lake was gone, the snake was gone, the earthquake had come and gone, and Alphonse——

"Come on!" I yelled. "That snake has kidnapped Alphonse, Jimmy Raines!"

Jimmy made some sort of answer, but I didn't hear him. I was running down the wet, slippery bed of the lake towards the hole Billy had gone into. It never come to me that Alphonse couldn't live in the water like Billy could; they had been so friendly and together so much I had forgotten they were different. But when I stumbled over a big boulder and fell flat, the jar brought me to my senses.

"You are right," I says, when Jimmy came panting up; "it ain't no use to hunt Alphonse. He's gone, and nothing left to show it."

Jimmy buried his face in his hands. "Ain't it terrible?" says he. "Not even a thing to bury!"

"He bragged too much," says I, "and he didn't have his fingers crossed!"

"But he ain't dead yet," says a weak voice from the other side of the boulder, and there was Alphonse, sound and well, though wet and weak.

"When I'd seen what was happening," he explained, "I knowed Billy was trying to take me with him back to his home. When we got here I jumped, and hung on to this rock, while the water whirled around me and sucked him down. I skun my knees and knuckles, but I ain't lost nothing but my snake."

We all looked at the little crack that had swallowed our fortunes, but we felt too bad to talk much.

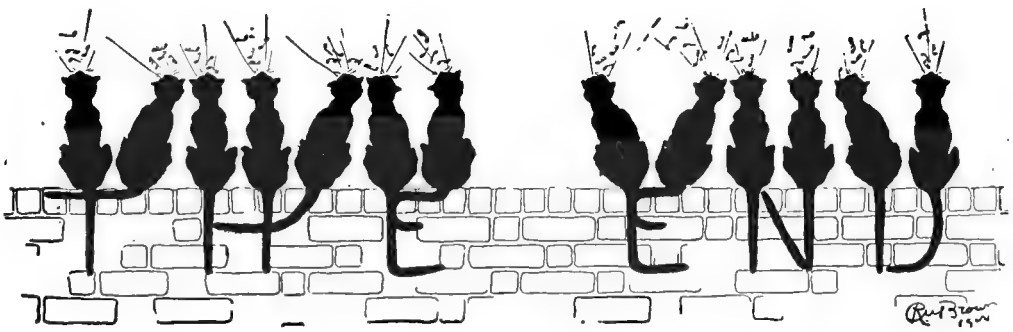
"I reckon," says Jimmy, after a while, "that it won't pay to cry over spilt sea serpents. Let's make the best of it. We played Billy off the boards, and we lost. It's back to the States for me!"

"I guess you are right," says Alphonse, "and the 'quake seems to have wound up the affairs of the Sea Serpent Syndicate. Well, gentlemen, I'm sorry, but I hope you'll hold me blameless. I could tame a sea serpent, but I ain't much on taming earthquakes."

The next day we drilled back to the coast. Alphonse wouldn't hear of us taking him along, though. "My work is here," says he, "and here I stay." Then he added very wistful, and the tears pretty close, I tell you: "And if Billy ever should come back, I wouldn't want him to think I had deserted him."

As luck would have it, we sighted a vessel two hours after we reached the coast, and the captain sent a small boat to take us aboard. Jimmy and I shook hands hard with Alphonse, and when we had got aboard the steamer, we watched him until we couldn't see no more.

That was five years ago—and we have never heard from Alphonse. So I guess the Sea Serpent Syndicate was dissolved for good and all the day Billy went out with the earthquake.



Google

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS

The Editor Hopes that Readers will Send him any Photographs which they Think are Suitable for Reproduction in these Pages.

A heap of over 2,0:0,000 cartridges shot off at the London Sporting Park, Hendon.

CARTRIDGES BY THE MILLION.

One of the most popular of the Metropolitan shooting clubs has its headquarters at the London Sporting Park, Hendon.

When a big shoot takes place it is no uncommon thing for some thousands of cartridges to be shot off in a single day, and when the meeting is concluded, the part of the ground from which the sportsmen fired presents an appearance of great disorder, owing to the enormous quantities of empty cartridge cases left lying there.

At the close of each day's firing, when the club members have gone home, it is the duty of the man in charge of the range to make the ground neat and tidy preparatory to the next shoot. He collects the empty cases and piles them up into a big heap, the one shown in the picture containing more than two million cases—the remains of many days' sport as can be imagined.

BLIND CYCLISTS.

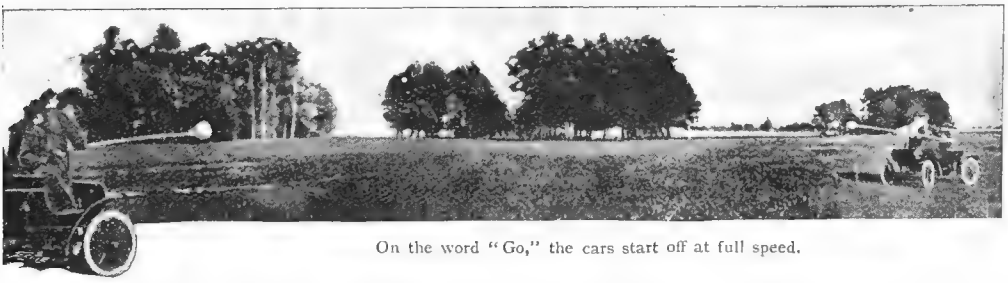
Sightless people are cut off from so many of the amusements which those who are able to make use of their eyes enjoy, that one learns almost with surprise that some of them are accomplished cyclists.

At the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, Norwood, the pupils have a multicycle on which it is possible for twelve persons to ride. This multicycle is twenty-eight feet in length, and is steered, of course, by a sighted person, who sits on the second seat of the machine. The blind pupils thoroughly enjoy their rides, and think nothing of doing from fifty to one hundred miles in a day. The College also possesses other cycles of less seating capacity.

When concerts and gymnastic displays are to be given by the pupils they cycle long distances, such as to Brighton, Derby, and Birmingham.

This team of blind cyclists rode on a multicycle from London to Brighton and back (100 miles) in 10 hours 45 minutes. There were eighty candidates for the eleven places.

Digitized by Google



On the word "Go," the cars start off at full speed.

MODERN LANCE TILTING.

A New Game for the Present-Day Crœsus.

The American Society girl has wearied of the amusements to which she has so long been accustomed, such as lawn-tennis, golf, and hockey, and has invented an entirely new pastime wherewith to distract her during hours of leisure. It is a modern form of tilting the lance, motor-cars being used instead of horses.

There are generally two participators in the contest, though, provided the number on each side is the same, there need be no limit. The sport is better, however, with only two.

Each girl provides herself with a motor-car—lightly built, if possible—and a friend to drive it. In her hand the contestant carries a long, light pole, or lance, to the end of which is attached a large, loose pad, having in its centre a strong spring.

The object of the game is to disable the adversary by means of the lance. In doing this serious injuries sometimes result, as may be imagined when it is remembered that the cars approach each other at a high speed.

In one case a girl was rendered unconscious, while several others have received bruises which served to remind them of the battles for some weeks.

At a recent tournament one of the combatants received the end of her opponent's lance under her chin, and was thrown by the force of the blow right over the back of her seat, falling heavily to the ground.

The girls do not seem to be discouraged by these mishaps, but take fresh heart and come up smiling, ready to receive the next blow, or to get in a telling one themselves.

A skilful driver for the car is very necessary to success, for a great deal of the effectiveness of the blows depends upon the way in which a car is manœuvred round that containing the opponent.

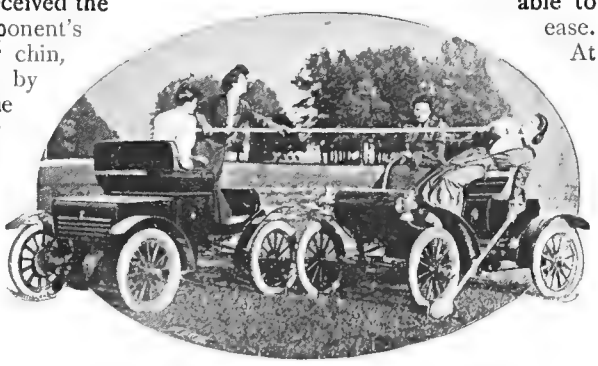
The cars are stationed some way apart, and at a given signal they start off at full speed. The combatants level their lances ready for action as they approach within striking distance, and as the cars slow down each tries to get her blow in first.

The blows are aimed at the head or upper part of the body, and one or other of the contestants is often precipitated to the ground as a result of being struck by her opponent's lance.

It is rather a bad look out for a girl if she decides to charge standing and then fails to get her blow in, for she is almost certain to have a nasty fall, occasioned either by her overbalancing herself, or by receiving a blow from her adversary.

Many of the girls prefer not to charge violently, but to have the cars drawn up within striking distance, and then to pummel and poke each other with their lances until one of them has had enough.

Skill and quickness tell much more than strength in these contests, though a girl must be well developed physically to be able to wield a lance with ease.



At close quarters—one of the fair duellists receiving a knock-out blow.

At Detroit, in Michigan, U.S.A., an Automobile Lance Tournament Club has recently been formed. It already boasts of a large membership, and the meetings, which are held at short intervals, are well attended.

Digitized by Google

LIVING ON STILTS.

In the Landes district of France there are large areas where the ground is so marshy that easy walking is almost out of the question. To the majority of the inhabitants this is not of great consequence, but the shepherds who must of necessity wander all over the countryside while tending their flocks are much inconvenienced.

In order to prevent this, to a certain extent, they have taken to wearing stilts, which raise them some three feet from the ground, and the ease and rapidity with which they get about are little short of marvellous.

It is difficult to find a really dry spot of ground anywhere, so the shepherds spend the whole of the day on their stilts, never getting off them from the time they leave home in the morning until their return at night.

To gain still more ease in walking, the men secure their feet to the stilts and take with them a long pole, which they use as a walking-stick. This pole serves a double purpose, for when the shepherd wishes to rest, he sets the pole in the ground behind him—it has a stout cross-piece attached to the top—and leans against it.

Clothes are scarce, and expensive when obtainable, so coats of sheep and goatskin, which are worn during the cold weather, are made by the men themselves.

In those parts of France—such as the Landes—which are situated at a great distance from a town, the peasants naturally have very few opportunities of gaining education of any kind. The consequence is that the majority of them are most illiterate.

Instead of employing their time while tending sheep in reading, the Landes shepherds occupy themselves with knitting garments for their own use and that of their families.

A French shepherd who spends all his day on stilts, and is an accomplished knitter.

CROWD OF RICKSHAWS.

Very few of the well-to-do natives of India, and certainly no Britisher resident in that country, unless compelled by necessity to do so, will walk when going from one place to another. Instead, they charter a rickshaw, which for more or less short distances, answers the purpose of a hansom in London.

The Indian rickshaw is somewhat similar in appearance to a bath chair, with the exception that it has two wheels only, and is fitted with a pair of shafts. It is drawn by a coolie running in between the shafts, one of which he holds in each hand.

During the intense heat all the British residents who are able leave the towns and resort to the Himalayas. A favourite place is Simla, at which the Viceroy and his Court generally stay. Here, among the snow-capped mountains, the air is breathable.

When His Majesty King Edward was lying so dangerously ill from appendicitis at the time that his Coronation was fixed to take place, services of prayer for his recovery were held in every part of the Empire. At Simla a service of intercession took place at Christ Church, and was attended by all the notabilities in the district. They were brought to the church in rickshaws, which, in the picture, may be seen waiting outside until the conclusion of the service. Such a large number of these conveyances assembled together formed a sight not easily forgotten. In the background is seen the Town Hall, a splendid pile of buildings.

A coolie can draw a passenger a great distance and at a good speed, too, apparently without feeling tired. Rickshaws are built for one person only, and afford a very comfortable means of travelling. The cover protects the rider from the rays of the sun.

Photo *Underwood & Underwood.*

Rickshaws before Christ Church, Simla, during service of prayer for the recovery of His Majesty King Edward VII.

Digitized by Google

OSTRICH-DRAWN CARRIAGE.

THE ostrich is quite one of the most difficult creatures to tame, and even when long years have been spent trying to induce him to be amenable to discipline, his keeper can never be certain that, though the personification of docileness one day, he will not change his mind and be just as wild as it is possible to be on the morrow.

In the Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris — a beautiful spot where specimens of living creatures, flowers, trees, and shrubs from tropical countries live to delight the eyes of residents and visitors to the French capital — is an ostrich which, with great patience, has been trained to draw a wagonette in which children love to have rides, just as they do on the back of a camel or elephant at the London Zoological Gardens.

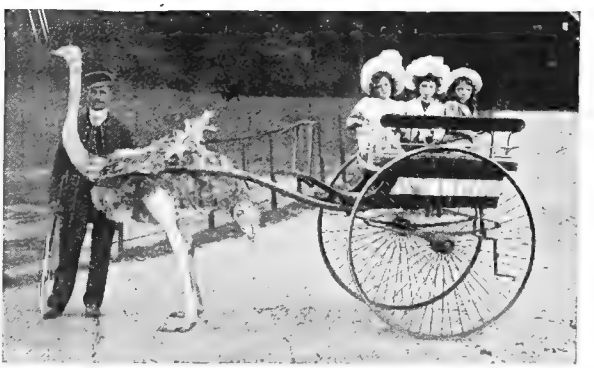


Photo *L. Bigly.*

Children can have rides in this ostrich carriage at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris.

Time and again the trainer tried to persuade the ostrich to allow a bit to be put into its mouth, but entirely without success. The bird would open its mouth readily enough, but as the trainer was just about to insert the bar of steel between its jaws, they would come together with a tantalising snap. After repeated attempts all further efforts in this direction were abandoned.

The harness of the ostrich is a very simple affair, consisting as it does solely of a leather band, serving the same purpose as a girth on a horse. This girth is attached to a wagonette, specially built for the bird to draw, and capable of holding six child passengers.

The trainer walks alongside the bird, guiding him more by words of command than by means of the harness.

BIG HAUL OF WHALES.

BEYOND an occasional wreck, or a very violent storm, the excitements that fall to the lot of the inhabitants of the lonely Shetland Islands are very few and far between, so it was indeed an event in the lives of the dwellers at Whiteness, a tiny hamlet on an inlet in the rugged coast, when they discovered, lying stranded on the shore, a large shoal of whales, which had evidently been washed up by the waves during a storm.

The big, unwieldy mammals floundered about for some time on the beach in their endeavours to get back to their native ocean, but all the villagers were summoned down to the shore and eventually dispatched the whole shoal, though not without having considerable trouble with some of the more active monsters before they were able to finally render them motionless.

Photo *R. H. Ramsay.*

A big shoal of whales captured off the Shetland Islands.

A whale cannot move easily when out of water, but he can inflict a nasty blow with his tail, and with so many of the creatures lying together in such close proximity, the killers had to be very much on the alert in order to protect themselves from injury.

As soon as the whales were killed, the islanders roped them together, securing the ropes to piles driven into the beach; otherwise the probability was that they might be washed out to sea with the rising tide, and then the valuable haul would have been totally lost.

The next process was to cut up the mammals, an operation which occupied some days; nearly every part of a whale's anatomy can be made use of in one way or another.

Digitized by Google

THE MILKMAID CUP.

The Greatest Treasure belonging to The Vintners' Company.

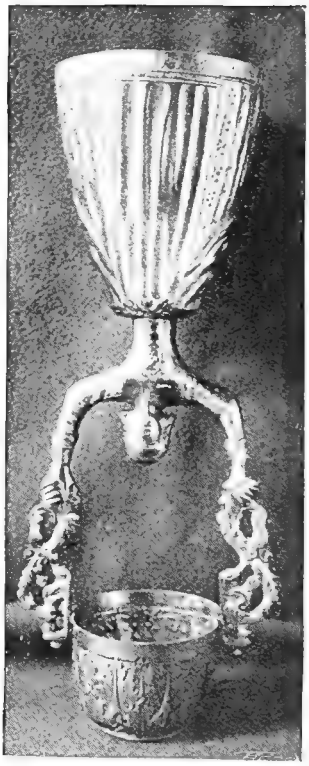
All the great Companies of the City of London own special treasures, which are on view, and sometimes in use on great occasions. Though the Vintners possess a silver-gilt salt-cellar which is valued at more than one thousand guineas, that is not their most prized piece of plate.

In the seventeenth century a cup was constructed for the Company in the form of a milkmaid. Others like it may have been made at the same time, but no records of their existence are extant.

The cup really consists of two separate vessels—one a small wine cup, held over the head of the milkmaid in the form of a pail hanging on pivots supported by the hands of the figure; the other is the petticoat of the milkmaid which, when reversed, affords a receptacle for a considerable quantity of liquor.

The whole of this very valuable vessel, which is made of silver-gilt, forms a double cup, for on the figure being inverted, both the cups are filled with wine, and unless he is an experienced hand at it, the Vintner when drinking the contents of the petticoat, or larger vessel, is very apt to spill some of the wine contained in the smaller one.

When new members of the Company are present at a dinner, the older liverymen derive a good deal of amusement from watching the efforts of a newly-inducted Vintner to drink from the vessel without spilling any of its contents. This is a feat which is seldom accomplished. Even with practice the greatest care has to be taken, otherwise the contents of the swinging pail may be precipitated on to the floor or on to the clothes of the drinker. A very steady hand is required. The Milkmaid Cup is used as a loving cup, so everyone in turn must drink from it at a banquet.



Milkmaid Cup reversed. In this position it forms two cups, and it is customary for new liverymen to endeavour to drink from the large cup without spilling any of the contents of the smaller.

The famous Milkmaid Cup of the Vintners which dates back to the seventeenth century.

In the days when this cup was made the competition to turn out quantities of beautiful articles in the least possible time was of course nothing like what it is now, the consequence being that a workman could put his very best work into whatever he had in hand. The Milkmaid Cup is a very fine specimen of the skill of the seventeenth century.

The Fishmongers value two particular trophies. One is an exquisite model of a French frigate which was built at the beginning of last century by French naval prisoners of war, then confined in the prison at Lewes. The frames, decks, planking, masts, and yards are all manufactured from the mutton bones they saved from their rations. The other trophy is the dagger with which Sir William Walworth slew Wat Tyler.

Google

A CHANGE OF NAME

The Story of how a Plot to Win a Proposal Came very near to Failure.

BY CHARLES W. WESTRON.

ROSE O'BRIEN was twenty-six, decidedly pretty, and unmarried. Moreover, she had never received a proposal.

It annoyed little Mrs. Spillsbury. She said it showed the black wickedness of the world and the brutal ingratitude of mankind.

"I don't mind, Kate, if you don't mind," laughed Rose.

"Now don't be irritating, Rose," said Mrs. Spillsbury, trying vainly to pucker her plump face into a frown. "You know you have only just arrived with the sole idea of cheering me up for six weeks until my devoted husband comes home. Don't begin by being irritating."

Rose took a cake and ate it meditatively; then she drank another cup of tea.

"I hate men," she said.

"So do I," agreed Mrs. Spillsbury, "all except Jack, that is."

"But I think on the whole I *should* like a proposal."

"Oh, you darling!" cried Mrs. Spillsbury, jumping up and embracing Rose effusively. "I can't imagine why you haven't had lots. With all that hair, and those big brown eyes—not to mention other things, I should have thought half the men you have met would have been at your feet. Oh, but I'm forgetting! You hate them, you know, Rose. You detest them. You have just said so."

"I shouldn't marry," Rose explained calmly. "I should like a proposal just for the pleasure of refusing it."

Mrs. Spillsbury understood. Rose would refuse it curtly—brutally.

"You would show him up, whoever he was, in his true colours."

"And send him home, wherever it happened to be, with his tail between—I mean a sadder and a wiser man," laughed Rose.

She took another cake. Disappointment had not yet spoilt her appetite.

"Delightful!" gurgled Mrs. Spillsbury. "I do wish we could arrange it. It would be lovely. But the fact is you are too superior, Rose; too reserved, too stand-offish."

"I suppose I am," said Rose dubiously.

"Of course you are. Now I never was stand-offish. I'm six months younger than you, and I've been married three years—and Jack will be home from South Africa in six weeks—not that that has anything to do with it," she added with a slight blush.

"We all love Jack," murmured Rose under her breath.

"Don't be sarcastic, Rose; I quite agree with you that all the others are brutes. But all the same you *are* too stand-offish. I don't quite know what we're to do. Oh——!"

Mrs. Spillsbury gave a shriek and ran from the room as fast as a figure rather unsuited for such exercise allowed, leaving Rose somewhat astonished at her sudden exit.

"It's an idea," she explained on her return, "a great, glorious idea."

"It looks more like a book," said Rose, alluding to a red object which Mrs. Spills-

Copyright, 1905, C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google

"I hate men," she said. "So do I," agreed Mrs. Spillsbury, "all except Jack, that is."

bury was waving in triumph. "It looks just like one of Dicken's."

It was. Mrs. Spillsbury admitted it freely. Then she sat down and began whipping over the pages in great excitement, whilst Rose watched her with resigned interest.

"Here it is!" cried Mrs. Spillsbury. "I've found it. I knew it was here. I was sure of it. 'Pickwick Papers,' Rose."

"'Pickwick Papers,'" said Rose with astonishment.

"Why not?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Chapter 55, Rose. Listen to this!"

"'More widders is married than single wimin,' gruffly remarked Mr. Weller."

Rose stared at her volatile companion in hopeless amazement.

Mrs. Spillsbury rose and pointed at her with a portentous forefinger.

"Mr. Weller was right, Rose—quite right. Be a widow, and you shall have your proposal within a month. I'll guarantee it."

Rose sank back in helpless laughter, but Mrs. Spillsbury was not to be denied. Rose must be a widow. The fact of her being a widow would counteract the effect of her unfortunate stand-offishness. Widows proverbially were not stand-offish; and if they seemed to be, it must be a mistake. That's the way suitors would argue.

"But I'm not a widow," weakly protested Rose.

"Now don't be tantalising, Rose. Think of what a glorious opportunity it is. You're alone in the world; Jack's away; you're staying with me for six weeks; and, to crown all, nobody—not even the maids—knows your name yet. Why, it's lovely! Don't spoil sport. You must, shall, and will be a widow. You shall have your proposal, and then—revenge!" and Mrs. Spillsbury struck an attitude appropriate to the idea.

"But——" began Rose.

She got no further. Just then the door was thrown open. Mr. Eversfield was announced.

"Oh, Laurence," said Mrs. Spillsbury to the newcomer, in a rather shaky voice. "So glad you called. It gives me an opportunity of introducing you to my friend, Mrs.—er—Brown. Rose—Mr. Eversfield."

Laurence Eversfield, who was a tall, dark, rather good-looking man, bowed.

Rose stood for a moment with compressed lips and heightened colour; then, with a slight inclination of her head, she swept from the room.

"Poor darling," explained Mrs. Spillsbury in a voice trembling with pathos. "Husband lost at sea, Laurence, and we have been talking about it."

Digitized by Google

That is how, at one fell swoop, Rose O'Brien was rushed into matrimony and out of it again. The process naturally upset her a good bit; and it was not for some considerable time after the visitor's departure that she made her reappearance.

"How could you be so foolish, Kate?" she asked in some indignation.

"My dear girl, I absolutely couldn't resist it," explained Mrs. Spillsbury. "Besides, it was an inspiration, a stroke of genius. And oh, Rose, how lucky it was you are wearing a black frock with only a touch or two of white in it."

"Anyhow you might have given me a more distinguished name than Brown," grumbled Rose, half appeased.

Mrs. Spillsbury explained that Brown was the first name that occurred to her. "I hadn't much time to think," she pointed out.

"Very well," said Rose, "I forgive you—only don't do it again."

"Not do it again!" gasped Mrs. Spillsbury. "Why, Rose, what *do* you mean?"

"You surely don't think I'm going on with this ridiculous deception?"

"Not going on with it? Of course you are. You must. I've told Laurence Eversfield, for one. Mrs. Crampton called just now. She's a conversationalist, and I've told her. I've told the maids—by the way, what a bit of luck you didn't bring yours. Yes, there's no help for it, Rose, you must go on with it—and, oh, how ripping it will be!" cried Mrs. Spillsbury, with a sigh of anticipation.

Rose sank back into her chair in genuine consternation.

"Do you really mean that I've got to be a widow for six weeks?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Spillsbury cheerfully. "That's exactly what I do mean. It will be sublime. And, Rose, you may laugh and jeer, but I feel sure that Laurence Eversfield—well, if you had only seen his face when I told him you were a widow. A look passed over it which spoke volumes."

"Don't be absurd."

"I'm not absurd. It's merely another inspiration. I've a sort of premonition or presentiment, or whatever you call it, that Laurence Eversfield will be the man. You smile. Well, wait and see. Mark my words, he will propose within six weeks. I'm morally sure of it. I'll bet you a dozen pairs of gloves on it, Rose."

"Done," said Rose.

"But you must play fair. You must give the poor man a chance. And then, when he does propose (as he must and shall), then comes revenge. I can picture the scene. Laurence Eversfield kneeling on the hearthrug with his trousers slightly hitched up to save the knees—he's very well dressed, Rose—trembling, cowed, penitent. You, standing very erect, with your chin even more in the air than usual, and——"

"Don't be so absurd," protested Rose again.

"But, honestly, Rose, I should like you to spurn—spurn is the right word, isn't it?—Laurence Eversfield. I'm almost sure I don't like him, I hate men that look at you as if you were the only funny thing they had seen in their lives, but that they couldn't quite summon up pluck to smile at you. Laurence is that kind of man. He is a great friend of Jack's, too. I don't think husbands ought to have great friends, do you? I say, do you think he is good-looking, Rose?"

Three weeks passed, and with every week Mrs. Spillsbury became more elated. She began to assume an air of omniscience which would have done credit to a lady-palmist.

Laurence Eversfield had called again and again; and before Rose's advent he had not been a frequent caller. Besides, he had sent flowers, and he had left theatre-tickets.

"You're doing it beautifully," said Mrs. Spillsbury one day. "You're leading him on."

"I'm not," said Rose indignantly.

"Well, if you are not leading, he is following, and it comes to much the same thing," said Mrs. Spillsbury, with a ripple of laughter at her own humour. "He is a follower, Rose. There isn't a doubt of it. Don't look too disgusted, dear."

"By the way," said Rose, ignoring the sally, "I don't like to be inquisitive, but who *was* my husband? His name was Brown, I know, and that's about all I do know. It isn't much to know about one's own husband."

It certainly wasn't; but Mrs. Spillsbury could (as she put it) refresh her memory. Rose's husband was one James Brown. He was interested in South American mining. The ship he was on foundered in the Pacific. The passengers and crew took to the boats and were rescued by a passing ship. But not all were saved. Among the missing was poor James Brown. "All this happened two years ago," concluded Mrs. Spillsbury. "Haven't I settled it all beautifully? By the way, James Brown had a rooted objection to heavy mourning, that's why you don't wear it."

It was soon after this that Mrs. Spillsbury

Google

began to notice a change in her friend. Rose seemed to be abandoning the attitude of amused indifference which she had been accustomed to present to society in general.

"I do wish," she said one day, "that you hadn't given me that horrid name—Brown."

"Why not? It's a perfectly inoffensive name, and it is only for a short time. I'm looking forward to my gloves, Rose, I am indeed. I want them badly."

"I hate the name," said Rose, with a strange petulance.

Mrs. Spillsbury, with that quickness of insight on which she was wont to plume herself, diagnosed Rose's complaint at once. She was evidently becoming harassed and exasperated by the pressing nature of Laurence Eversfield's attentions. It was a development for which Mrs. Spillsbury was not altogether unprepared. It was, after all, only natural that Rose should get a little bit tired of the business. At the same time, one couldn't make omelets without breaking eggs. Rose, even as a widow, couldn't expect a man to propose to her without making love to her first. And the *dénouement* was well worth a little trouble. It was to be so delightfully dramatic; and it was coming so soon, too. Mrs. Spillsbury was sure of it. Her wild anticipations were about to be verified to the letter. She became more certain as to that every day.

"The horrid man"—Mrs. Spillsbury had now quite convinced herself that he was a horrid man—"the horrid man is desperately in love with you."

"Oh, don't!" said Rose.

"A little more rope, my dear! Give him just a wee bit more rope, and the thing's done."

"Oh, *don't!*" said Rose again rather pitifully. Then she got up and walked out of the room, leaving Mrs. Spillsbury sagely nodding her head in silent self-communion.

It was just three days after this that Mrs. Spillsbury on her return from paying a round of calls, was informed that Mr. Eversfield was in the library with Rose. Mrs. Spillsbury, whose mind, stimulated by successful prophecy, was now peculiarly liable to the influence of presentiments, immediately became possessed of the conviction that the great proposal was then and there taking place.

On entering the room, however, she had to admit that in this particular case she had been a trifle premature. Laurence was not kneeling on the hearthrug; Rose was not standing over him in an attitude of disdain. At the same time, Mrs. Spillsbury felt certain that something unusual was happening. There was an atmosphere of constraint in the room which she associated with a scene. Rose, was seated on a lounge, looking wofully pale, while Laurence was apparently staring at her in disconsolate silence. Mrs. Spillsbury murmured something about taking off her hat, and was about to make a hurried exit, when:

"Don't go," said Rose; "something's happened."

"What is it, dear?"

"Mr. Eversfield has found my husband," faltered Rose.

For a moment, Mrs. Spillsbury stared uncomprehendingly at her friend; then, with a shriek, she subsided—flop—into a chair.

"Found your husband!" she gasped. "Why, there isn't—I mean, he doesn't—I mean——" and she took refuge in a non-committing silence.

Then Laurence Eversfield explained.

"It's quite true," he said, "I have been the happy means of discovering that Mrs. Brown's husband is still alive. To describe how I met him, or to relate the strange adventures which befel him after the time of his supposed death, would be for the moment superfluous."

"Quite," interrupted Mrs. Spillsbury, truth for once getting the better of civility. "How did all come out, Rose, dear?"

"Laurence—Mr. Eversfield asked me what his name was, and I said it was James," wailed the unhappy Rose. "Oh, Kate, you know it was James."

"Yes, yes, it was James, right enough," said Mrs. Spillsbury, glancing uneasily at Eversfield. "Of course, it was."

"And he asked me when he was drowned, and where, and I said it was two years ago in the Pacific. Oh, Kate, you know you said so yourself."

"A little overwrought," whispered Mrs. Spillsbury to Eversfield. "Yes, yes, darling."

"And—and then he asked me if he was lost in the *Memphis*, and I said 'yes' to that, too. What could I say? And, oh, Kate, he is a short, fat, red-haired man, and he is coming here to see me to-morrow. It's too much," she groaned.

It proved altogether too much for Mrs. Spillsbury. She lay back in her chair and laughed until she could laugh no longer. Neither Rose's woe-begone looks, nor Eversfield's solemn face could restrain her. She had her laugh out. Then she rose, some-

Digitized by Google

what shamefacedly, and taking him to the further end of the room:

"I'm afraid we are rather hysterical," she explained. "But such sudden, such unexpected news! Is it really so, Laurence?"

"I think so," said Eversfield. "It would be too extraordinary a coincidence, if two men, both having the same surname and the same Christian name, should have been lost on the same boat."

"Did you ask him his wife's name?"

"Well, no; I didn't want to raise false hopes. You see, when I met him, I never dreamt that Mrs. Brown's husband could possibly be alive. Ah well, sorrow and joy are sometimes strangely intertwined in this world of ours. Good-bye!" and hurriedly gripping her hand, he rushed from the room.

All this time Rose had not moved. Her chin upon her hands, she was apparently lost in thought.

"Here's a pretty mess," cried Mrs. Spillsbury. "You were quite right about the name being undistinguished, Rose. When one comes to think of it, I daresay dozens of James Browns have been drowned in the Pacific. It's very annoying, though, that this particular one should have come to life again, isn't it?"

There was no answer.

"But it was that horrid *Memphis* that did it," continued Mrs. Spillsbury. "If you hadn't admitted that he sailed in the *Memphis*, it would have been all right. An extinct James Brown on any other vessel wouldn't have mattered at all. A real, live, short, fat, red-haired James Brown from a real wrecked *Memphis* is rather a nuisance, isn't he? Especially as he is coming to see you tomorrow," she added with a slight giggle.

Still no answer.

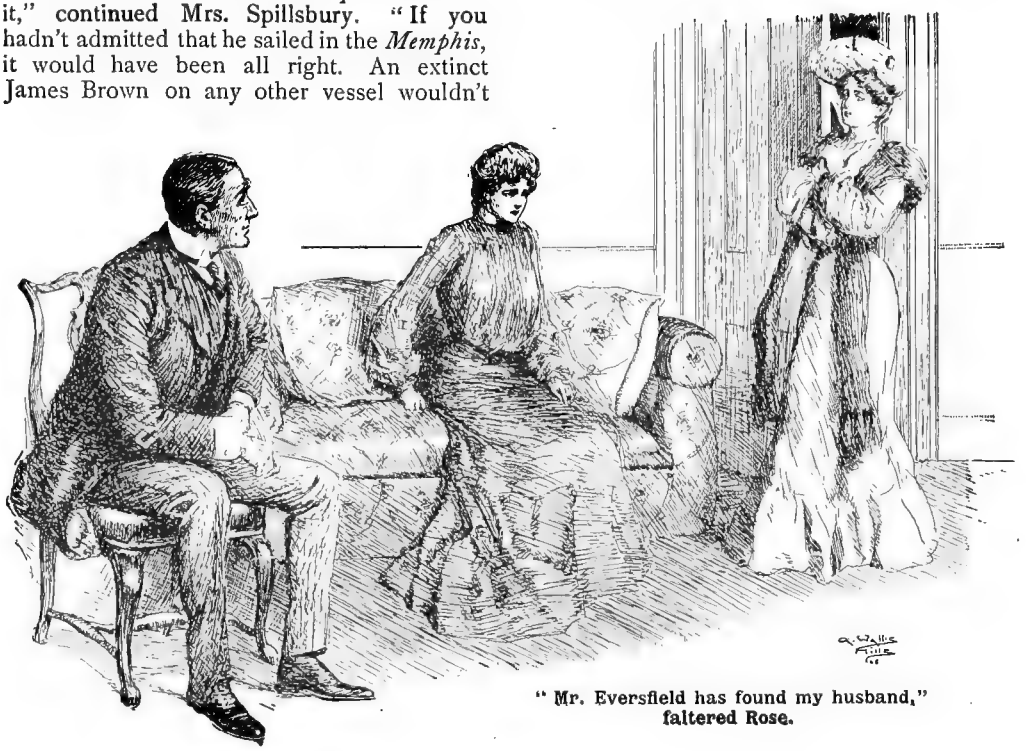
"But, oh, Rose," rattled on Mrs. Spillsbury, "can't you see how funny it all is, how excruciatingly funny? Haven't you any sense of humour? And, after all, it doesn't matter. You certainly haven't had the pleasure of refusing Laurence Eversfield, but it comes to much the same thing, except that I lose my gloves. I'm sure he would have proposed, and very soon, too. He was on the verge, my dear, on the verge."

Then Rose O'Brien hid her face in her hands.

"But I love him," she said.

There was silence for a while, broken only by Rose's convulsive sobs. Mrs. Spillsbury said nothing. Indeed she could think of nothing to say which was at all likely to improve the situation, and presently she slipped away.

Rose, left alone, abandoned herself to her grief. Here was Nemesis indeed! Why had she been inveigled into this abominable campaign? Why had she entered on a path which was bound to bring mortification to



"Mr. Eversfield has found my husband," faltered Rose.

Google

somebody? And, above all, why had she allowed herself to fall in love with Laurence Eversfield? Shame, if nothing else, should have prevented her. But if only things were different—if only she could eliminate from her past this ridiculous fantasy? Over and over and over again she traversed the ground, but there was no escaping from the conclusion. By her own act she had destroyed her own happiness.

She was roused from her sombre reverie by Mrs. Spillsbury's voice. "Rose," she was calling excitedly; and a moment afterwards, bustling in, she took her hands, energetically pulled her to her feet, and kissed her.

"It's all right, darling."

"How can it be?"

"But it is. I've seen Laurence."

"Seen him?" faltered Rose.

"Yes, and I've explained, like a naughty child, how it was all my fault, and how you are the sweetest girl in the world, and, Rose, he didn't seem to want much convincing."

"What did he say?" asked Rose. "He couldn't forgive it, I'm sure. It was such a petty, mean, despicable trick to play."

"He laughed."

"Laughed?" asked Rose, somewhat disconcerted.

"Uproariously."

"Well, thank you very much," said Rose, in a somewhat injured voice. "You always were a darling, Kate, but I think it must have been rather a bitter laugh you heard."

"Not in the least," said Mrs. Spillsbury briskly.

"I'm glad I'm going away. I'm glad I shall never see him again."

Mrs. Spillsbury felt (as she afterwards explained) that it was a moment for deeds not words. Taking Rose's arm with a firm grasp, she led her downstairs, opened a door, and gave her a gentle push. Then she withdrew beaming. Half an hour afterwards, Rose fetched her. Rose was beaming, too. They both entered the room, where, curiously enough, was Laurence Eversfield, also beaming.

"Laurence wants to tell us something," whispered Rose.

"It's only this," said Laurence. "There never was any short, fat, red-haired man. I invented him. As far as I am concerned, there never was any James, or any Brown, or any *Memphis*, or any Pacific, or anything. I invented them all."

"Invented them!" they cried.

"Yes, the man is merely the product of an ingenious imagination. You see, I couldn't leave all the imagination to you, Mrs. Spillsbury. Do you remember the first occasion on which I met Rose? Well, the door was a trifle open as I approached your drawing-room, and I happened to hear you make a very interesting remark. 'You must, shall, and will be a widow!' you cried. I didn't forget that. Besides, I had an idea from the first that your tale was a trifle thin. Well, I made it a little thicker for you, that's all! Now, don't resent it, Rose. We are all of us in the same boat—all petty, all mean, all despicable! It's not the least good resenting it. Besides, I won't have it. Say you don't resent it, or I'll kiss you before Mrs. Spillsbury."

"I don't resent it," said Rose, "but I'll never, never change my name again."

"What, never?" cried Mrs. Spillsbury archly.

Rose blushed.

"I think I've won my gloves," said Mrs. Spillsbury, "and I think I deserve them."

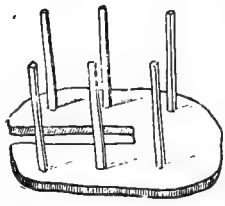
Digitized by Google

MR. X —HIS PAGES.

"Mr. X" has just opened a letter addressed to Mr. Y Z. He says that it was obviously intended for him. I asked him Y. "Y Z equals Wise Head," said "Mr. X," "and who has a wiser head than I?" What do you say?

Match and Potato Puzzle

Here is a sketch which is supposed to represent a slice off a potato with six matches sticking in it.



The puzzle is to lay it flat on the table, and with a knife make two straight cuts, parting the potato in six pieces, having a match sticking up in each piece.

THE QUESTION.

Can you tell me why
A hypocrite's eye
Can better descry
Than can you or can I
On how many toes a pussy cat goes?

THE ANSWER.

Well, a man of deceit
Can best counterfeit (count her feet),
And, therefore, I s'pose,
Can best count her toes.

Poor Mother!

Son: "I say, mother, do you know I've only half a shirt to my back?"

Mother: "Oh, my poor boy, why didn't you tell me before? I must really get you a dozen in town to-morrow."

Son: "Thanks awfully, mother, but you really needn't bother, as the other half is in front, and I've got eleven upstairs in a drawer."

Dover to Calais.

Horsham: "You know those Channel steamers?"

Corsham: "Yes. What about them?"

Horsham: "Well, isn't it wonderful how quickly you can be Calais Dover (carried over) by them?" [*Death of Corsham.*]

Tricky Talk.

Jack: "I once knew a lady who was turned into wood."

Fred: "How was that?"

Jack: "Well, she went on to a vessel."

Fred: "Yes."

Jack: "And, of course, she was then aboard."

Fred: "Dear me! I once knew a man who had been deaf and dumb for twenty years, but last week he regained speech in one minute."

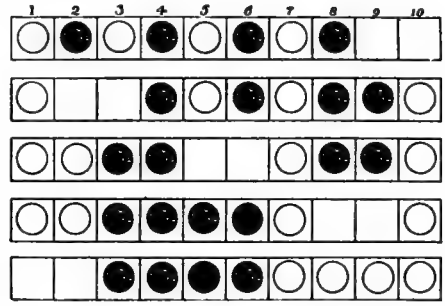
Jack: "How was that?"

Fred: "Well, you see, he went into a bicycle shop, picked up a wheel and—spoke."

Q. Why is a cow's tail like a very old woman?
A. Because they are both infirm. (in firm).

A Matter of Arrangement.

Place four pennies and four shillings alternately in a row. The puzzle is, in four moves, and moving two side-by-side coins at a time, to place the shillings together and the pennies together. The solution is shown in the diagram. First move 2 and 3 to 9 and 10, then 5 and 6 to 2 and 3, next 8 and 9 to 5 and 6, finally 1 and 2 to 9 and 10—and there you are!



Digitized by Google

The Farmer, the Sheep, and the Hurdles.

Now, Farmer Hodge was in a bit of a fix. He had fifty sheep, you must understand, which he kept in a fold composed of twenty-six hurdles, and built like this: Twelve hurdles along each side, one hurdle at each end. Well, on a certain market day he purchased fifty more sheep, brought them home, and found he had forgotten to get any more hurdles. And the sheep must go into a fold, because he didn't want them out among his turnips. Thought he to himself, "If they six-and-twenty hurdles will only just hold they fifty sheep, I must get another six-and-twenty hurdles to hold this fresh lot, and where on earth am I to get 'em?" "Why," said the village idiot, who happened to overhear him, "you only want two more. Use those two lying over there." And, strangely enough, that was all Farmer Hodge did want, because the first fold was built like this:—

And its holding capacity was exactly doubled by putting an extra hurdle at each end, like this:—

UNIVERSAL.

What is that that man loves more than life,
Fears more than death or mortal strife,
What the contented man desires,
The poor possess, the rich requires,
The miser spends, the spendthrifts save,
And all men carry to the grave?

Answer: Nothing.

Of Course It Can't.

Gregory: "What is the animal that has two eyes and cannot see; two ears and cannot hear; four legs and cannot walk, yet can jump as high as the Eiffel Tower?"

Geoffrey: "Impossible. I give it up."

Gregory: "Why, a dead donkey, of course."

Geoffrey: "But a dead donkey can't jump at all."

Gregory: "Quite so. Nor can the Eiffel Tower."

Learning Your Figures.

Ask a friend to write down on a piece of paper the figures from 1 to 9, omitting the figure 8. Thus:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 9

You now ask him which figure he thinks he has formed the worst. Whichever he says, you multiply by nine and ask him to multiply his 12345679 by 18, 27, 36, or whatever the figure he picked out multiplied by nine makes.

Thus, say he considers 4 the worst formed. You at once make him multiply the figures by 36:

```
  12345679
        36
  --------
  74074074
  37037037
  --------
 444444444
```

When he has done: "That's all," you say.

"Well, what's the joke?" he asks.

"No joke at all, only you ought now to be able to make 4's properly."

Because the curious part of this little game is that whatever figure is selected, of that figure alone will the answer be composed.

Ask a Jap!

Algy: "I say, Chawley, which place in the world would be the easiest to take?"

Chawley: "Don't know, deah boy, I'm not a general."

Algy: "Why 'Port Said,' of course, because when you have said 'port,' you have 'Port Said.'" (Collapse of Chawley.)

A Borrower.

Fitzsmart: "How many letters does 'excellent' possess?"

Fitznoodle: "Why, nine, of course."

Fitzsmart: "No, two."

Fitznoodle: "How do you make that out?"

Fitzsmart: "Why, X L, and the rest are lent."

"MR. X's" MONTHLY PRIZE.—No. 7.

TOASTS.

Some excellent toasts were sent in by readers. So good were they that "Mr. X" has decided to give two prizes, of 5s. each, to Miss Mairnie Capper, Fairfield, Ashley Park, Belfast, and Mr. A. J. Hall, 97, Courtland Avenue, Cranbrook Park, Ilford, respectively.

On the next page will be found the prize winners' results, together with the best submitted by many other readers.

Digitized by Google

TOASTS AND TOASTS.

Here are some of the Best Toasts Submitted in the Competition recently held by "Mr. X":—

Ladies and Gentlemen: May you live as long as you want, and never want as long as you live.

♡ ♡

The Ladies! bless them. They are the best work of the Creation. There is a large edition, and every man should possess a copy.

♡ ♡

Here's to home, the place where we are treated best and grumble most.

♡ ♡

May we never want bread to make a toast or a good cook to prepare it.

♡ ♡

Here's to Sweethearts and Wives. May the Sweetheart soon become the Wife, and the Wife always remain the Sweetheart.

♡ ♡

Here's to God's first thought—Adam;
Here's to His second thought—Eve
Second thoughts are always best;
Here's to His second thought—Woman.

♡ ♡

Good health! to those present and every dear friend!
May the friendship that binds us now, hold to the end!
May we be to-morrow more blest than to-day;
May the shadow of sorrow ne'er darken our way!
Then let us join hands while the free-flowing bowl,
Pours out its balm upon each kindred soul.

♡ ♡

I wish you health, a little wealth,
And a happy home with freedom;
And may you always have true friends,
But never cause to need 'em.

♡ ♡

We met to be merry, now let us part wise,
Nor suffer the bottle to blind reason's eyes.

♡ ♡

Here's to everybody. May no one now feel that he has been omitted.

♡

Here's a health to our fathers and mothers!
Here's a health to our sisters and brothers!
Here's a health to all others—
The fathers and mothers,
And sisters and brothers of others!

Here's real pain to our sham friends, and champagne to our real friends.

♡ ♡

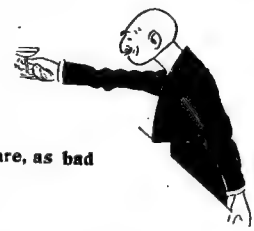
Here's a health to all those that I love,
And a health to all those that love me;
And a health to all those that love them that love those
That love those that love them that love me.

♡ ♡

In ascending the hill of prosperity may we never meet a friend.

♡ ♡

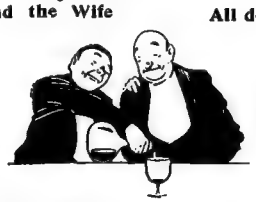
Here's to you as good as you are,
Here's to me, as bad as I am;
But as bad as I am,
and as good as you are,
I'm as good as you are, as bad as I am.



♡ ♡

All dear, far and near, especially here.

♡ ♡



Faith! now, here's till we meet again, *unless we meet in the meanwhile.*

♡ ♡

To Woman—she needs no eulogy; she speaks for herself.

♡ ♡

Here's to the hope that the best day we have seen may be worse than the worst that is to come.

♡ ♡

May the hinges of friendship never grow rusty

♡ ♡

May we never lose our bait when we fish for compliments.

♡ ♡

May we live to learn well and learn to live well.

♡ ♡

Why not toast ourselves and praise ourselves since we have the best means of knowing all the good in ourselves.

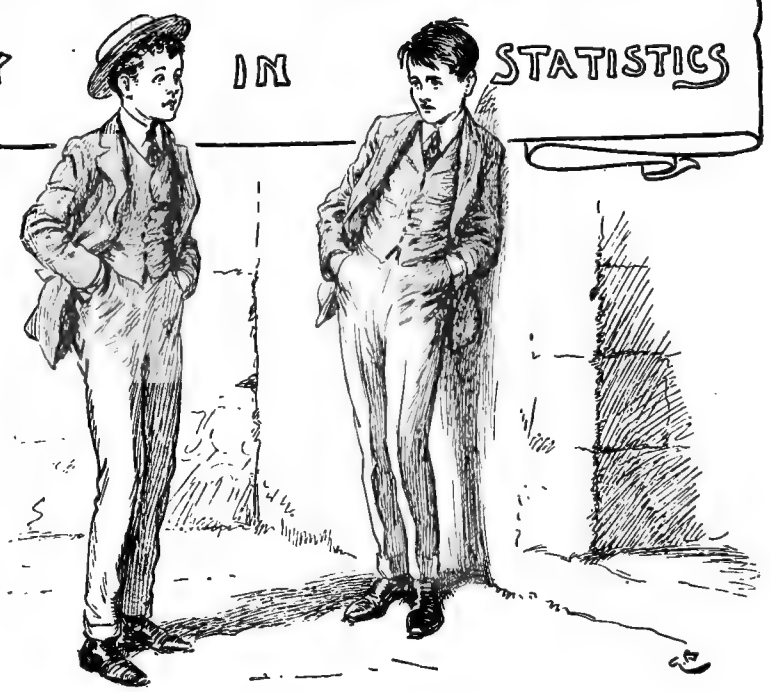
♡ ♡

May the saints protect ye,
An' sorrows neglect ye;
An' bad luck to the one
That doesn't respect ye.
The top o' the morn
To all that belong to ye,
An' long life to yer honour,
That's the end o' my song to ye.

Digitized by Google

The Fright of Briggs Major

A Study in Statistics



The Story of a Schoolboy's Scheme.

♠ ♠

By
Walter Dexter.

Philanthropic motives were the cause of it all! It is strange that philanthropy should spell disaster, but in this case it did—or very nearly so.

Briggs major was always great at something or other the whole time he was at St. Barnard's, and when he took on with a thing, he went in for it heart and soul, just, of course, as any healthy-minded boy should.

It began in this way. It was just after Lord Glenalton had left us for Oxford—or some other place I am not certain where—that I came upon Briggs major leaning against the wall of the "gym," looking utterly disconsolate.

"What's the matter, Briggs?" I asked.

"What's the matter!" he echoed, "why, everything, I should think. Look here; there's that silly little fool Dobson—Lord Glenalton, I should say—dropped into those thousands and thousands, whilst I——"

"Well, what about me?" I put in.

"Yes, you, and all of us, every one of us"—and he waxed eloquent at this juncture—"should have nothing more than a bob a week pocket-money, and no chance of getting any more, either!"

It did seem a little hard, certainly, and I was obliged to admit it.

"Why," he went on, "just think what a lot of good you could do with money by giving it to the poor. If I had a couple of millions, as they say young Dobson has, I could very well give away half a million, and feel no poorer for it."

"That's what you say when you haven't got more than sixpence in your pocket. I daresay you would sing a different song if you were suddenly to become as rich as Lord Glenalton," I replied.

"Oh, no, I shouldn't," asserted Briggs major.

"Well, then," I answered, "begin now with your small stock of money!"

"It's only sevenpence-halfpenny," replied Briggs. "That won't do much; and, besides I want——"

"Oh, yes, you want it all yourself, of course you do," I answered, "so you would if you had two millions of money. But, do you know, I've heard that a man should give away a tenth of his income in charity?"

"That would mean over a penny a week for me," said Briggs, doing a mental calcula-

Copyright, 1905, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Google

tion, "but what could I do with a penny a week?"

"Save it and buy stamps with it."

"Stamps!" cried Briggs major. "Why I've heard that a million stamps——"

Then the Head called to me to take a note to Mr. Barker's room, so I never heard what it was that a million stamps had to do with a penny a week, until that evening when I had a chance of speaking to Briggs again just before Prep.

He came up to me excitedly, and said in hurried tones:

"I'm going to do it!"

"Do what?" I asked, wondering what on on earth he was driving at.

"Why, a million stamps, you know."

"Yes," I answered, "cost a million pence, or four thousand pounds."

"No, not penny stamps—used ones, I mean, that won't cost anything!"

"Well?" I inquired.

"Why, get a child in a hospital, or a home, or something."

"What, a million stamps will do that?"

"Yes; didn't you know it?"

I had to confess that I had heard something to that effect,

"And you're going to collect a million stamps?" I asked. "It will take you a long time. Why, ten a day would take you, let me see—ten a day, 3650 a year; why, it would mean nearly 300 years before you had collected a million, and you're not going to live quite so long as that!"

"Oh, I've thought it all out, and I am going to collect a million stamps in a much shorter space of time. Of course, I shan't collect all. I'm going to write to a lot of people I know, and ask them to save for me. Do you see?"

I did see.

"But you'll have to write a lot of letters, I'm afraid, and it will cost you all your pocket-money in postage stamps. Far better send the money straight to a poor children's fund."

"But I've a better plan than that. An easy way, as you will agree when you understand what I have done."

And so saying he took out of his pocket a rough piece of exercise paper with some writing on it.

"Look here, I've written five letters like that, and if they do not help to bring me in a million stamps I don't know what will. I can write another five in a week or two, and so on."

This was a copy of the letter:—

DEAR ———, I am anxious to do some good in this world, and understand that a million used postage stamps will get a poor child into a home. I want you to help me in my plan by sending to Master Briggs major, St. Barnard's School, Levenhurst, Kent, ten or more used postage stamps. I am writing this letter to five of my friends, and I want you to copy it and do just the same, that is, to write five letters exactly like this one to five of your friends asking them to send ten or more stamps to the above.

I read it through twice in order to thoroughly grasp its meaning, then I gave a long, low whistle.

"That ought to do," I said, as soon as the whistle was over.

"Of course it will," Briggs major replied. "Mind, I don't pretend that the plan is all my own, you know. I got the idea from an advertisement I once saw, which offered people a pound a week if they would write ten such letters a day to their friends asking them to purchase a certain fountain pen. It was lucky I thought of it, wasn't it?"

There was no time for me to give more than a brief answer, because just then the bell rang for Prep., and we had to run down the long corridor, get our books, and be off to the hall immediately.

This plan of Briggs major somewhat fascinated me. Throughout Prep. I was busy figuring it out on the inside of the cover of my exercise book. How many years would it take Briggs major to collect a million stamps? That was the question which I was intent upon solving. All at once a light broke in upon me.

"Whew-w—w—w!" I said, as I quickly foresaw that if Briggs major's plan should be successful Saint Barnard's would see such a sight as it had never seen before. The attention it would claim would outdo even that which was bestowed upon the advent of Dobson to the peerage.

There was not much "preparation" done by me that evening. Briggs major, who was seated away to the back of the class, appeared most busy. He was near the door, too, and when Prep. was over, he darted out before I could even so much as catch his eye, and when he returned his face was radiant.

"I've done it!" he said, just as excited as he could be.

"What?" I asked.

"Sent off those five letters, you know; just caught the post with them. No time like the present, that's my motto."

I knew not what to say. Did he fully realise what he had set in motion? I thought not; and I decided to wait till the morrow before I questioned him on the subject; indeed, there was but little time to do so

Digitized by Google

now, as the supper bell had already gone, and after that came bed.

I do not sleep in the same dormitory as Briggs major, but nevertheless his name haunted me the whole night long, and I could not get to sleep for some long time for thinking of his plan for the benefit of some poor orphan child.

* * * * *

One of the first fellows I met downstairs on the following morning was Briggs major.

"They'll be getting those letters this morning," were the first words he said to me.

"Yes," I answered, "and your million stamps will soon be on the way."

"Stow it; not quite so fast as that," he answered. "It will take me months to get them all."

"Don't be so certain," I replied. "You'll get them quicker than you think. Have you worked it out?"

"No; but didn't you say the other day that to collect a million stamps at the rate of ten a day would take something near 300 years; well, I shall be collecting much more than ten a day, and so naturally it won't take me so long. You see, if each of the five people to whom I have written send me only ten stamps, even that will be fifty stamps, and then they are to ask five of their friends to send me at least ten stamps also, and that will be 250 stamps more, and so on, so I shan't be long in getting 1000, and then 10,000, and in time the whole million will be collected, and I shan't have any trouble either, except writing a few more letters now and again."

"I'm afraid you don't seem to have thought the thing out," I said as sternly as I could, taking him by the shoulder. "Now look here, do you expect that everyone to whom you have written will send you ten stamps, and write to five of their friends to do the same."

"Of course," answered Briggs major. "You see it is for a charitable cause; it does not mean very much to each one—only ten stamps and five letters—so I don't see how they can refuse, seeing what a good thing they are helping to do."

"Not so fast," I said. "You'll live to regret what you did last night."

"Whatever do you mean?" he asked, staring hard at me in something like amazement.

"Look here," I replied, taking out a pencil and a piece of paper, "this is what's going to happen. I have put it down in the form of a table of the number of letters you will receive:—

1st day ...	5	letters.
2nd day ...	25	,,
3rd day ...	125	,,
4th day ...	625	,,
5th day ...	3,125	,,
6th day ...	15,625	,,
7th day ...	78,125	,,
8th day ...	390,625	,,
9th day ...	1,953,125	,,
	2,441,405	,,

On the ninth day, 1,953,125 letters will be written, and if all these people send you ten stamps you will have over nineteen million stamps arrive at this school in no fewer than 1,953,125 separate letters. It will take you all your life to open them!"

I shall never forget the look on Briggs major's face as I showed him this proof of what he had done.

"But you don't mean it," he said.

"I can't help meaning it. The facts can't be disputed: it is too plain. You've set the ball rolling, and you'll have to take the consequences. I'm very sorry for you, that's all. You will be able to get all the orphan children in the land into orphanages, and will have to spend the rest of your days in opening envelopes and counting stamps."

Poor Briggs major saw there was no getting out of it. He had commenced the "snow-ball system," and must now wait patiently for the end.

"But do you really think they will all write?" he asked, whenever we met.

"You can only wait and see," was always my answer. I had my doubts; but, nevertheless, such a thing might happen, and I was looking forward to the fun that would ensue in the very near future.

I fear there was not much sleep for Briggs major that night!

"The first five letters will be in to-morrow morning, no doubt," said he to me just before supper, "and we shall be able to tell from them how the matter will be likely to be taken up; for, if all five of the people to whom I have written each write five letters to five other people, it is pretty sure that of the twenty-five people thus written to at least twenty will write five letters apiece."

"That is so," I answered. "It's lucky for you that you have a few days' respite, for, you see, the letters won't be coming in in their thousands before a few days have passed, and then—oh, Briggs! what then?"

Poor Briggs winced. I am afraid I was a little too hard on the fellow, but he took it all

Digitized by Google

calmly—that is to say, as calmly as could be expected under the circumstances. Other chaps would have knocked me down—I am not nearly so big as Briggs. But not so Briggs major. Other fellows would not have dared to face the sure and certain outcome of this piece of—well, I won't call it folly, or madness, let me say impetuosity. But not so Briggs major; he stuck to the affair right through to the end.

"Then," I continued—"then after you have been receiving thousands of letters of a morning, then tens of thousands, the day will come when from the little post office in the village a million letters will issue forth all subscribed 'Master Briggs major, St. Barnard's School, Levenhurst, Kent,' a million of letters borne in a thousand sacks, carried by as many postmen, who for seventeen hours would be delivering them at the school gate at the rate of one a minute. Think of it, Briggs major! Think of it!"

"Don't be a fool," he replied, losing his temper for the first time. "Isn't it bad enough to *know* what it is likely to lead to without having it dinned into your ears a dozen times during the day?"

"Very well," I replied, "I'll leave you to go your own sweet way; but, mind, don't expect me to help you to sort out the stamps!"

I was sorry for this neat little thrust the moment I had uttered it, but Briggs had turned away and gone into the dining-room before I could add anything else.

I was down early next morning. Briggs major was there before me. He had evidently forgotten the occurrence of last night, or had decided to take no notice of it, for he came up to me and said:

"There are no letters this morning, so far; but there's another post in at ten o'clock."

"They don't seem very keen on it, do they?" I said.

"It's difficult to say," he answered. "You see, it was only the night before last that the letters were posted; it doesn't give them much time."

Another day passed—an uneventful one for Briggs major.

The very sight of a postman made him start, and the mention of the word letter caused him to grow pale and uneasy.

I, too, was highly strung, knowing that now the ball had been set in motion, and the impending calamity was soon to fall on us—or, at least, on Briggs major.

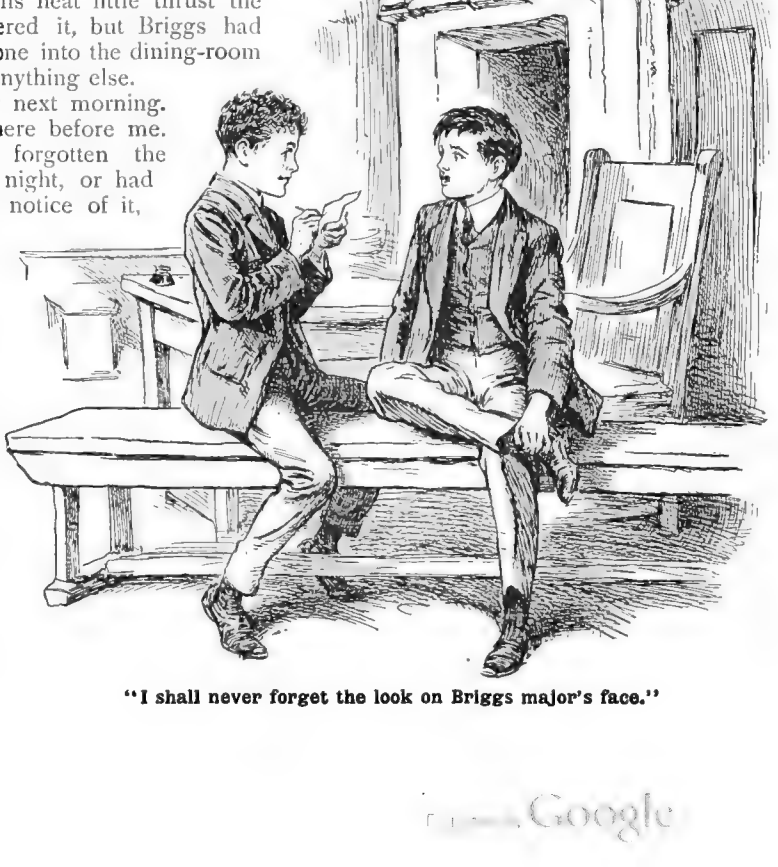
As the day grew on and no letters arrived, Briggs grew more and more dejected; he avoided me as much as possible, and I, in return, was glad, because for the life of me I did not know what I could say to console him.

The following morning I was down earlier than usual. So was Briggs major. His face wore a scared and haunted look.

"Well, old chap!" I said, "fearing the worst?"

"No, they haven't come yet; but they'll be here by the later post. The postman tells me that letters not posted until late in the evening in London are not delivered until the second post in the morning."

I didn't know what to answer. I was on



"I shall never forget the look on Briggs major's face."

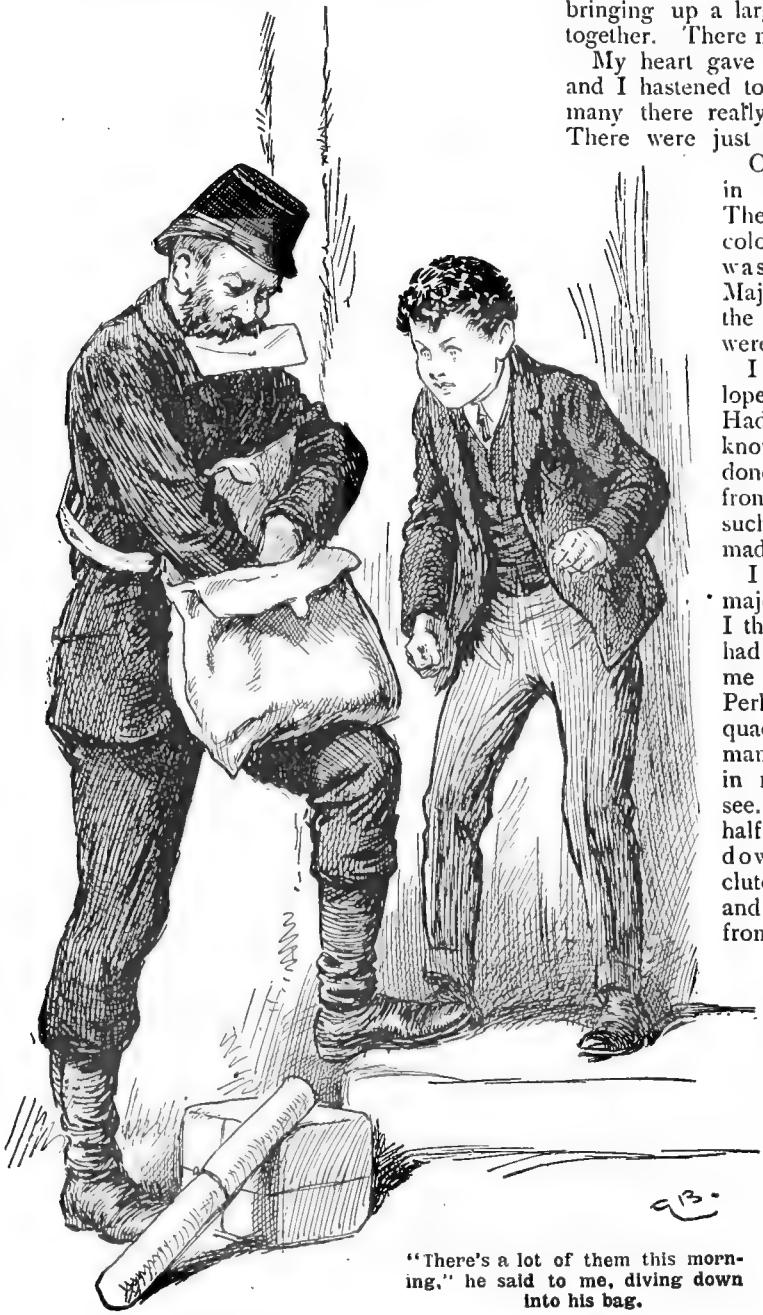
Digitized by Google

the point of saying that he looked worried; but I thought it would only worry him the more, so I said nothing, but changed the conversation to another topic. Even then it was difficult to keep away from the all-absorbing letter question.

The day passed—and no letters came. Then followed another night. I don't know how Briggs major slept. I hardly had a wink. The letters must come in the morning, and I was specially anxious to see if they did arrive. I was downstairs long before the postman came, bearing an extra large number of letters.

"There's a lot of them this morning," he said to me, diving down into his bag and bringing up a large parcel, all neatly tied together. There must have been a hundred!

My heart gave a jump as he said this, and I hastened to cut the string to see how many there really were for Briggs major. There were just two!



"There's a lot of them this morning," he said to me, diving down into his bag.

One I recognised as being in his father's handwriting. The other was in a buff-coloured envelope, on which was printed: "On His Majesty's Service," and in the left hand bottom corner were the words "Post-office."

I stood staring at the envelope. What did it mean? Had the post-office got to know what Briggs major had done, and was this a letter from them protesting against such an extensive use being made of the system?

I looked around for Briggs major. He was not yet down. I thought this peculiar, as he had always been down before me on the previous morning. Perhaps he was still in the quad., waiting for the postman! I took the two letters in my hand and ran out to see. He was not there, but half a minute later he came down the staircase. He clutched the letters eagerly, and then opened the one from his father first.

"Here, read this," he said, after he had read it through at least twice. I took the letter and read as follows:

My Dear Boy,

I was glad to receive your letter, and whilst commending you for the idea which prompted you to send it, would point out the utter waste of time your scheme would necessitate. I do not believe that even a hundred million stamps would enable

Digitized by Google

you to get a child into a charitable institution. It is an erroneous idea held by many people. The cause of it is that many years ago an eccentric person offered a certain sum of money, sufficient to place a child in an orphanage, in return for a million postage stamps; but there the matter ended.

I sincerely hope you have not gone further in this "snowball system" of letter-writing, which is one of the great pests of latter-day advertising. If you have, I don't think the people to whom you have written will be foolish enough to take up with your scheme. For your sake I hope they will not.

You did not put a stamp on your letter, and I had to pay twopence in order to receive it. I would have refused it, but I recognised the writing.

By the time I had finished reading this letter, Briggs major had opened and read the second letter, too—the one from the post-office.

It contained his own letter and envelope, the letter bearing many impressions of india-rubber stamps, among which was a big "T," and "2d.," and the word "Refused."

We looked at one another and laughed. It was the first time Briggs major had laughed for two days.

"Didn't you put a stamp on any of the letters?" I asked.

"I don't believe I did," he answered. "I'm sure I didn't, because I've still got that sevenpence-halfpenny in my pocket now, and I remember I hurried off to the post in order to be in time, and never thought about putting stamps on the envelopes."

So that was the end of the fright of Briggs major.

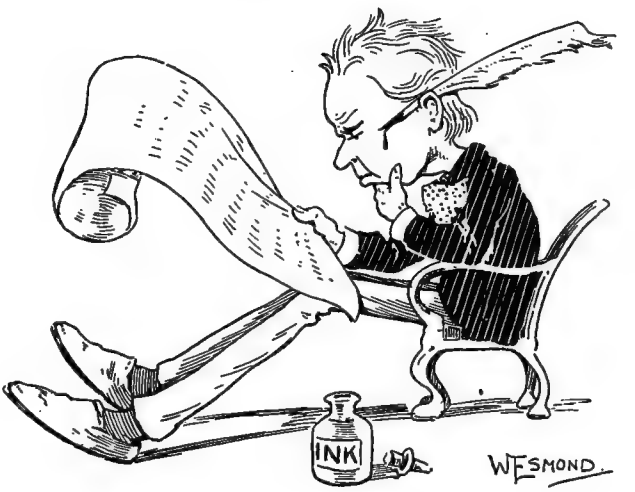
"'Twas a rare bit of fun," he said to me some time after, "and the best of it was that it didn't cost me anything—not even the stamps!"

THE MINOR POET—HIS AMBITION

I have nothing to write,
So I've turned out a verse,
The kind known as "light"—
I have nothing to write.
It is shockingly trite—
And what could be worse?—
But I've nothing to write,
So I've turned out a verse.

They may have run short
And be feeling perplexed,
Then, perchance, 'twill be bought
(They *may* have run short)
Just to fit—happy thought!—
'Twixt one tale and the next.
They may have run short
And be feeling perplexed.

KILDA KILROY.



Digitized by Google

Nearer and nearer came the snorting monster.

Real Life Romances.

Readers are Invited to Contribute Stories of a Similar Nature to the Following. Those Accepted will be liberally Paid for.

A Race with a Train.

THE STORY OF A CHILD'S NARROW ESCAPE.

IT was Tuesday, the busiest day in the week in many cottage homes.

Mrs. Thomas was bending over the wash-tub, hard at work, cleansing the various garments.

Playing with her doll in the kitchen was Rosie, the little three-year-old daughter of the house.

"Muvver," she lisped, "me wants 'oo to p'ay horses."

"Mother's busy, darling," was the reply. "Play with dolly a little longer."

Rosie took Mrs. Thomas's advice, and continued to play with her doll for a time; then, when mother's back was turned, she toddled into the garden behind the house.

Along the foot of the garden ran a branch line of the London and North Western Railway, the two being separated by only a very poor hedge full of gaps.

With her dollie under her arm, Rosie wended her way down the garden path until she came to the hedge.

Looking through this, she espied a kitten basking in the sun on the railway bank.

"Titty," called Rosie; "Titty, tum here."

Kitty took no notice, so Rosie toddled through a hole in the hedge, dropping her doll in the process, and was just going to stroke the kitten when it woke up and strolled off.

Rosie followed it along the bank. Then the kitten wandered on to the line.

Still Rosie followed, all unconscious of danger.

Mrs. Thomas had now looked up from her work and missed her little one.

"Rosie! Rosie!" she called. But there was no answer.

Remembering the railway, she rushed out into the garden, and there by the hedge she saw the doll.

Rosie must have strayed on to the line; and now, to make matters worse, she could hear a train coming.

She wasted no time in crawling through the hedge; and then, to her horror, saw Rosie some distance ahead, walking calmly towards the approaching train.

In anguish the mother started at a run, waving her apron the while in order to attract the attention of the engine driver. But was it possible to stop the train in time?

Nearer and nearer came the snorting monster, but still Rosie pursued the kitten.

At last the terror-stricken mother heard the brake applied, and the train began to move more slowly. Rosie had been seen, but she was not out of danger yet.

Then from the footplate there leapt the fireman.

At top speed he ran, and, racing the engine, snatched the little one from the line just in time.

A moment later the train passed over the spot, and came to a standstill, crushing the kitten beneath its ponderous wheels. Rosie was restored to her mother unhurt.

Google

On Treacherous Ground.

A SHOOTING ADVENTURE WHICH OCCURRED LAST YEAR.

"YOU must be careful of your ground," my host warned, as, gun in hand, I was about to set out for a few hours' shooting over the bog land near the east coast of Norfolk. I laughed.

With a glorious afternoon before me I felt my spirits rise. There was a crispness in the air that boded well for sport. Beneath my feet the ground heaved and squirmed as when one treads upon a sponge. But I cared not, for where the grass grew short and thickest there I knew the ground would bear.

Presently a sharp screech sent an exultant thrill through me, and twenty yards ahead two snipe rose, darting off in zig-zag flight at a tremendous pace. Having vainly expended two cartridges upon them, I decided to make a long circuit, which, according to my calculations, would bring me home by dusk.

Tired, but satisfied with my sport, I had arrived within a quarter of a mile of the bog's edge, when from a clump of rushes a loud quacking told me that ducks were near. By their splashing I judged that there were several, so crouching I approached stealthily.

Whether the birds saw me or not I cannot say, but of a sudden they rose. Thinking to get a better view of them, I moved some yards to the right, and gave them the contents of both barrels. As I did so my right foot sank into the ground. In a flash it passed through my mind what had occurred. I wrenched it free. The mud gurgled, and the effort sunk my left leg to the knee. Again I struggled. This time I found it impossible to raise either leg above the ground.

In the first horror of my plight I had not noticed that the mud was slowly drawing me down. Now I was submerged to the waist.

This bog was going to be my grave!

The mud soon reached my elbows. I tried to collect my thoughts. My eyes fell on my gun. Better far to end my sufferings quickly than to feel the cold mud oozing about my neck, then creeping up, icy as a serpent, towards my mouth, and then——

I loaded my gun.

Across the bog the lights from my friend's house gleamed. I recalled his promise to meet me. Perhaps even now he was on his way.

The horrible sensation of sinking had ceased. Under my feet it seemed to be solid ground.

By this time the sun had long set. My limbs ached with cold, and my nerveless fingers could scarce retain their hold upon the gun.

Was it a shout that I heard, or was it some wild freak of fancy? It came from behind me. With an effort I looked over my shoulder. I saw a light—a bright yellow light.

I fired my gun. A score of startled ducks rose from the sedges, and vanished noisily into the darkness. The light drew nearer, and a few minutes later, to my joy, I heard my friend's cheery voice. With the help of ropes and planks I was soon rescued from my perilous position, half-frozen with cold.

The effort sunk my left leg to the knee.

Google

A Russian Hero.

THE TALE OF A LION-TAMER.

A CROWD of hostlers, white-faced and trembling, burst unceremoniously into the chief tamer's room.

"The lion has broken loose," one blurted.

"And the three lionesses as well," chorused half a dozen others in a breath, glancing furtively down the passage, as if fearing that the animals were on their track.

In disjointed and startled sentences they poured their story into the bewildered tamer's ears. They had been working in the stables when the lion burst suddenly into their midst, followed closely by three lionesses. Terrified at the sight, they had all fled to the far end of the stable. and there had seen the lion attack Roberto.

Roberto! The tamer paled as he heard the name, for it belonged to the most valuable and accomplished horse that the Devigne Circus of Odessa possessed.

More he did not wait to hear. Seizing his heavy-thonged whip, he rushed from the room. A few yards down the passage he met the manager of the circus, who, having heard of the animal's escape, had armed himself with a double-barreled gun and a pocketful of blank cartridges.

Together the two men hastened to the stable. There a terrible sight met their eyes. The fierce and hungry animals had borne Roberto to the ground. The air was filled with the screams of half a hundred terrified horses, who seemed conscious of the danger near them.

Raising his gun the manager fired two shots in the face of the nearest lioness. She cowered, then, with a howl, fled from the stable, followed by the other two.

Only the lion remained.

Again the manager fired. A roar of rage shook the stable, and the infuriated animal, forsaking the horse, sprang towards him. But the manager was ready, and firing both barrels in quick succession, he checked the threatened rush.

By this time the assistant tamer had arrived, and, together with the chief tamer, stood awaiting the moment when the lion should be sufficiently cowed for them to drive him to his cage.

The manager ceased firing. The lion crouched instantly. As long as firing had continued it had stood motionless, but for the great tail that lashed ominously up and down.

Bang! bang! Both barrels spoke as one, and the lion leapt backwards with another loud roar.

The manager clubbed his rifle. A thrill of horror passed over both tamers.

"What is wrong?" they cried.

"I have fired my last cartridge!"

As if knowing that victory was within its grasp, the lion advanced. Step by step, as a cat stealing upon a bird, it drew within five yards, then crouched, its long, shaggy mane bristling with fury.

Back, half-dragging, half-lifting, the tamer drew the struggling animal.

Pale, but determined to fight hard for his life, the manager awaited the onslaught. He could see the muscles quivering beneath the long fawn back. The spring was near.

Suddenly the assistant tamer leapt forward. As he did so the lion sprang. But the tamer had already seized the thick mane. And the lion fell heavily to the ground.

Back, half-dragging, half-lifting, the tamer drew the struggling animal.

Then followed a scene that in circus life has never had its equal. The man bent down and picked the lion up as if it had been a lamb. In vain the savage creature snarled and struck furiously with its paws. The tamer held it in a vice-like grip. Right across the courtyard into the arena he bore the lion, and then, gathering his muscles together, he hurled the animal through the door back into the cage.

Digitized by Google

The Fisherman's Niece.

HOW A GIRL WAS INFLUENCED BY A MUSIC-HALL TURN.

NELLIE BRIGHT was the belle of the little fishing village in Cornwall, in which she lived with her uncle.

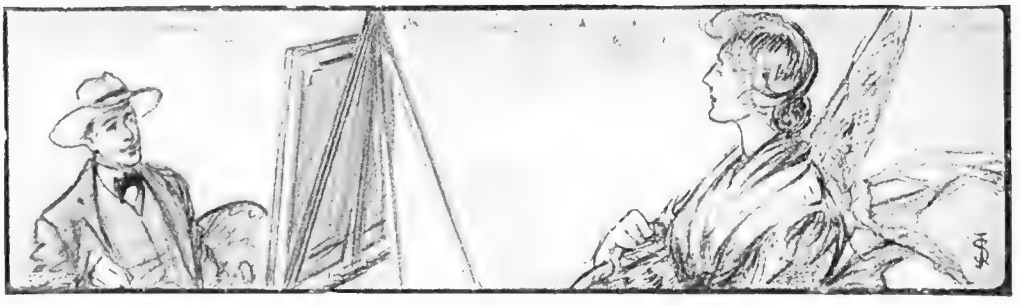
For a year she had kept company with Harry Friend, and he had her promise to marry him in the spring.

Among the visitors to the village in the summer came an artist, with a very fascinating manner, Gerald Street by name. Seeing Nellie in her fisher dress, he persuaded her to sit as model for a picture he was painting.

When one picture was finished another was started, always with Nellie as model, so that Harry used to complain that he never saw anything of his sweetheart.

The artist while painting used to tell Nellie of the wonderful London from which he came, and what a lot of money a good artist's model, such as she herself was, could make in a short time.

Nellie thought what a splendid idea it would be for her to go to this London until the spring. She could make such a lot of money towards housekeeping.



He persuaded her to sit as model for a picture he was painting.

When she mentioned the matter to Harry, who was a fisherman, and had heard other stories of London, he begged her not to think of such a thing, but eventually the fascinating artist over-persuaded her, and she made up her mind that she would go.

In vain her uncle and Harry expostulated. "It's only for a few months," said Nellie; "and just think what a help my money will be towards setting up housekeeping."

"I shall have plenty saved by the spring. The fishing season will be a good one. I'd rather you didn't go," said Harry. "You remember Cissie Greene, who went and never came back. She was run over by a cab when crossing a road, and killed."

"But I've more sense than two Cissie Greenes, and should look where I was going," replied Nellie. "I'm quite capable of taking care of myself."

"Still, there are other dangers, and—besides—I'd rather you didn't go."

"I've promised Mr. Street, so I can't draw back, even if I wished to, which I don't. Give me a kiss, Harry, to show that you don't really mind. I'll be back at Christmas."

* * * * *

Christmas came and went, but no sign of Nellie.

For a month or two after she had left the village she wrote regularly to Harry and her uncle.

Then the time came when no letters arrived, and Harry resolved to go to London. He went, but could find no trace of Nellie, and he returned home heart-broken.

* * * * *

One evening Mr. Bransby Williams, the well-known character actor and mimic, was impersonating Dan'l Peggotty from "David Copperfield," at the Tivoli. His presentation of the grief and agony of Peggotty when he learns of the flight of Little Em'ly was so realistic that the next day he received the following unsigned letter:—

"Sir,—I have no doubt you never think of yourself as a preacher. I was at the Tivoli Wednesday evening. Since then I have decided to go home to my uncle. He is a fisherman, and I was brought up by him. I left home as a lot of others do, but am going back, and by the time you get this I shall be with him. He is good. You must be good to act in the way you do. I shall try, now I am going back to him, to be a comfort and help to him, and shall always remember and pray for you."

* * * * *

There were great rejoicings in the little fishing village when Nellie Bright returned, and the wedding bells are soon to ring out.

Digitized by Google

He saw the lamp lying overturned and ablaze upon the floor.

Cured by Fire.

THE STORY OF A PARALYSED MAN.

LYING in bed, helpless and paralysed, in a little room above a hairdresser's shop, was an old man. At a glance it was plain to see that something was amiss with him; yet only a few hours back he had never known what it was to suffer illness.

But now the blow had come, and come, too, without the least warning. Only yesterday—it seemed an age since then—he had awakened, feeling as well as one not half his years. And then strange things happened all around him, and a thick veil hid the sunlight from his eyes.

When consciousness returned, the old man was still in bed. Beside him, gazing with anxious and tearstained face, sat his daughter.

He tried to move. A cold horror came upon him—all strength had left his limbs. Strive as he would, he could not move a limb. He would have cried aloud, but the cruel illness that had stricken him had also taken his voice.

A tap came at the door, and the doctor entered.

"Hopeless!" he heard him murmur. "He will never regain his voice."

It was eight o'clock on the second evening. Dusk had begun to fall. The light from the lamp fell on the face of the old man. His eyes were closed, and he was evidently asleep.

Suddenly a loud crash resounded through the room. The helpless man awoke.

Aghast with horror, he saw the lamp lying overturned and ablaze upon the floor. He tried to shout for help, to scream; but all in vain.

By now the scorching flames had seized upon the curtains. Soon all would be over. Powerless to move or stir to save himself, he could see the fire licking up the spilt oil, and creeping slowly nearer to his bed.

A sudden commotion arose in the shop below. A gleam of hope came to the helpless old man. He listened intently. The half-shrieked words of "Fire!" mingled with a cry of horror from his daughter reached his ears. Help was at hand.

Footsteps bounded up the stairs, excited hands threw open the door, and he saw his son-in-law rush into the room.

One glance at the horror-marked face of the old man told him that he had not come too late. Seizing the water-jug, he threw the contents upon the curtains, then, stamping furiously, succeeded in stifling the flames.

And, now the danger was past, he turned to the white-faced man.

"Thank goodness, you are safe!" he gasped.

The old man smiled. Now the terrible danger was past, he felt that something had changed within him.

"You only just came in time," he answered, in words so clear that all could understand.

The shock had restored to him his voice.

Such is the romance of Thomas Herring, who lives in Kingsland Road, Hackney. Since his terrible experience, his power of speech has completely returned.

Digitized by Google

FROM FRESHER TO BLUE

Photo W. A. Rouch.

Cambridge out for a spin.

The Life of a University Oarsman from the Time He Enters his College until the Finish of the Great Race between the Rival Universities.

By A. S. M. Hutchinson.

After all, there is no Blue which carries quite the same amount of distinction as the rowing Blue. A man who rows for his university is for the time being a public hero, and the honour stays with him all his life. In any mention of his achievements and titles, earned in later years, the great fact of his being a rowing Blue is never omitted—it is one of the most important. Thousands of people know nothing of and care less for cricket, football, or athletic Blues, but who will not turn again to see "So-and-so—he was in the Oxford boat this year"?

And as it is the most notable, so it is the hardest earned; no other kind of Blue goes through a course of training so long, so vigorous, and so systematic, as does the rowing Blue, and no athletic training has for the outsider quite the same interest.

Let us start from the beginning, and follow the life of a rowing man from the day when he comes up to the 'Varsity, keen and chock full of hope and ambition, to the moment when he is panting over the loom of his oar immediately after the winning-post at Mortlake is passed.

Our oarsman comes up, then, we'll say, to Cambridge, in October, and hardly has he had time to look round when he receives a visit from an energetic young gentleman, notebook in hand, and very smooth and persuasive of tongue (not so later on!), who is engaged in inveigling into the boat-club all the Freshers he can get hold of. He is the captain of the college boat-club, and, in this particular instance, of course, finds no difficulty in securing his man. He notes with satisfaction that he is long in the arms, deep in the chest, big, and keen withal, puts him down for "tubbing" on the morrow, and departs well satisfied.

"Tubbing" is simply rowing-practice in a small boat, with a coach sitting in the stern and saying hard things to you. His first acquaintance with it our Fresher makes on the following afternoon when, having donned his flannels, he proceeds to the river, is placed into a pair-oar with another Fresher, and puts forth under the watchful eye of some tried oarsman.

Every day this performance is repeated; the half-hearted and weedy men begin to shirk after a time, and the boat captain promptly drops them; the keen but quite hopeless he marks down also, his trained eye unerringly picking out those showing promise and form worth cultivating, however small.

So, at the end of a few weeks, having got out a list of his rough (very, very rough) diamonds, our friend prominent amongst them, the boat captain, with the aid of the secretary, sizes up their respective abilities and suitable positions in a boat, and announces, much to their delight, that he will now try them in an eight.

Our Freshman's first eight has fixed seats, and he gets in light-heartedly with seven others of his year, who splash along with fine vigour, what time their boat captain informs them in no over-gentle tones that they are the worst lot of cooks he ever set eyes on.

And now the end of the term is coming along, and the Fresher's trials are at hand. The number of boats entered by each college in these trials depends on its size. Some colleges can muster four, or even five; some have immense difficulty in raising two only.

Anyway, our young oarsman gets a place.

Copyright, 1905, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google

In common with the others he subscribes two shillings, which go towards purchasing "pots" for the winning crew, and we will suppose that his eight *is* the winning crew, and so that he gets his first pot, much to his glee, for he is dead keen, this young man, and means to make it the nucleus of a brave collection.

The next step on his journey is the Lent races. He comes up again early in January, and starts training for them immediately. And now a further weeding out has taken place; many of the men who rowed with him in the Fresher Trials he parts company with, and is placed instead in a boat in which are some second and third year men. A good deal of chopping and changing takes place, but our man keeps his seat steadily; his college first Lent boat is made up, and he is in it.

Photo W. A. Rouch.

Waiting to man the boat.

Tubbing, tubbing, tubbing, eight practice, and lots of it, and at last the Lent races come off.

These are "bump" races—far greater sport, regarded as mere fun, than any side by side racing can ever give.

Each college puts in at least one eight, and the boats start 175 ft. apart. Bang! goes the pistol, and off they all go, hammer and tongs, each striving to "bump" the boat immediately in front of it.

The races extend over nearly a week, and every time one boat bumps another, it starts ahead of it on the following night.

But the great races of Cambridge are the Mays (so-called because they are rowed in June)—and they are the most important. The Fresher who gets into his college first May boat has a chance—a distinct chance, be it never so small—of getting into the trial University eights.

Immediately after the Lent races, then, training for the Mays commences. Our friend's college puts out two trial boats for these, and in one of them he gets his place.

Up till now he has rowed on fixed seats only. With the May trials he makes his first acquaintance with sliding-seats; and, after the first awkwardness has worn off, blesses the man who invented them, so much do they add to an oarsman's physical comfort.

Well, he gets into his May boat, eschews all the gaieties of the brilliant May week, rows like a Trojan—and like a skilled Trojan at that—and goes down for the Long Vacation a marked man.

With the commencement of his second year, the boat captains of each college send in to the president of the University Rowing Club the names of men whom they consider worthy of a place in the University Trial Eights. A solemn meeting is held, and the president duly selects sixteen men for the two boats in these all-important trials.

And now our oarsman, being picked, is right in the straight road for his Blue; there are at least eight others than whom he must prove himself better during the next few weeks, and then——!

One boat is taken in hand by the president, the other by the secretary, and the men are trained hard. No Blue rows in either of these boats unless he is held to be a rather weak man, who wants watching. Both crews receive

Google

the best coaching; ten days are spent at Ely, and then comes the race over what is known as the Adelaide course. This is decidedly shorter than the Putney to Mortlake course, the average time taken over it being about eighteen and a half minutes, whereas the average for the Boat-race works out at something like twenty-two minutes.

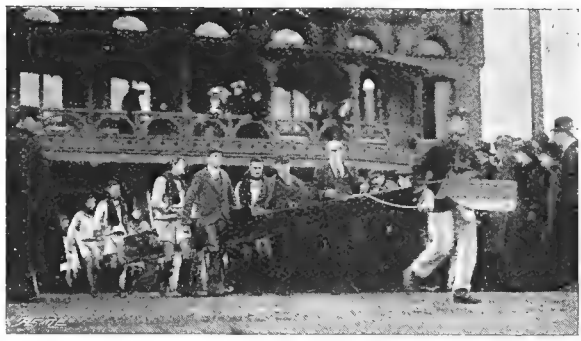


Photo W. A. Rouch.

Bringing out the Oxford boat

At the commencement of the Lent term there is held a very solemn meeting of the important Blues, and out of the sixteen men who rowed in the Trial Eights, and the old Blues in residence, twelve are selected for trial in the University boat. Invariably four of these twelve are certainties; for the other eight it remains to prove which are the best four among them.

These are found by a process of exclusion. A, who is rowing wretchedly weak at 6 one day, gives place to B on the next. And B is worse, so A is tried again, still to be found wanting, which brings C in. C pulls his blade right through, uses his legs, and generally rows like a good 'un, and there you are! And so on with the remainder, till at length the boat is to all intents and purposes fixed.

About a month is spent on the waters of the Cam, and then a move is made to Ely for three weeks' of real, hard, slogging work. No going up by train either! Ely is twenty miles away, and every inch of it is done in the boat. The work got through there is really the hardest of the whole course of training. Superfluous flesh is sweated off, and the men put into that condition which every following day on the Thames should develop into muscle and weight in the right places.

Now follows a week—a most enjoyable week—up Thames as the guest of some notable and wealthy old rowing man. The Cambridge crew have for many years past been entertained by either Colonel Ricardo or Mr. Moss at Bourne End or Henley.

The work done here is very hard, but the life is far from being Spartan. Men are not starved when in training nowadays; on the contrary, they are fed, and fed well. A gay house-party is made up by the invitation of several ladies; dancing, bridge, billiards, and so forth, are freely indulged in, and altogether this week is invariably looked back upon with pleasurable regret.

No other dress is worn by the crew than "flannels"—flannels being not, however, an

Photo W. A. Rouch.

Cambridge after a strong paddle.

Google

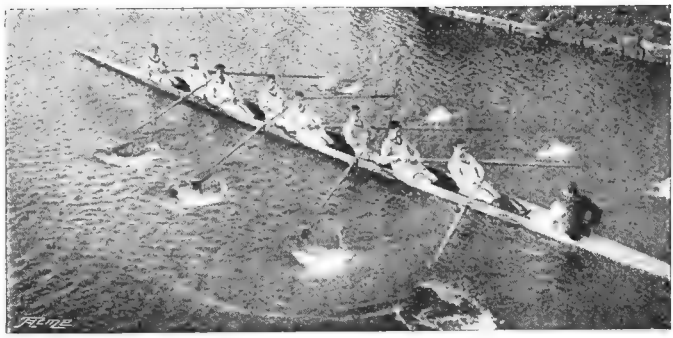


Photo F. G. Calcott.

Oxford crew, from Cookham Bridge. The end of a stroke.

exactly appropriate word, as the trousers worn are made of identically the same material as thick, coarse blankets—very rough and very uncomfortable at first, but an eminently necessary protection against the winter cold.

Dinner-tables, as a rule, are brightened only by the dresses of the ladies present; but with a 'Varsity crew up-river, the men also lend their share—their dinner-dress being white flannel trousers, white flannel waistcoat edged with blue, blue tie, and blue blazer; which things, by the way, are "infernally expensive."

Here is a day's time-table at Bourne End:

Turn out, seven o'clock.

Sharp walk in flannels.

Bath and dress.

Next comes breakfast — a big breakfast, for the day's work requires a solid foundation, and gets it. Here is the menu: Porridge, fish, chops, steaks, toast (not bread), tea (not coffee), butter, and marmalade. You start at one end and eat steadily through to the other.

Breakfast is followed by a slack hour, and then the crews go out in pair-oars and are coached from the bank. The pairs are usually made up as follows: Stroke and seven, six and five, four and three, two and bow.

After "pairs," tubbing for those who require it, and then the eight is got out and coached from a launch for thirty or forty minutes.

Lunch. Menu: Cold meat, beer, claret, toast, and marmalade.

After lunch, tubbing for those not put through the process in the morning, though any that require it twice get it again, and "get it hot." Then a further spin in the eight, and rowing is over for the day.

Tea suffers by comparison with the liberality of the other meals; one cup of tea and one biscuit being all that is allowed.

Bridge, billiards, reading, or anything you like, and then dinner.

Dinner is a gay meal and a good. Soup, fish, *entrée*, joint, stewed fruit, claret and port.

An hour's "slack," and to bed at ten sharp.

And so the time goes on. The men are weighed carefully every day, and so soon as a man shows the least signs of staleness, of being off his feed, he is given champagne with his dinner, and his work cut down until he picks up again.

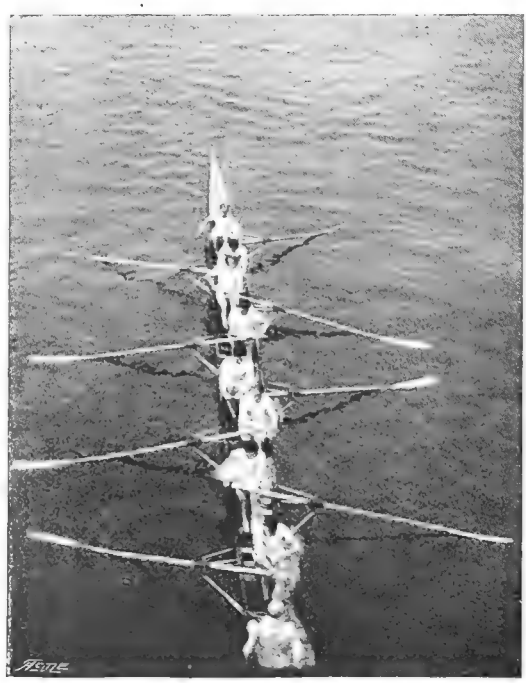


Photo F. G. Calcott.

The Cambridge crew preparing to start.

And now to Putney — the serious work is over; Putney for polish and knowledge of the stream.

Here a furnished house is hired (always on the hill, as men after rowing a full course know to their cost), and the day's work, save that it is less arduous, differs not enough from that at Bourne End to require detailment. At Putney, of course, two or three full courses are

Digitized by Google

rowed, and on these days each man gets (and deserves) a pint of champagne at night. On Sundays half an hour longer in bed is allowed, whilst the afternoon is devoted to a long walk, almost invariably to Richmond and back.

And now, at last, the great day arrives. The race is always fixed as near to midday as the tides will admit; let us suppose that on this occasion one o'clock is the hour arranged.

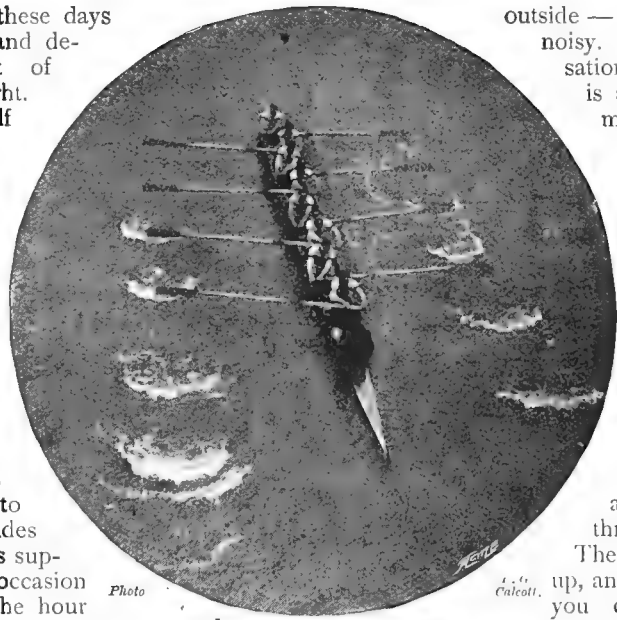


Photo *F. G. Calcott.*

The Oxford crew in full swing.

The crew get down to their boathouse at about eleven, see the crowd, see their boat, see the water, a deadly, awful "funk" sets in, and each man, ready to row for his life the day before, feels thin at the knees, weak and helpless.

However, they change somehow, and at about half-past eleven get into their boat and out into the stream. Here for perhaps a quarter of an hour they get the feel of things, ascertain that their stretchers are all right, and so forth. Then comes a final practice-start from a skiff, and then a burst of rowing for one minute—*hard*.

In they come again and muffle up, and there is an hour—a whole, long, interminable hour—to wait!

It is, perhaps, the worst part of the whole ordeal. "Funk" isn't the word for it—it is sheer terror; your nerves all on edge, and everything jarring on them. There is a huge crowd outside — big, black, and noisy. Scraps of conversation float up, and it is always the wrong man you hear.

"What, Cambridge! *Cambridge!* Why they're not in it." . . "If you'd seen 'em yesterday you'd ha' thought they'd never been in a boat afore." . . . "Look here, I'll lay you three to one against them, three——"

Then old Blues come up, and, trying to make you cheerful, succeed, instead, in reducing your misery to yet lower depths: "Well, old man, how do you feel? Nervous, eh? My dear chap, it's nothing to what you'll feel when you get out; I remember I could hardly hold my oar my year."

One of the crew steps out on to the verandah and a great yell goes up; he jumps back and apologises, and someone else makes a joke, oh, so feeble! and everybody laughs, silly, tittering, maddening laughter; and then at last a voice: "Well, come on you chaps!"

Photo *F. G. Calcott.*

A trial between Cambridge and a scratch crew at Putney.

Digitized by Google

But let us follow the thoughts of our one-time Fresher.

Oxford lost last year, so go out first this. He watches them miserably, then turns, gets his oar, and steps forth with his mates. Some men—policemen probably—clear a way, and he walks down a lane hedged by white, peering faces which call out his name and frighten him worse than ever.

Gingerly he steps into his seat, takes his oar, settles down, and feels, concurrently, his nervousness lifted from him. The day seems to brighten up, this is his oar, his oar with the loom all rough, and he is fit—fit—fit! This is going to be a great race!

They paddle up to the starting boats, he peels off his sweater and scarf, takes a look round, then gets his eyes in the boat, and swings forward over his oar.

The roar of the crowd drops and dies away to a silence that can almost be felt, then comes the starter's voice:

"I shall say, 'are you ready?' once, and if I don't get an answer will fire the pistol."

"Are you ready?"

"Bang!"

He slogs in his oar and feels the boat leap under the stroke, again and again and again; the pace is terrific, and faster than anything he has ever done before in his life. It gets him all up the throat and head, and his thoughts fall into line with his strokes: "One—thing—is—cer—tain—I—can't—stick—out—two—min—utes—of—this." And just when he feels—two minutes after the start—at absolutely breaking point, there comes a roar from his cox, which finishes the matter:

"Now, then, ten thick'uns! One—two—three—four——"

Stroke quickens up to an appalling speed, and our Fresher's thoughts go, quicker than ever this time: "Oh—goo'—Heav—ens—what—on—earth's—that—chap—do—ing?"

But he has been at it nearly five minutes now, and all that long training comes back to his assistance; the pain leaves his head, and he swings mechanically, perfectly, and allows his eyes to leave the boat. Good Heavens! the other boat is not in sight, squint as he may. Is he beaten already? Ah, there goes the cox again: "Now, then, ten thick 'uns! One—two—three——"

He puts into it every ounce he knows how. Ahead he hears another voice calling the same order; then bow sings out, "Up!" and someone else calls "Up!" That means that they are up to the stern of the other boat, and presently he himself sees the thin canvas line slowly getting further down from him.

It is a ding-dong struggle now, neck and neck, with both coxes shouting for those awful "ten thick'uns," which take the heart right out of you.

Ah, there's Harrod's, then Hammersmith Bridge, and his boat is ahead! "Not—ve—ry—much—more—if—I—can—on—ly—stick—it—a—bit—long—er. Oh—I—can—not—I—can—not—go—on—but—I—must—the—strain—is aw—ful."

The cheering that has swept up the river with him on either side is suddenly eclipsed by the tremendous roar immediately behind; for an instant it ceases, then breaks out anew—they have shot Barnes Bridge, and it is nearly over—"near—ly—o—ver—near—ly—o—ver."

Mortlake at last! His boat has won.

Photo *W. A. Rouch.*
Cambridge carrying up their boat.

Google

Being the Fourteenth Article in "The World Through Other Eyes" Series.

By Joseph A. Redman.

At the outset we are greeted with the query: Have children a peculiar point of view? We answer: Undoubtedly. The child's point of view, in a nutshell, is that of Gulliver in Brobdingnag; with this difference, that Gulliver, having clear recollections of his existence amongst normal human beings, was able to appreciate a strangeness in the abnormal conditions of the giants' country. The child is born there, so to speak, and having no other experience to go upon, finds nothing unusual or singular in his surroundings.

Certain it is that we all lived in Brobdingnag once. Who has not experienced the shock of surprise—often of disappointment—at finding, when he revisits, after long absence, the scenes of his childhood, how exaggerated have been his notions of size and space. He looks at the paddock at the end of the avenue, and wonders however he came to think of it, in his day-dreams, as a wide expanse of meadow land—a prairie almost; he takes a walk, and marvels to find the broad turnpike to the big woods shrunk to a rough and narrow country lane that brings him to a copse.

Impossible, therefore, to put oneself *exactly* in the child's place. But it is not a little fascinating to put oneself in the child's place while retaining full possession of one's "grown-up" faculties—to learn, that is, in the light of mature intelligence, what is the child's unconscious point of view. Thus we shall discover how extraordinary things *would* appear to a child if he were *not* a child.

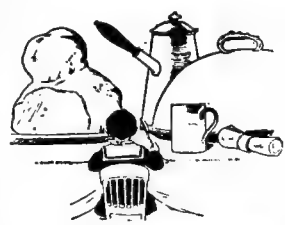
Imagine my sensations during the morning bath!

The tub seems a very small thing to you, good reader, as you squat inside, and splash the water liberally over the floor. But to me it is as deep and roomy as would be the cistern at the top of the house were you in the habit of making your matutinal ablutions in the attic. To me the bath is a very formidable affair, which must be climbed into carefully, and is not to be vacated with the single step which is all you find necessary.

You wonder why I try sometimes to shirk my bath. But if you could realise what it means to be a captive in a watery prison until the strong arms of your warder—that is, your nurse—lift you out, you would be more sympathetic.

Then breakfast—what a time of surprises that is! The table is so high, standing on its great pillars, that I cannot see what lies on its flat top. Every now and then Mary comes in with plates, or knives, or dishes with big shining covers on them and puts them down. The table-top becomes invested with a delightful mystery, which is all to be revealed when nurse is ready to begin.

At last I am lifted up on to my chair. It seems a long way from the ground, and I feel sometimes rather afraid of falling off. But the great big table-top is all before me, and there are lots of funny things on it. Only they are all such a long way off, and when I try to reach any of them I am told I mustn't fidget. All the plates and spoons seem so big, and when I have not got my own, but have to use the grown-up ones, they are so clumsy and awkward to handle that it isn't my fault if I spill things on my bib.


How the breakfast things appear to me.

Grown-up people seem to eat such *large* bits all at once, and they always eat what they like. They don't have to eat first what they are told to, and

Copyright, 1905, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Google

when they want more of anything they simply take it, and nobody says a word to them. That seems to me like taking an unfair advantage.

When I'm dressed for a walk and go downstairs, I have to hold on very tight to the banisters. I wish I could run down quickly as the grown-up people do. But it's even worse to have to go *up*. Each stair is so high, and I have to climb them one at a time. I like best getting to the little landing where the banisters twist round, because then there are generally only two or three more before we get to the nursery. Going upstairs to me is like climbing the Great Pyramid is to a grown-up.

It's an effort to climb upstairs.

I like going out for a walk, because there is always such a lot to see, and every time I am sure to have something quite new shown to me, or see a man or a horse doing something I have never seen either do before. The people next door have a big St. Bernard dog which comes up every morning when I go out. I used to be afraid of it at first; it was so big, and nearly pushed me over when I stroked it.

How the dog next door looks to me.

It seemed so strong, and so *firm* that I felt I couldn't do anything if it wanted to hurt me, and I was afraid. Soon I found it was so gentle and was never rough when I tried to play with it, and I don't feel in the least frightened now. Besides, it's got such a nice, kind face.

When we want to cross the street, nurse takes me by the hand, and tells me I must look out carefully. There always seem to be a lot of horses and carts going each way, and often I wonder however the men manage to drive about without running into each other. I always feel frightened when we cross the street where the shops are. The pavement on the other side seems such a long way across, and when there's nothing coming one way and you start to run over, by the time you've got halfway there's something coming along in the opposite direction.

Sometimes, when nurse smiles at him, the policeman comes and helps us across. I like that (and I think nurse and the policeman like it too), because then everything stops until we've got safely across. I like policemen; they are all very tall and big, and their faces seem to be a long way up in the air when they look down at me, but they are generally very kind.

Posting letters is great fun. The letter-box is like the table-top at breakfast—one is always wondering what it contains. It seems such a queer sort of thing—like a fat red lamp-post, only not so high—with a big wide mouth to drop the letters through when nurse lifts me up.

And the lamp-post is very funny too. I wonder why it is made so very tall, beause it would be much easier for a lamplighter if he didn't have to carry that long pole with the brass bit at the end in order to turn the tap.

The time I like best in the day is when I go down to the dining-room, just before nurse takes me off to bed, to see father and mother. The dining-room seems very large and wide then, much larger and wider than it does in the daytime; and father, when I get on his knee, seems bigger than even the policeman. I suppose that's because there's such a lot of his shirt-front showing. And the table looks very, very long, and there seems to be such a lot of things on it — much more than father and mother can possibly use between them.

And sometimes father carries me upstairs on his shoulder. That seems very high up indeed, and I almost touch the ceiling. If it wasn't father I think I should be afraid, because he feels so hard, and firm, and strong, like the St. Bernard next door before I got used to it.

And when I'm in bed, and mother comes in to kiss me good-night, her face looks large and round as she bends over me. It makes me feel quite small and tiny when strange people try to kiss me in bed; it almost makes me scream. It's like one of those nightmares when you think something BIG is coming right down on top of you.

The sight of a stranger frightens me.

* * * *

It is no easy task, good reader, however

Digitized by Google

careful may have been your study of the childish mind, to set down childish impressions of things which to us are everyday occurrences, but to the child are often new and strange. Especially difficult is it to set forth the child's point of view in the phraseology of the "grown-up." The two things are incompatible—they don't dovetail.

In the present short article some attempt has been made to *suggest* the curiosities of the childish standpoint. The reader must supplement the suggestions by explorations into his own recollections of the days of infancy.

This is only an ordinary pillar-box, but to the child gazing at it everything else seems quite dwarfed by comparison.

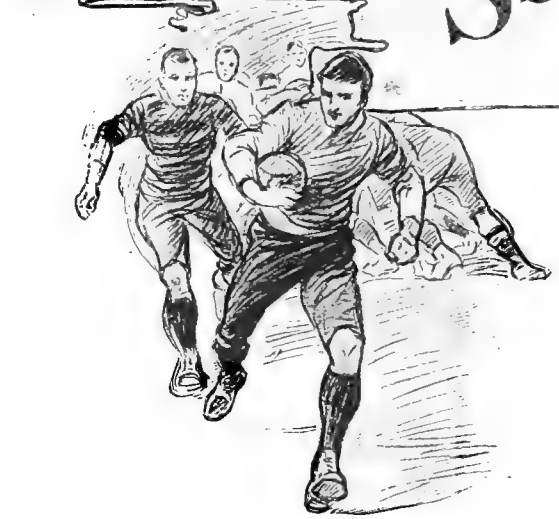
To the child's eyes a policeman appears to be a real giant—his cape a huge umbrella.

It is an amusing pastime to imagine how the commonplaces of our present existence would strike us were we—like Mr. Bultitude, in that delightful romance, *Vice Versâ*—to step back for the nonce into the nursery, and live over again those happy days of childhood which we unfortunately do not appreciate until they have gone.

It is an easy way, at all events, of retaining our fast-failing youth.

Google

For St. Bridget's



How a Father was Induced to Change his Mind.

By F. L. Morgan.

I.

THE ULTIMATUM.

"Good-bye, Morton! Good-bye, Lockwood—good luck! Remember, you're both going to play for us at Easter—good-bye! Morton, don't forget your tackling—so long!"

The waving caps and cheery shouts faded away as the London train steamed out of Dubirton Station, bearing Dick Morton and Jimmy Lockwood, of the Sixth, away from St. Bridget's—for good. Dick Morton shied his cap on the rack opposite, settled himself in his corner, and sighed regretfully.

"Glad our people both hang out in town."

Lockwood nodded.

"And I know of a first-rate footer club," he said. "We'll join."

"Rather," replied Dick; "we must be in form to play for the school at Easter."

"I shouldn't have minded another term at the old place," remarked Lockwood, staring out of the carriage window; "should you?"

"No," replied Dick thoughtfully. "I'm going into the office, you know."

"I know. And it's the governor's bally bank for me."

Dick laughed, for "it was his nature to."

"It'll be all right," he said. "I don't mind office if I have footer; and the pater's keen on it—office I mean—not footer."

* * * * * *

The offices of Morton & Morton, shipowners, were tall and grey, and the senior partner's private residence was tall and grey, at the end of a long street, in a respectable, grey suburb. The senior partner, John Morton, was tall, grey, and methodical, and had high hopes of seeing his son grow into a business-like replica of himself. A day or two after Dick's home-coming there had been a few words on the subject of football—a brutal and senseless amusement as viewed by Mr. Morton; but he thought that he had nipped the idea in the bud, and given the boy some sense of his manhood and consequent responsibility.

After a fortnight of methodical, grey monotony, however, Dick Morton came down to breakfast, resolved to broach once more the subject uppermost in his mind. He stood at the breakfast-room window, staring at the small square of dingy lawn, where a few drab sparrows meditatively returned his scrutiny, speculating on the possibility of crumbs.

With strong feelings of "school sickness" gnawing at his heart, Dick turned as his mother and father entered the room. Oh, for the healthful atmosphere of St. Bridget's! The house-run before brekker—the sprint along the paveless roads—the smell of the damp, yielding fields—the glorious energy of footer—the heartfelt yells of enthusiasm!

Dick clenched his teeth, and drew his chair up to the table with something like a smart under his eyelids, so keen for the moment was the longing for his old school.

Mr. Morton took up the daily paper and scanned the money-market and the shipping

Copyright, 1905, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google

intelligence, reading extracts to his wife and son; and eating toast and marmalade varied by occasional sips of coffee. Mrs. Morton, a small, delicate woman of the "white mouse" type, busied herself with her letters and a boiled egg. Presently Dick spoke.

"Pater," he commenced; "I want to join that footer club I was talking to you about the other day."

His father frowned, and laid down the paper.

"I thought we closed that subject," he said. "I told you, every time you came home from St. Bridget's, that your schooldays would be the easiest of your life. You are turned eighteen now, and it is time you learnt to work—as I had to."

"I know," answered Dick without temper; "but a fellow must have some recreation."

"Certainly—after business hours."

There was a short silence. Mr. Morton, looking impatient and annoyed, passed his cup to be refilled, as his wife, whose glances of support and sympathy had been equally divided between husband and son, suggested gently:

"Of course, dear, you must have amusement; but football is such a *dangerous* game."

No answer was vouchsafed to this remark, save for a twinkle in Dick's eye, and a monotonous tapping of Dick's teaspoon against his plate.

"Don't do that!" said Mr. Morton irritably.

Dick ceased tapping, and commenced to whistle "Sammy" under his breath, conscious of the fact that his behaviour resembled that of a naughty schoolboy. His father looked at him for a moment in silence. Then he said deliberately:

"Look here, young man, if you think that, because you have a rich father, you are going to spend your life playing fools' games, you make a very great mistake. I expect you to give up school ways and games now, and to show some interest in the business. You must come down to a level some day—why not now?"

"You don't understand, sir," said Dick hotly; "footer is not only for kids and fools. And as for the business, I'm quite willing to work—you know that. My head is always clearer after footer—and it would only mean Saturday afternoons off, and an extra 'half' now and then, perhaps. I don't call that much to ask, do you, mater?"

"Say no more about it, boy," put in Mr. Morton hastily, seeing that his wife looked inclined to side with her son; "forget football, and make a man of yourself. Games are all very well for children and loungers; but they are no good to a man of brains and business, such as I am—and such as I want you to be."

Dick pushed back his chair, and left the room with an impatient sigh. The office work was not particularly interesting; but he felt some pride in the long-established firm, and he knew that as time wore on, and his understanding grew in the business, the work would become more congenial to him, and he should be content.

It was not convenient for the Mortons, father and son, to go home in the middle of the day to the grey suburb for lunch; and as Jimmy Lockwood also lunched out, he and Dick Morton were in the habit of meeting at a restaurant in the City. On this particular day, Dick confided to his chum the football sentiments of Morton senior. Lockwood was dumfounded. The youngest son of a large family of sporting bankers, with healthy bodies and open minds, the concentrated principles of Dick's parent came as a revelation to him.

"Jove!" he said.

"I shall bust," continued Dick, after giving a generous order for roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, Brussels sprouts, and potatoes, for two, "if I don't have more exercise. I believe I've put on half a stone already—and I know I'm getting as soft as jelly."

Jimmy Lockwood surveyed Dick's healthy countenance in consternation.

"But we've promised to play for the School against Ardington at Easter."

"I know!" And the two fellows dwelt for one miserable moment on the thought of Ardington College romping over the old school, because Morton—St. Bridget's idol on the field, and the best back ever known to the School—would be as soft as jelly!

During this and many other lunch-times the two discussed ways and means of altering the sporting views of Morton senior. This last, however, remaining obdurate, Lockwood finally convinced his chum that, for the sake of St. Bridget's, strategy must be resorted to.

II.

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

A week later Mr. and Mrs. Morton sat in their dining-room in an atmosphere of unwonted disturbance.

"This is the fourth time this week," the lady was saying, "that Dick has been late at

Digitized by Google

the office. It is too much for a boy of his age."

"My dear, how often am I tell you that it is not at my instigation?" replied her husband, throwing an unfinished cigar into the fire. "I would much prefer Dick to leave work at the same time as the others, and to come home at the proper time. But he has so thrown himself into the business, and shows such a keen interest in all concerning it, that——"

"That he is over-working himself, and ruining his health!" interrupted Mrs. Morton with asperity—all her motherly feelings aroused.

"Well, I, too, am afraid that he will overdo it, if he goes on like this," admitted the shipowner; "but I don't like to check his enthusiasm. It is what I wanted and——"

"Yes, but not at the expense of his health. The dear boy is losing all his merry ways—and, John, his appetite has decreased so alarmingly that I really think you *ought* to put a stop to those long hours of work, and *insist* on rest and recreation for him."

"Well, my dear, I have told you that I do not wish him to—but, hark!—here comes the boy."

Dick entered the room, and threw himself on the old-fashioned couch, with all the appearance of extreme fatigue.

"I have had some dinner kept hot for you, Dick, dear," said Mrs. Morton, noticing her son's jaded looks with deep concern.

"Thanks, mater, but I shan't want any," came from the limp figure on the couch; "I've been doing some of the monthly accounts. Over half are ticked off, and I've brought the rest home. I shall finish them to-night."

"Nonsense, boy!" said the senior partner; "there is no need for that. Your Uncle Richard and Martin want you to go round for a game of billiards this evening."

Dick's drooping eyelids quivered, but he said at once:

"Impossible, pater. I must get on with those accounts. Perhaps you'll join me in the library presently; there are one or two things I don't quite understand."

Thus speaking, Dick rose wearily to his feet and left the dining-room.

He had refused to eat any dinner, and had declined an invitation to play billiards with Uncle Richard and Cousin Martin—an unparalleled state of affairs in Dick's hitherto healthy existence!

Mrs. Morton, almost in tears, hurried after her son; and the shipowner, with unconscious extravagance, threw into the fire another half-smoked cigar.

The next day was Sunday. Jimmy Lockwood, seeking Dick, and carrying a small and innocent-looking parcel, came upon Morton senior in the front garden.

"Good-morning, sir," he said with diffidence; "I've come to see if Dick is game for a walk."

"Come in, my lad," returned the shipowner sombrely; "Dick isn't very well this morning."

"Not well!" ejaculated Jimmy with a suppressed chuckle; "why, what's the matter with him?"

"I don't know, but I'm afraid he's been a little over-worked. The boy has never been ill before, and his mother is very anxious. But there, go up and see him, my lad; perhaps you'll do him good."

Lockwood tip-toed up to his chum's room, and after knocking at the door, entered. There was a broad grin on his face, and the light of admiration shone in his eyes.

"Jove, Dick!" he exclaimed; "you *are* going it A1."

The inert figure under the bedclothes, hearing this remark, sat up suddenly, and surveyed Lockwood with hungry eyes.

"Shut the door, Jimmy. Got anything eatable on you? Don't stand there grinning, you ass; I'm too bad to get up, and I've had no breakfast. I'm *starving*."

Shaking with laughter, Jimmy displayed a cough lozenge between his finger and thumb.

"Don't act the fool," said the hungry Dick, "or I'll get out and throttle you. Didn't you bring anything to eat? I asked you to."

"Yes, old feller, here's some grub. Tuck in, and tell me how things are progressing," replied Jimmy, producing a German sausage and half a loaf of bread from the innocent-looking parcel.

There was a short silence, broken only by Dick's strong young teeth. At length he lay back on his pillows with a sigh of content.

"Can't keep it up much longer," he said; "this irregular feeding upsets me; and I'm sick of running round our six-foot-square garden, in the middle of the night, for exercise.

"Think of St. Bridget's," exhorted Jimmy, brushing the crumbs from Dick's bed on to the floor.

"Well, haven't I thought of it?"

"Rather, old man. How does it work? Any signs of victory?"

"I don't know," replied Dick slowly.

Digitized by Google

"Sometimes I think—but anyhow, if this doesn't do it, we must find some other way. I don't like bothering the mater."

"Does she think you're passing away?" asked Jimmy, with an ecstatic gurgle.

Dick grinned and pointed to the door.

"Git!" he said; "I'm too ill to stand much conversation—especially your yap! If you see anyone, tell them I'll have a little milk pudding for dinner; and, oh, Jimmy, you might leave the rest of that sausage!"

Lockwood went downstairs, his face pink with suppressed amusement. Once more he encountered Mr. Morton, still in the garden.

"Well, young fellow, how did you find Dick?"

"He—he's queer, sir—very queer," returned Jimmy, gazing at the chimney-pots opposite.

"Yes, I feared so. We must alter things as soon as he is better. No more late nights at the office. More amusement."

"I—I think he wants a little more exercise," suggested Jimmy.

"Yes, my lad, I think you're right. He was speaking of a football club some time ago. Perhaps, if he hasn't changed his mind, he would like to join that, when he is well enough."

"Do you—do you really mean that, sir—about the footer club?" asked Lockwood, keeping back his excitement with difficulty.

"Mean it, boy? Of course I mean it. If it's exercise he needs, exercise he shall have. And he must take an hour off now and then for rest. We mustn't expect to find old heads on young shoulders; and I can't have the boy knocked up."

"I think I'll go and tell him; it—it might do him good," spluttered Jimmy, bolting back into the house, and up the stairs.

III.

VICTORY.

The next day, Mr. John Morton, the senior partner, left the office at one o'clock for lunch, and returned precisely at half-past two. He glanced round, then asked:

"Hasn't Mr. Dick come back from lunch yet?"

"No, sir," replied the head clerk; "he said he shouldn't return until three o'clock."

"The boy ought not to have come to business to-day; he couldn't be feeling well after having been so bad yesterday," reflected Mr. Morton. Aloud he said:

"Did he leave word where he was going?"

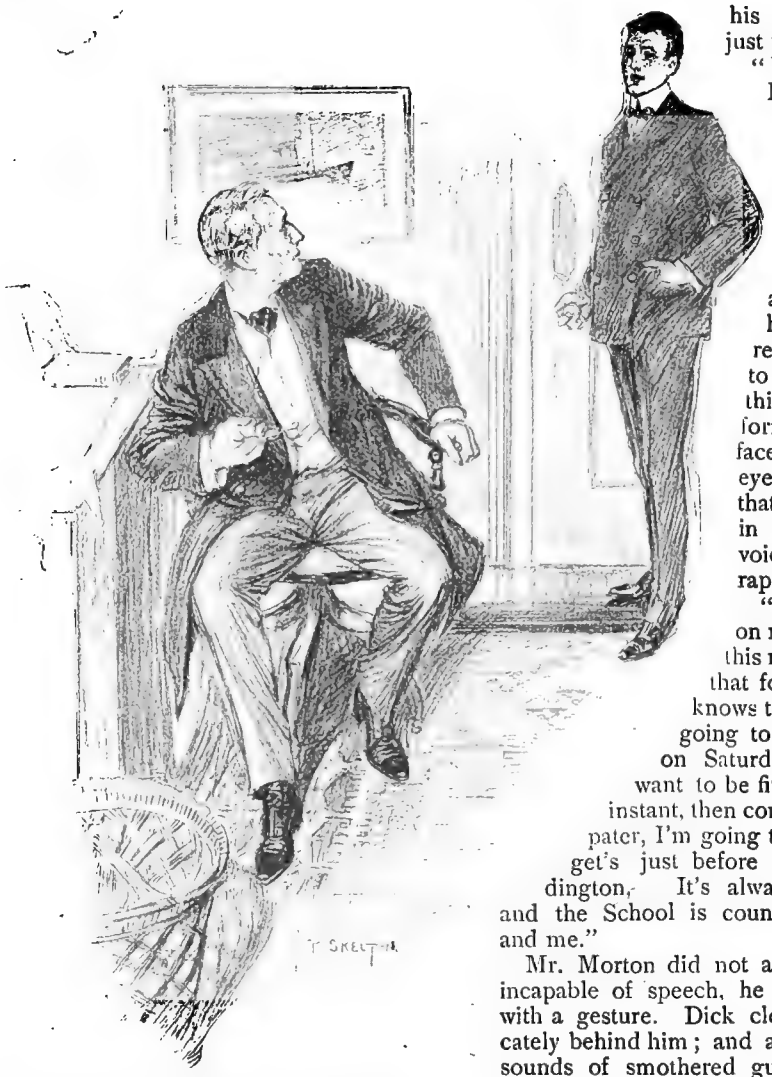
"No, sir; but young Mr. Lockwood called here for him."

The senior partner glanced sharply at the clerk; then, with a thoughtful expression on his face, he walked into his private room, leaving the door open so that he could see all that went on in the outer office.

As the clock struck three, Dick strode in. With bright eyes, ruddy countenance, and hair inclined to dampness, he tossed his hat into the air with careful aim, and noted with satisfaction its safe arrival on

"Does she think you're passing away?" asked Jimmy.

Google



"I'm glad you're feeling so much better."

one of the pegs on the opposite wall. Then he caught his father's eye, and smiled apologetically.

Mr. Morton beckoned him into his room, and motioned him to shut the door.

"Where have you been, boy?"

"I—er—you said I was to have an hour's rest now and then, pater."

"Um. Where have you been resting?" The shipowner's voice was dry, and his eyes dwelt sternly on his son's healthy countenance.

Dick blushed rosily.

"Well, I—we—that is, Lockwood and I went for a run. My running togs were up at his place, and I had just time to change."

"I see," remarked Mr. Morton, with a slight twitching at the corners of his mouth; "I'm glad you're feeling so much better."

Dick blushed again, and squared his shoulders before replying. It seemed to the shipowner that this stalwart young form, with the flushed face, and honest blue eyes, was the sight that pleased him most in the world. Dick's voice rang clear and rapid.

"I just popped in on my way to the office this morning, and joined that footer club. Jimmy knows the sec., and they're going to try me in a match on Saturday, so of course, I want to be fit." He paused an instant, then continued: "You see, pater, I'm going to play for St. Bridget's just before Easter against Ardington. It's always a tough match, and the School is counting on Lockwood and me."

Mr. Morton did not answer. Apparently incapable of speech, he dismissed his son with a gesture. Dick closed the door delicately behind him; and as the unmistakable sounds of smothered guffaws which came from the senior partner's private room smote his ear, he returned to his desk with a cheerful heart, and a grin of absolute contentment.

* * * *

Extract from the *Dubirton Echo*:—

"The return match between Ardington College and St. Bridget's School was played yesterday, and resulted in a victory for the school by three goals to one. St. Bridget's was in good form, but particular mention must be made of Lockwood and Morton, two old boys, who have left a name in the school annals for good work in the field. The last-named, who seemed very fit, was the lift of his team, his tackling being the neatest we have seen this season."

Digitized by Google

The Confessions of Cupid

IV.—LINKED ON THE LINKS.

The God of Love Tells the Story of How Two Misunderstandings Caused the Wedding Bells to Ring.

By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James.

I had been hanging round Lengrove for nearly a fortnight without finding anything to do; so, fearing that I might be getting a little out of form, I decided to have a morning's practice with my bow and arrow.

Where should I go? Where could I find a nice clear, open space in this tree-grown rural haven?

Of *course*, the golf links! An ideal practising ground, and an ideal morning—clear, cloudless, and sunny!

With a thorough determination to spend a good industrious day, I spread out my wings, and after a brisk half hour's fly, landed my invisible self behind a high grassy ridge just on the top of a steep chalk bunker.

A first-rate situation, and the red flag marking the next hole would make a splendid target.

"Ping!—Ping!—Ping!—Ping!"

Arrow after arrow I sent whizzing through the air (ah! yes, I was getting into form again! It would be quite safe to aim at men and maidens once more, without fear of accident!) till I had sent no fewer than ten consecutive darts right into the centre of the flag.

"That's good!" I said to myself as I sat down on the dry, springy turf and dipped my barbs into the bitter-sweet poison, so that they should be ready for immediate use as soon as required.

When this job was finished, and I was just re-packing my quiver, a merry, girlish voice—a voice I knew—rose up from the hollow.

"Ah! you're not only bunkered, but *badly* bunkered!"

A good-humoured, manly laugh was the only response.

Peeping from behind a tuft of yellow-brown gorse I saw that my recognition of the voice had been right.

It was Ynette Standish, who had been staying for the last ten days at the Magpie Hotel, in company with a deaf, genial, half-pay father. . . . And her present companion?—Well, I could only see the top of his tweed cap, but as I knew the somewhat uniquely-

Copyright, 1905, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

Google

patterned check by heart, I had no doubt that Miss Standish was accompanied (according to very frequent custom) by Laurence Grey, a particularly worthy chartered accountant.

Suddenly an idea struck me—one of my impish ideas that do so much harm in this world—and I looked at Ynette again.

How really pretty she was, with her delicious copper-gleaming hair, mischievous mouth (as scarlet as the impudent quill stuck into her brown tam o' shanter!), mysterious dark eyes, and enslaving tan-clad feet revealing themselves to distraction beneath a short, smartly-cut brown serge skirt.

And, besides being irresistible, she had turned twenty-four!

Twenty-four is too old for an irresistible girl to continue without my interference, so I made up my mind to take her in hand at once.

(Why hadn't I done so before? Oh! because, for one reason, I had been having a holiday; and, for another, because I had heard whispers concerning her flirting propensities. I don't like flirts!)

"*Shall* I shoot, or shall I not?"

Again I wavered, because I must confess that the worthy accountant didn't entirely appeal to my sense of romance.

Ah! a new idea! I would shoot and leave it to chance if my arrows effected any good—or harm!

I would take aim with my eyes shut!

Always keen on fresh experiments, I lay down on my chest, leant over the edge of the grassy ridge, and then, with tightly-closed lids, sent a couple of random shots down into the bunker.

"Ping!—Ping!"

Eagerly I opened my eyes and looked over to learn the result of my careless aim, and then—oh! dark horrors of Erebus! Oh! grim laws of Pluto!—what *had* I done!

Both the bitter-sweet tipped darts had pierced the golf-players—one on the slender brown wrist of Ynette, and the other on the the throat of—of—not Laurence Grey (the blameless accountant), but of Hugo Creele, whom, with a thrill of unspeakable consternation, I had suddenly recognised from out the pictures of the past, only the day before.

Hugo Creele, that big, bronzed man who occupied the best room at the Magpie (he had evidently put on the accountant's cap by mistake) and who—oh! the tragedy of it all!

Knowing what I knew (had I not frequently seen and watched him in the old days when I was busy with a pair of self-willed sweethearts at Stanwell?), I shuddered to think how I had wrecked two lives. Oh! it was terrible! Ah! That great grey building that I remembered so well!

"Come," he murmured in the low-dropped voice of a man who has just learnt his heart, "try *my* brassie."

"Thank you," she answered softly, just for a second meeting the revelations in his eyes with the revelations in her own.

He passed her the absurd walking-stick-turned-upside-down, and in doing so, their hands touched and clung—only for a moment because of the inexorable caddie, but that moment was the beginning of their lives.

All through that morning I followed them (it was no good to fly away now that the mischief was finished), wondering if there were any way by which I could undo this terrible thing I had done, and cursing my own folly for, after having recognised Hugo Creele, not taking more stringent precautions against accidents.

Finding that there wasn't anything to be done, I became vicious and went for the caddie (I always dislike caddies because they look like clothed wingless caricatures of myself, with those ridiculous bags of clubs slung on in just the same way that I carry my quiver), but as his years were tender and only twelve, I couldn't relieve my feelings by doing *him* any harm.

Oh! dear, dear, when she learnt what I knew!—when, with her heart full of love's completeness, she discovered the hideous, impossible truth! Suppose she never found out until it was too late!

Oh, Mamma Venus, grant that it might not be so!

At last, when the eighteen holes were completed, they returned to the clubhouse, Ynette going into the tea-room to rest, while Hugo strolled round to the professional's workshop.

The tea-room was unoccupied, save for a couple of lemon-squash drinkers seated at the further end, but to my poor little victim, glad with the new, sad glamour I had cast about her, they were merely unrecognised nobodies—until, as Hugo Creele passed by the low window, the man gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Great Scott!" he cried, "there's a fellow I used to know—poor chap!"

"Really? What's his name?"

"Creele—Hugo Creele. Where do you think he was when I saw him last?"

"I don't know. In—er—prison?"

"No, worse than that." (The speaker

Digitized by Google

drained his squash.) "He was at—" (the speaker rose) "at *Stanwell Lunatic Asylum!* It was the homicidal mania that par—" (the speaker left the room, and his sentence was finished on the other side of the door.)

So my prayer had been answered! Ynette knew the terrible truth before it was too late—that terrible truth which *I* had known ever since those long-ago days when I was temporarily located at Stanwell! I shall never forget, even then, how it had filled me with pity to see this handsome, bronzed young fellow as he entered and left the gloomy asylum gates, and how when I watched him wandering round the grounds deep in thought, I used to think:

"Ah, my poor friend, you and I must keep apart! Never may my bitter-sweet poison enter *your* veins and fire you with love. Love and a lunatic must be strangers for ever and ever!"

And now, just because one man had worn another man's tweed cap, and because a careless little god had not made sufficient investigation before taking his aim, the bitter-sweet poison *had* entered his veins—*the veins of a madman!*

Oh, how my carelessness was making them suffer, poor young things! Poor young things!

"Oh, but I love him—I love him!" cried Ynette, rocking to and fro in her anguish. "I have been *nearly* loving him ever since I came here, but to-day—to-day—oh! it's *quite!*—MAD! I love a madman—a homicidal maniac! A——"

"Now, shall we be going back?"

Ah! he had returned, and was standing by the door gazing down at her with a look in his eyes that seemed so pitifully incongruous with the bygone glare of lunacy.

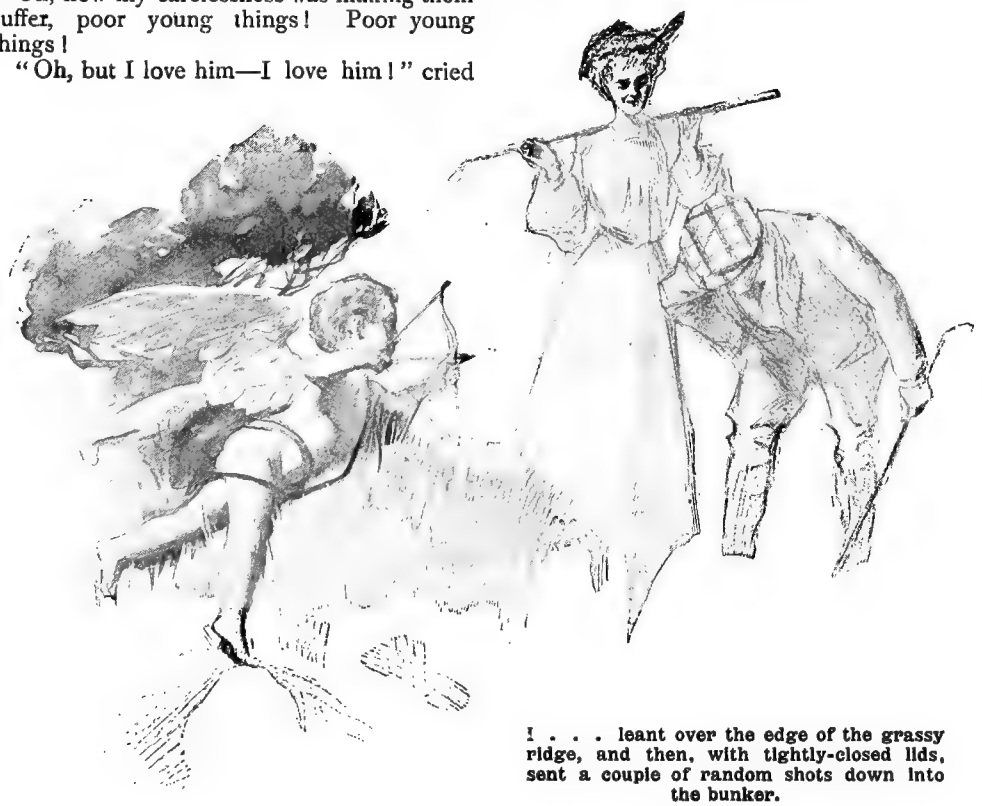
Slowly she rose, and together they passed out into the sunlight, across the fields, and back to the Magpie, with my penitent little fat self flying along in the rear. (Now that I had done this terrible harm to Ynette, I, unlike mortals of my sex, was determined to stick to her.)

Almost in silence they walked—a beautiful yet terrible silence, full of love's delirium and grief's agony—till at last they reached the rose-grown porch of the little country hotel.

Here Hugo paused a moment.

"Will you—will you—I—er—may I tell you something this afternoon?" he asked with that schoolboy hesitation which is part of the nice big man who loves.

Ynette only nodded (poor little soul! no



I . . . leant over the edge of the grassy ridge, and then, with tightly-closed lids, sent a couple of random shots down into the bunker.

Digitized by Google

amount of prudent resolves could have made her shake her head just then) and hurried up the shallow oak stairs.

All through lunch, and afterwards, I followed her about until my wings ached. It seemed that she could not rest in one spot.

From hall to garden, from garden to bedroom, from bedroom to field we wandered, till at last my pretty, bronzed-haired victim halted at the stables.

She loved animals, and for some women there is always subtle comfort in sympathy and affection that is not human.

"No confidants are safe but the beasts," someone has said somewhere, and I, being a peculiarly far-sighted little boy, am inclined to agree with someone.

"Oh! Tannie, dear, I'm *so* unhappy," whispered Ynette, leaning her soft cheek against the glossy neck of a motherly bay mare.

But before Tannie had time to show any equine commiseration, the voice of the man she loved, followed by the shrill tones of a stable-boy, became audible from the harness loft.

"Now, Robert, be brave, it's got to come to it," said Hugo Creele in still, almost stealthy, accents.

A pause—a yell of "Oh, sir, the knife! The knife!" and the stable-boy, evidently in a state of frantic terror, dashed past the door!

So, on this day of all others, Hugo's homicidal tendencies had reasserted themselves—broken out again after ten years!

As though haunted by the spectre of her own misery, Ynette rushed back to the hotel, and up into a tiny writing-room on the third floor, where, in a stupor of mute misery, she threw herself into a low basket-chair, and closed her eyes as if she would shut out the grim realities of life.

For some moments she sat so still that I (invisibly perched on the window-sill) began to get alarmed.

Had she fainted? Had she——

The door clicked, the door opened, and then, with a start of agitation Ynette rose to her feet and faced the madman. I knew that she was conscious—all too cruelly conscious—of the fact that Hugo had entered the room, closed the door behind him, and—that—(yes, there was no mistake) that from one of his jacket side-pockets flashed the "glint of steel"—as they say in novelettes, where I am so wickedly maligned!

"I—I—was just going downstairs," stammered Ynette, trying to slip behind the man she loved in order to reach the door.

"Then for my sake you will stop here for a few moments longer," he replied with a determination that would have been perfect on the part of a sane lover.

Directly she realised that she was trapped alone, and powerless with a homicidal maniac, from whose pocket shone a knife-blade, Ynette's dauntless presence of mind reasserted itself.

I could see by her quick glance towards a high, old-fashioned cupboard that happened to be built into one of the recesses, that she had formed a daring plan.

"Of course I will stay a few moments if you will satisfy my curiosity on a small matter that has been puzzling me," she answered with wonderful calmness. "Can you tell me if that insect crawling up the back of the cupboard is a centipede or a caterpillar—no, right at the back—you must step inside to see properly." . . .

"Click!"

The ruse had succeeded, and Ynette Standish had locked the man she loved in a dark cupboard.

"No, I say—let me out—let me out," he cried in amused, genial accents that grew less cordial and jocular as the seconds slipped away without any sign of release.

With one last despairing look at the improvised prison, Ynette was just about to leave the room in order to secure assistance, when there was a faltering knock at the door.

"*Come* in. Come *in*. Who is it?"

"Please m'm—it's *me*."

"Me"—alias Robert, the stable-boy, whose left hand was bandaged and held in an improvised sling—shuffled into the room.

"Please, miss, beg pardon, but—but—but—oh! 'e *ain't* 'ere, then."

"Who, Robert?"

"Mr. Creele, please, miss; or, as we calls 'im, Doctor Creele, as was going to *glance* this 'ere whitlow on my thumb for me; only when I see'd the knife, I was in tha' bloomin' funk—saving yer presence, miss—as I runned away. But 'e's a clever gent, is Doctor Creele! My mother knowed 'im ten years ago, afore his uncle, wot left him 'is money, died—when 'e was 'ouse physicianer at Stanwell Lunatic 'sylum for folks which is off their chumps—saving yer presence, miss—and when my h'aunt h'Anne (as thought she was Queen of Bethnal Green and tried to make away with herself according) got took bad, Doctor Creele was the only one as could quiet 'er. 'E was special in *'omny-sidling* cases, yer know, miss."

"Ah!"

Digitized by Google

"But I beg parding for intrupting, miss, only I come to tell 'im that if e'd chip the knife in for me, I wouldn't funk it no more—and Toms, the coachman, sez as I was most like to find 'im along of you—saving yer presence, miss. Thank you, miss. I'll go and 'unt for 'im down at the styes—'e's mighty fond of pigs is Dr. Creele—saving yer presence, miss. Thank you."

Just one second after the exit of Robert, Ynette hesitated—then, with that desperate feminine sort of courage that daren't allow itself time to think, she crossed towards the cupboard.

"Click!"

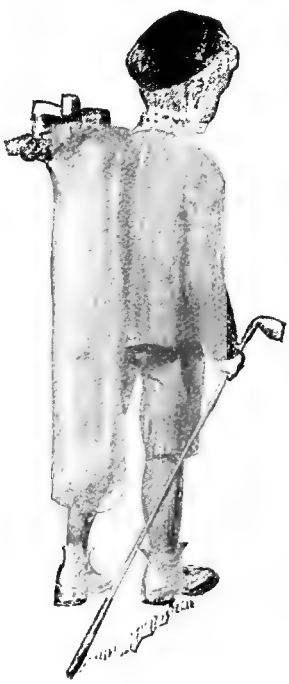
The prison gates were opened, and Hugo Creele, ex-lunacy doctor, was released from a somewhat prolonged period of solitary confinement in a dark cell—freely and generously pardoned for what he hadn't done (as per custom).

As far as a big man stepping out of a little cupboard *could* appear dignified, Hugo admirably contrived to convey that impression, while Ynette looked smaller than any little girl has ever looked before, and so pale, poor child! So frightened.

There was a grim silence for a few moments.

Then bravely, yet with infinite and most becoming humility, Ynette made her confession—full, complete, and contrite. She spoke in a low voice, hurriedly, breathlessly, her eyes scarcely once leaving Hugo's face.

When she had finished speaking there was a long pause, and as I watched Hugo Creele, standing so alarmingly tall and square-shouldered, I wondered if bruised love had healed the arrow-wounds which I had inflicted but a few hours ago.



"I—I—do beg your pardon. I am so s—s—sorry you aren't ma—I mean I'm so sorry that I thought you *were* mad and—and—*oh!*"

In a well-timed sob the sentence ended, and on to a moth-eaten sofa cushion Ynette was crying with all the abandon of heart-sore youth.

"Would another dart help to put matters right?" I thought, feeling for the tin of bitter-sweet poison.

I glanced again at Hugo! Ah! there was no need to use a second arrow! He had left off looking dignified, and he was crossing towards the sofa!

"And you were right," he said slowly, "quite, quite right! I *am* mad—mad with the madness of loving you, my sweet, my one dearest! Ynette, Ynette, speak to me."

And Ynette spoke to him! Of *course* she did!

(No, I didn't stay to hear what she said. Coat-lappels have rather a deadening effect on the voice, so I knew I shouldn't be much the wiser if I *did* wait—besides there were several things to be seen to after my holiday.)

But though there was no need for longer tarrying, I *did* just *look* back once as I reached the window and spread out my wings. What did I see?

Oh! only what I have seen a million million times before, and what I *shall* see as long as the world lasts and I am its ruler—a man and maid lost in the universe of each other's arms!

Yes, the success of those random shots sent over the bunker was complete; and though I was very rash to have jumped so definitely at conclusions (because a man wanders about the grounds of a lunatic asylum, he needn't necessarily be a madman, any more than it is imperative that anyone strolling round Windsor Castle should have Royal blood in his veins!) I couldn't really help congratulating myself on the most satisfactory results of my careless shooting.

Certainly it was a pity that the lemon-squash drinker at the golf club didn't finish his sentence on *this* side of the door (of course, he was going to say: "It was the homicidal mania that par-*ticularly interested him!*"); but, still, "all's well that ends well," and this episode of the golf links had ended very well—to judge from appearances!

Digitized by Google

A SHEAF OF AUTOGRAPHS.

An Account of How Mr. A. Boriani Obtained Some of the Most Notable Contributions to his Unique Album, which Contains so Many Autographs and Mementoes of Celebrities.

Mr. A. Boriani.

By Bernard Nussey.

A good collection of autographs nowadays has a considerable market value, but it was not with the idea of obtaining money for his that Mr. A. Boriani—the late superintendent of the grill-room at the Carlton Hotel, and now co-proprietor of the Pall Mall Restaurant in the Haymarket—started to collect, but more for the sake of having souvenirs of his more famous patrons.

Mr. Boriani has some interesting stories to tell as to the way in which he obtained many of the autographs. The first page of the album was originally intended to bear Madame Patti's signature, but owing to a misunderstanding, Sir Charles Wyndham wrote his name there, under a quotation from the play *Rosemary*. Madame Patti's autograph appears upon the last page of the volume.

When Signor Paolo Tosti, the eminent composer, was handed the book that he might write his name in it, he said, "I wish to sign under the name of a beautiful woman," and of the many beautiful women whose names were written there, he paid tribute to the beauty of Miss Constance Collier, by choosing the page on which her signature appeared for his entry.

One hot day the artist, R. Caton Woodville, entered the Carlton grill-room.

"Morning, Boriani," he said, "I've got a mighty thirst. Let me have something to drink."

Mr. Boriani sent an assistant for some bitter beer, and at the same time asked Mr. Woodville to make a sketch in his album for remembrance sake. The beer came, the artist drained the tankard, and then drew his picture—reproduced here—of Napoleon after Waterloo in the act of drinking from a tankard, aptly titling it "A Bitter Draught."

During the year 1894, Ras Makonnen, Envoy of the Emperor Menelek of Ethiopia, stayed at the Hotel Quirinal, Rome, and was for twenty days attended personally by Mr. Boriani, who was at that time head waiter there.

When Ras Makonnen came to England to represent his master at the Coronation of King Edward VII. he was a guest at the Carlton. He was accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Sir John Harrington, now Envoy Plenipotentiary to the Court of Ethiopia, whom Mr. Boriani knew very well. One evening Ras Makonnen gave a dinner party, and during the progress of the feast Sir John Harrington pointed to Mr. Boriani, at the same time asking the Ras whether he remembered having seen the man before.

"Why, certainly!" replied Ras Makonnen. "He attended me when I stayed at the Hotel Quirinal in Rome ten years ago;" and forthwith, in response to Mr. Boriani's request, he autographed a menu card, which he handed to the late waiter as a souvenir.

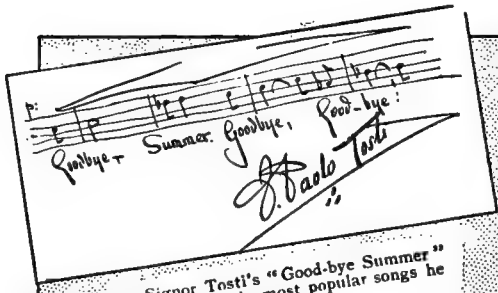
One evening the Emperor Jacques of the Sahara was dining at the Carlton with his aide-de-camp, Colonel Gourand. Mr. Boriani was most anxious that the "Emperor" should contribute to the volume, so he handed it first to the aide-de-camp, hoping thereby to catch "his majesty." Colonel Gourand willingly complied with the request, but nothing would induce the "Emperor" to part with one of his precious signatures.

When Mr. Charles Frohman is in London he always sits at the same table in the grill-room at the Carlton, adjoining the one which Lord Esher considers his special property.

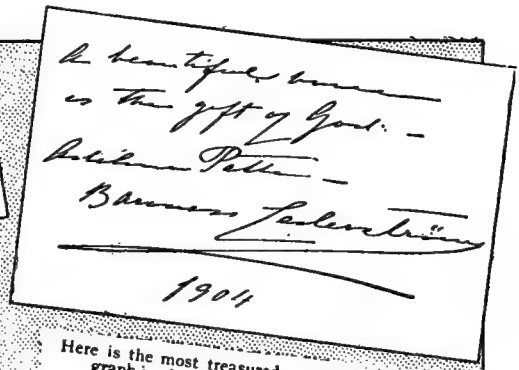
One night the great theatrical Napoleon

Copyright, 1905, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., in the United States of America.

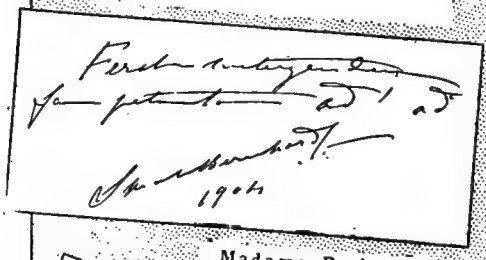
Digitized by Google



Signor Tosti's "Good-bye Summer" was one of the most popular songs he ever wrote.

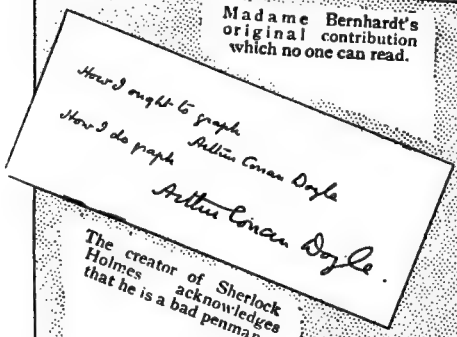


Here is the most treasured autograph in the whole album.

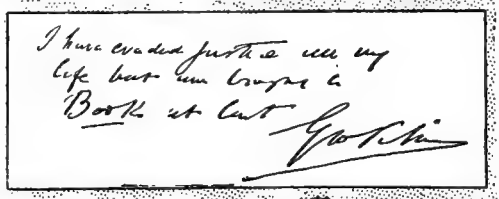


Madame Bernhardt's original contribution which no one can read.

Caton Woodville made this sketch on a very hot and dusty day.

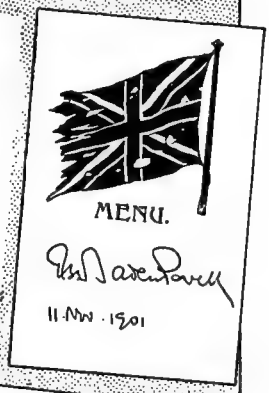


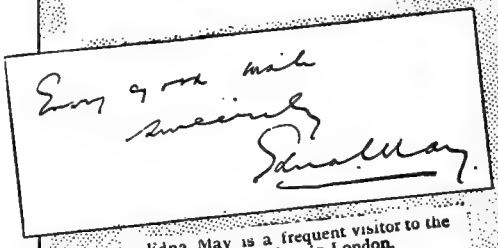
The creator of Sherlock Holmes acknowledges that he is a bad penman.



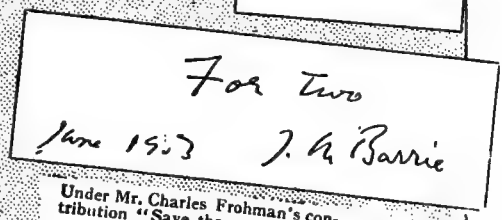
Mr. G. R. Sims' play on words is indeed worthy of "Dagonet."

"B.-P." autographed a menu card of the first private dinner party at which he was present on his return to England from Mafeking. The dinner took place at the Carlton, and was served by Mr. Boriani.



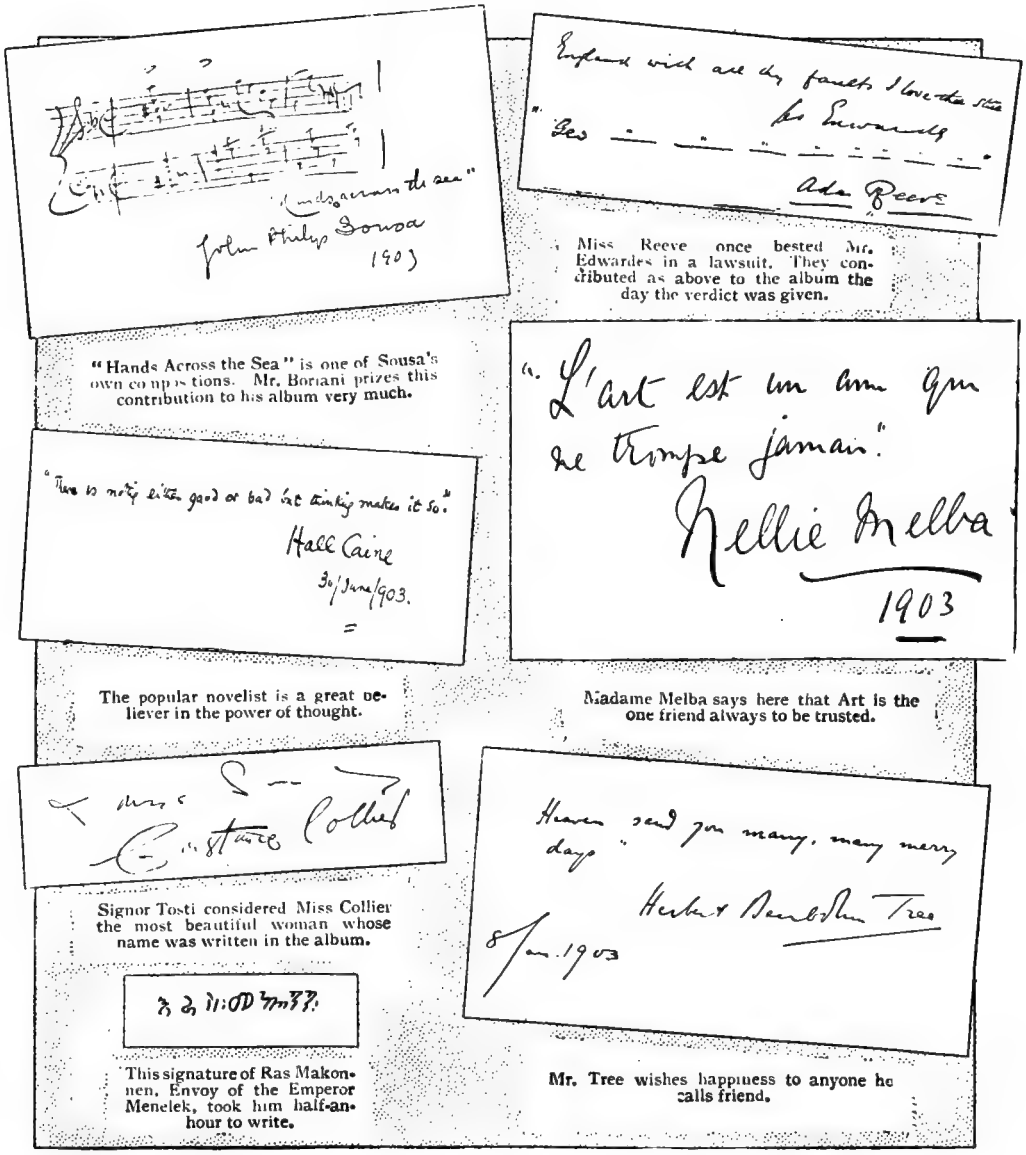


Edna May is a frequent visitor to the Carlton when in London.



Under Mr. Charles Frohman's contribution "Save the same table," Mr. Barrie writes as above.

Digitized by Google


John Philip Sousa
1903
"Hands Across the Sea" is one of Sousa's own compositions. Mr. Boriani prizes this contribution to his album very much.
Ada Reeve
Miss Reeve once bested Mr. Edwardes in a lawsuit. They contributed as above to the album the day the verdict was given.
"L'art est un ami qui ne trompe jamais."
Nellie Melba
1903
Madame Melba says here that Art is the one friend always to be trusted.
"There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so."
Hall Caine
30/June/903.
The popular novelist is a great believer in the power of thought.
Christine Collier
Signor Tosti considered Miss Collier the most beautiful woman whose name was written in the album.
Herbert Beerbohm Tree
8/Jan. 1903
Mr. Tree wishes happiness to anyone he calls friend.
This signature of Ras Makonnen, Envoy of the Emperor Menelek, took him half-an-hour to write.

wrote as his souvenir in Mr. Boriani's book the words "Save the same table." Several months later Mr. J. M. Barrie was invited to add to the collection, and wrote under Mr. Frohman's phrase the words "For two." Madame Fred Grèsac, the brilliant French authoress of "La Passerelle"—from which the "Marriage of Kitty" was adapted—completed the page by adding the words "For two, but with me." The result of this has been the formation of a friendship between herself and Mr. Frohman, which has led to an arrangement for the talented authoress to write a play that will shortly be produced at Daly's Theatre.

The "Divine Sarah" is refreshingly original. On being handed the book, she wrote something in it to which she appended her name. Then, giving the album to Mr. Boriani, she said: "I have been writing my own language, no one can read it." This is certainly the case, for Mr. Boriani cannot decipher her writing, nor has he been able to get anyone else to do so, the consequence being that he does not to this day know what sentiments Madame Bernhardt expressed.

Digitized by Google

CAP AND BELLS

HAIR AT A PRICE.

BINKS: "Is hair expensive?"

JINKS: "It depends on whether a man has it or not."

BINKS: "I don't understand."

JINKS: "Well, if a man has no hair he can buy a wig very cheap. If he has hair he spends a good deal of money in the course of a lifetime in having it cut."

* * * * *

KITTY, THE COOK.

Who says Kitty cannot make
Dearest mother's birthday cake?
Butter, sugar, flavourings,
Raisins, nutmeg, lots of things;
Mix up well, bake half an hour—
Gracious! She's forgotten flour!

* * * * *

HER REVENGE.

"Why were you so cross to your husband at breakfast?"

"I couldn't help it. I felt as if I must scold somebody or burst. Just physical irritability, you know—and then everything went wrong. Breakfast was late, the bacon burnt, the coffee thin, and the bread stale."

"Then why didn't you scold the cook?"

"Oh, I daren't. She'd leave."

* * *

Scrupulous Valet (on finding a five-shilling piece in the pocket of his master's new waistcoat): "It's a thousand pities for the waistcoat, but there's nothing else for it. I must make a hole large enough for the money to slip through."

SENSIBLE FOWL.

COCKEREL: "Don't you know you are sitting on china eggs?"

HEN: "Hush! Don't mention it. As long as I sit like this I shall get my food brought to me, and I won't have to grub about for a living."

* * * * *

MEAN MAN!

ALICE: "I believe Grace's *fiancé* is stingy."

KATE: "What makes you think so?"

ALICE: "He is going to give her an engagement ring for a birthday present."

* * * * *

THE PERIODICAL GIRL.

Her sleeves are 1830,
Her skirt is '61,
Her tresses in the manner
Of Louis Quinze are done.
Her hat is quite Colonial,
Her brooch is pure antique,
Her belt is 1850.
But when you hear her speak,
What year the maid belongs to
You can easily decide,
Her dress is many periods,
But her slang is 1905.

* * *

WOMAN—THE QUEEN.

A Government inspector entered a rural post-office and seeing a woman at the delivery counter, said:

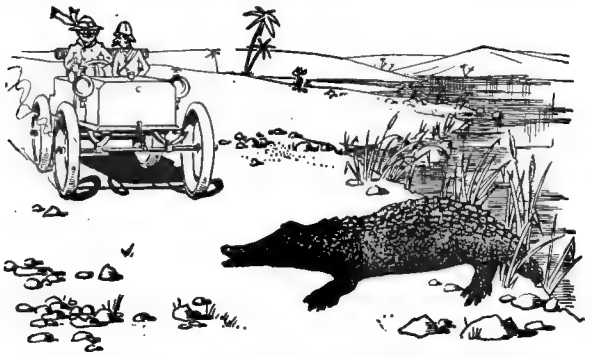
"I was under the impression that a man was in charge of this office."

"And so he was," replied the woman sharply; "but I married him."

Daddy Longlegs: "Come on, youngsters! Don't be little cowards! You see the water isn't nearly up to my knees yet!"

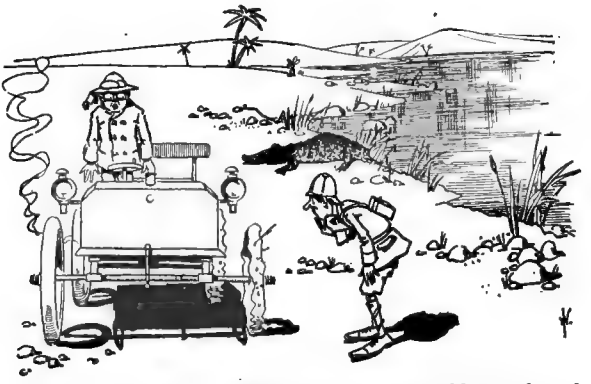
Digitized by Google

WHO LAUGHS LAST LAUGHS LONGEST: THE PUNCTURE, OR THE JOKE THAT FAILED.



The alligator was asleep, and these giddy explorers thought it would be quite a wheeze to drive over the tip of his nose and wake him up.

But just at that moment the sleepy alligator yawned rather widely, and the wheels went over his lower jaw instead of the tip of his nose.



Well, yes, there was really quite a considerable number of punctures, but that did not worry the alligator; he just smiled and went to sleep again!

MY LADY'S SHOE.

Phyllis—that's my lady-love—
Wears a five three-quarter glove;
And you'd laugh
At her foolish little shoe;
(Patent-leather, smart and new),
For it's only number two
And a half.

With the owner of that glove,
I'm o'er head and heels in love;
And I'd quaff
(As I've heard they used to do)
Toasts from out that tiny shoe,
From that precious little two
And a half.

For the shyest of her looks,
I would barter all the books
Bound in calf.
And I vow I'll keep me true
(Till the sole is worn quite through)
To that darling little two
And a half.

A. L. HARRIS.

* * * *

LUCKY ESCAPE.

SPANNER: "I say, didn't we run over somebody just now?"

NUTT: "I believe so. Luckily we didn't puncture a tyre."

* * * *

A BIG PRICE ON HER HEAD.

There was a price upon her head.

She was very calm. A smile played about her lips.

"'Tis well!"

She paused a moment in thought.

"'Tis well! I will take it."

Then she removed the price from her head. There was a trifle of lace and a flower or two, of course, but the hat was mostly price.

* * * *

A LAY OF TWO LOVERS.

No poet I, I only know
Her mouth was like a Cupid's bow:

He said, "We're in a quiet spot,
I really think—just one, why not?"
* ?

I understand she showed surprise,
Fierce indignation in her eyes:
* !

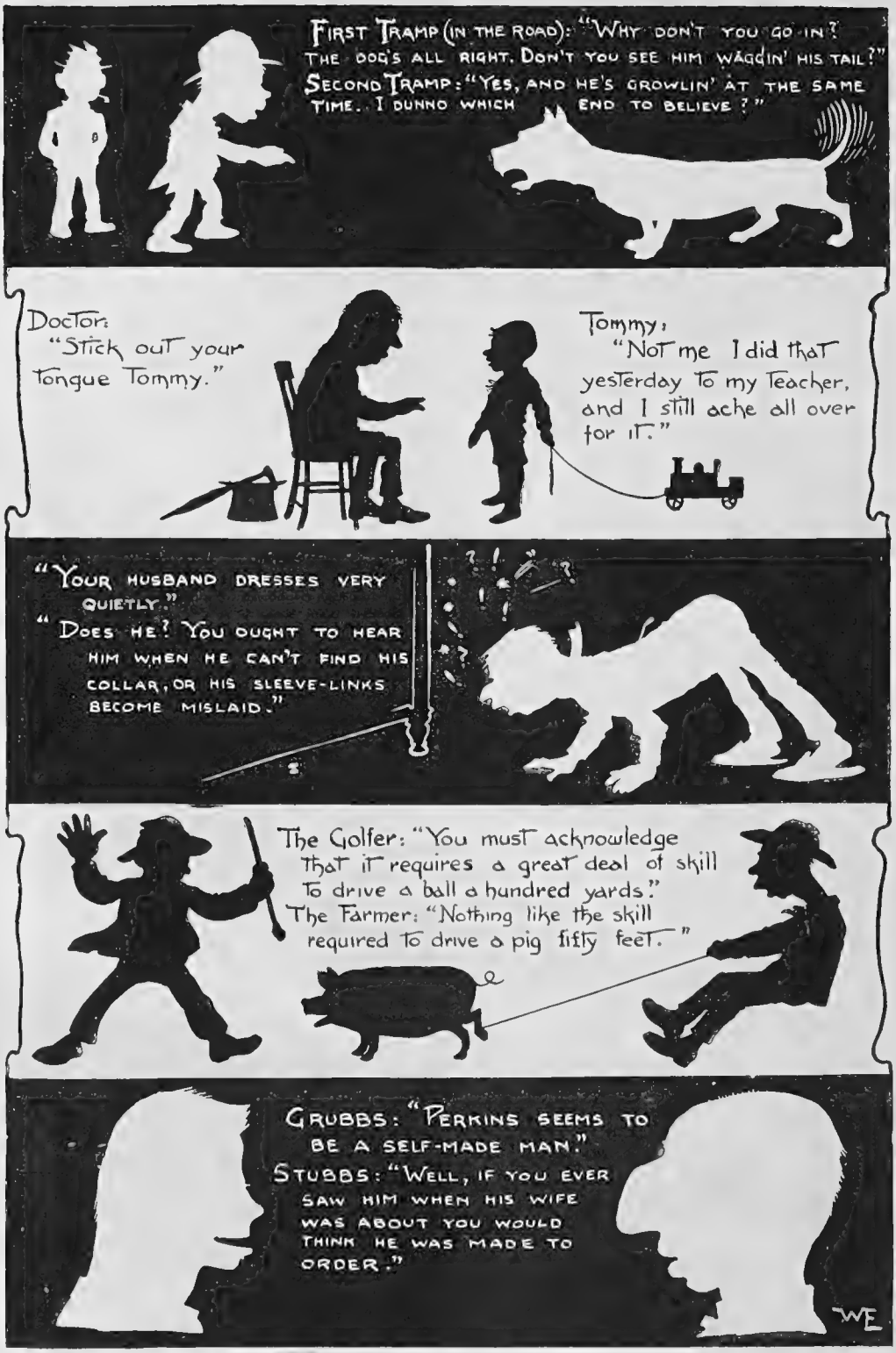
Yet, all the same ('tis ever so),
He placed a kiss upon that bow:

Alas! her father saw him court her,
And unkind questions asked his daughter:
? ? ? ? ? ?

And next upon the man he turns,
And him with savage words he spurns:
! ! ! ! ! !

And now the man is left alone,
And just one single word does groan:
—— !

Digitized by Google


First Tramp (in the road): "Why don't you go in? The dog's all right. Don't you see him waggin' his tail?"
Second Tramp: "Yes, and he's growlin' at the same time. I dunno which end to believe?"
Doctor: "Stick out your tongue Tommy."
Tommy: "Not me I did that yesterday to my Teacher, and I still ache all over for it."
"Your husband dresses very quietly."
"Does he? You ought to hear him when he can't find his collar, or his sleeve-links become mislaid."
The Golfer: "You must acknowledge that it requires a great deal of skill to drive a ball a hundred yards."
The Farmer: "Nothing like the skill required to drive a pig fifty feet."
Grubbs: "Perkins seems to be a self-made man."
Stubbs: "Well, if you ever saw him when his wife was about you would think he was made to order."
WE

Google

FIRST ARGUMENT.

YOUNG Simpkins took his wife North on their wedding trip, so that by the third day after their departure the nights were cool.

"Darling," said Simpkins, as they reached their bedroom, "shall I shut the window? It's pretty cold out."

"Open it," said Mrs. Simpkins. "The fresh air will feel nice. Here, I'll manage it."

She opened one of the windows about twelve inches.

Simpkins shivered.

"Aren't you afraid we'll catch our death of cold?" he observed.

"Nonsense! It's splendid for us."

Simpkins went over and moved the window down a little.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I'll close up a little of that."

Simpkins was a crank about fresh air; so was his wife. She liked it. He didn't.

"You closed up that window a little too much," said Mrs. Simpkins in a few moments. "It is suffocating here."

She got up and opened it.

Simpkins got up, too.

"My dear," he said, gently but firmly, "we are a long way from home, and I can't afford to get pneumonia. I'll have to insist upon closing that window."

"But don't you know that it's the bad air, and not the fresh air, that is injurious?"

"Yes, I have heard it said so, but I don't believe it. Nothing can convince me that a draught blowing on a man's head at night is a good thing."

He went over and closed the window.

Mrs. Simpkins went over and opened it.

They faced each other in the gloom.

"I didn't suppose you were such a crank."

"Well, I certainly didn't think you were. If I had I wouldn't have married you."

"Nor I you."

"You cruel, horrid thing."

With this Mrs. Simpkins burst into tears. "It's bad enough," she sobbed, "to be away from home and to have that homesick feeling, which makes me utterly wretched anyway, but to have you treat me like this is——"

Simpkins, unable to stand it any longer, strode over to the wardrobe and, hastily flinging on his overcoat over his nightrobe, went once more to the window, which he opened wide.

"Darling," he said, overcome with contrition, "forgive me. I did not mean to make you unhappy. There. You shall have the window open as much as you want. I'll risk pneumonia or anything else rather than make you unhappy."

Mrs. Simpkins, suddenly returned to a semblance of her normal self by this generous act on her husband's part, got up and went over to the window, which she closed.

"No, dear," she said, "you haven't been used to it and you might take cold. Besides, I can stand it. It was only the idea, after all."

But Simpkins, who now felt as gallant as any knight of old, was just as determined as ever.

"No, darling," he said finally. "If you are used to this, why, you must have it. You wouldn't sleep a wink. That window must remain open."

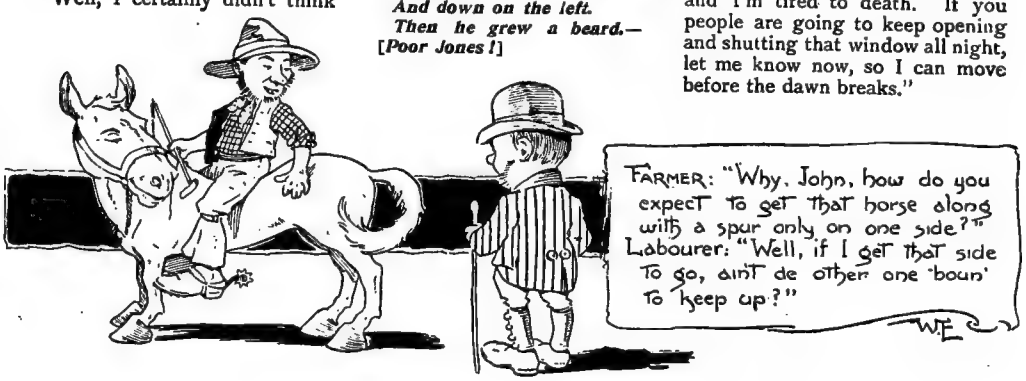
So saying, he strode manfully over to the window and opened it once again at the top and the bottom.

At this moment there was a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" asked Simpkins through the crack.

And the voice outside replied: "I say, I'm the man in the next room. I've been travelling all day and I'm tired to death. If you people are going to keep opening and shutting that window all night, let me know now, so I can move before the dawn breaks."

Jones used to shave up on the right-hand side—
And down on the left.
Then he grew a beard.—
[Poor Jones!]


FARMER: "Why, John, how do you expect to get that horse along with a spur only on one side?"
Labourer: "Well, if I get that side to go, ain't de other one 'boun' to keep up?"
W.E.

Digitized by Google

MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGES.

A NOVEL IDEA.

GREAT News! THE ROYAL is to have a little sister—or is it a little brother? On March 31st will appear the first number of THE NOVEL MAGAZINE, and it will be the only other Magazine besides THE ROYAL to be published at Fourpence. It will contain nothing but stories. The Editor has a splendid idea for advertising the first issue; everybody who buys a copy will have his fourpence returned if he applies for it. But let the Editor speak for himself.

"I think I have hit upon an absolutely novel idea for advertising, and it comes very appropriately into use in advertising the first issue of THE NOVEL MAGAZINE. If you buy the first number your fourpence will be returned to you.

"I have made this offer with due thought of the money it may cost; it will run into thousands, perhaps tens of thousands of pounds, but I do not mind. The more the merrier! For I know that for every fourpence that I return, I have gained a reader of THE NOVEL MAGAZINE, and I am willing all the time to buy readers at fourpence each. They are cheap at the price.

"*To get readers* is the main difficulty in starting a new periodical. You may spend £20,000 in advertising on the hoardings, and in other ways, but you are never quite sure how many new readers you will get by so doing. But if I have to spend £20,000 on this present scheme, I shall know for a certainty that *over a million persons* have bought the first number of THE NOVEL MAGAZINE.

"And now having explained to you how I am advertising this Magazine, I must tell you its salient features. Needless to say, I should not be prepared to risk £20,000 unless I were quite certain that I had something to offer you which I am convinced you want.

"What is THE NOVEL MAGAZINE?

"Briefly, it is *a Magazine entirely devoted to stories.* Fiction is the backbone of most Magazines; THE NOVEL MAGAZINE is all backbone. For fourpence you will be able in future to obtain a Magazine containing the best stories that money can buy, or that my staff of half a dozen sub-editors can unearth from the thousand and one sources at their disposal.

"To give variety to the contents, you will find some half a dozen entirely novel features: 'Books in Brief,' 'Half Minute Stories,' 'A Story in Verse,' 'Cupid in Fiction,' 'Pinafore Pages'—all of which I hope you will like.

"I want you to read THE NOVEL MAGAZINE carefully through from beginning to end—it will take you longer than you think, but it is all good, easy reading—and then I want you to like it; and I want you to be unselfish too, and instead of keeping a good thing to yourself, tell all your friends about it.

"THE NOVEL MAGAZINE is the biggest magazine for its price, and contains more, and I hope better, stories than any other. It isn't illustrated, as you will see; the money we have saved in this direction has been put into the letterpress, so that you will have better stories and more of them."

I can only add to the Editor's announcement that if you do not get No. 1 of THE NOVEL MAGAZINE, you will make the mistake of a lifetime!

SIR ERASMUS OMMANNEY.

It was some time before his death that Sir Erasmus Ommanney, whose deeply interesting description of Navarino starts on p. 523, granted Mr. Walter Wood the special interview he asked in order to get first hand impressions of a battle which seems almost as far away as Vittoria and Waterloo—a battle between sailing ships built of wood! It seems incredibly ancient history!

"I went," says Mr. Wood, "to Sir Erasmus's house in Connaught Square, and had a most interesting talk with him. In spite of his advanced age, he was extra-

Google

ordinarily active both in mind and body, and had the most vivid recollection of the events at Navarino. He produced his log, kept as a midshipman on the *Albion*, and refreshed his memory on certain points by reference to it.

"I particularly remember the breezy way in which he spoke of the fight and the severed hand incident—a picture of which appears on p. 529—also his appreciation of the way in which the Greek pilots, when they got the chance, shot at the Turks.

"The old Admiral was very proud of his presence at the engagement; and proud, too, of the fact that he was the first discoverer of the winter quarters of Franklin's ships in the Arctic. He showed me many remarkable relics of that disastrous expedition, and other relics relating to his service afloat."

"THEY'RE CHRONIC!"

Mr. Walter Wood, by the way, who is looking after these "Survivors' Tales" for me, is not only an expert in naval and military matters—he has edited the Duke of Wellington's dispatches and dedicated the volume to Lord Kitchener—but perhaps the best living authority on the North Sea and those who earn a livelihood on its stormy breast. Some of the best of his North Sea yarns, by the way, are now appearing in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

It was shortly after the Baltic Fleet outrage that Mr. Wood went to Hull in order to talk with some of the men who had actually been eye-witnesses of the affair.

"Nothing," he told me, "illustrates better the stolid, unemotional character of these sturdy Britons than the interview I had with one of them. I asked him for his opinion of the Russians and their conduct. I fully expected a torrent of briny invective. He pondered for a moment, then leisurely withdrew his pipe from his mouth, and said firmly: "Well, sir, they're chronic!"

That was all.

ADDRESS NOT KNOWN.

It was while attempting to trace the whereabouts of a survivor of a great national event of the past, that Mr. Wood applied to one of our Government bodies for assistance. Could they give him any information concerning Mr. Z., or suggest any method by which he might discover that gentleman's present address? After the lapse of several weary weeks, the reply came into his hands. Here it is:—

"*Dear Sir,*

"*In reply to your letter of ———, we beg to inform you that Mr. Z. died six months ago at ————. We are therefore unable to give you his present address.—Yours faithfully, &c., &c.*"

Many fussy people accuse our governing bodies of serious shortcomings, but after this we must freely acquit them of any lack of unconscious humour.

THE RUSSIAN CENSOR AND *THE ROYAL*.

You remember an article appeared in THE ROYAL a few months ago entitled "The Little Father," in which the Tsar's life was pretty frankly discussed. Just to find out what the Russians would do with the Magazine in which this article appeared, I sent it to a friend in Moscow, and wrote to ask him to let me hear of its fate. At least six weeks afterwards I received the following reply:—"THE ROYAL MAGAZINE has just arrived *minus* the article on the Tsar. All the pages of this article have been torn out except the last one, which is on a right-hand page. This the unusually thoughtful and considerate censor merely obliterated, so as not to spoil a quite innocent yarn, the opening paragraphs of which appear on the back of the page."

I have asked my friend to send me that ROYAL as a curiosity. I wonder whether the censor will ever allow it to return home to tell its pathetic story. I fear not. Poor old ROYAL! If the pitiless official does not condemn it to a fiery death, he may possibly send it to Siberia. And then its fate is sealed. Our Ambassador will not stir a finger to help it. He is there to look after British subjects and British interests, and THE ROYAL is only an object of interest to the British, and therefore not important enough to raise diplomatic protest.

+ + + + + + + + + +

Are You Fond of Music?

"MY SWEET WILD ROSE" *is a New Song by H. Trotère and Clifton Bingham, who collaborated some years ago in that most popular of songs, "IN OLD MADRID."*

This new song is published in two keys, so that it suits all voices. It is on sale everywhere, and costs only **6d.** *net., or send Seven Stamps to THE PUBLISHER, 17 Henrietta St., London, W.C.*

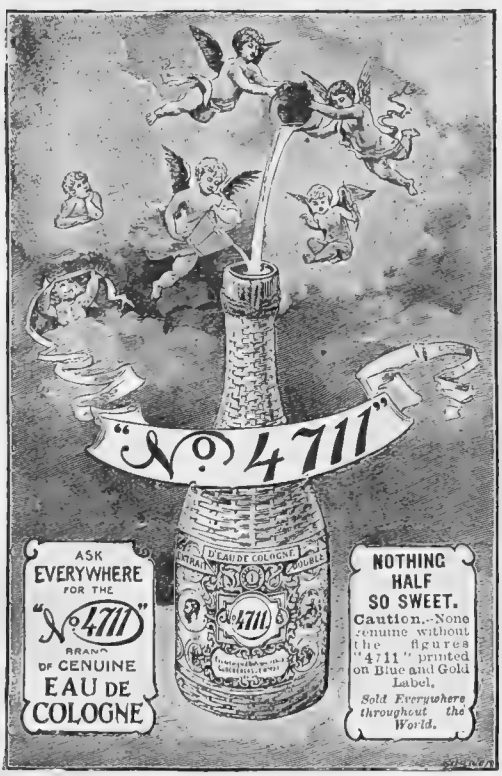
Digitized by Google

Rheumatism

If you want to get rid of Rheumatism use *John Knight's Anti-Rheumatic Soap.* It's easy to understand how it cures. Having previously fomented the part with hot water to open the pores, you make a lather with the Soap and rub it in where you feel the pain. When the lather comes into contact with the pores of the skin, the curative virtues, due to its medicinal properties, are absorbed through the glands right down into the tissues. You feel the pain go away. Try *John Knight's Anti-Rheumatic Soap* and you'll know it's just as we say. Good not only for Rheumatism, but for Sciatica, Neuralgia, Sprains, and Bruises.

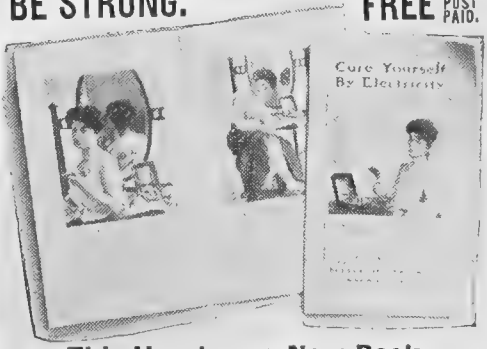
A GOOD MOTTO "DO IT NOW" **Send 1/3 for tablet post free from the Sole Agents,—The Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. Supplied by all Chemists and Stores, in tablets at 1/1½**

Prepared only by
JOHN KNIGHT & SONS,
Makers of the
Royal Primrose Soap.
Soapmakers to the King.


"No 4711"
ASK EVERYWHERE FOR THE "No 4711" BRAND OF GENUINE EAU DE COLOGNE
NOTHING HALF SO SWEET.
Caution.—None genuine without the figures "4711" printed on Blue and Gold Label.
Sold Everywhere throughout the World.

"CURE YOURSELF BY ELECTRICITY."

BE STRONG. **FREE** AND POST PAID.



This Handsome New Book —Illustrated from Life— Sent FREE to all who write.

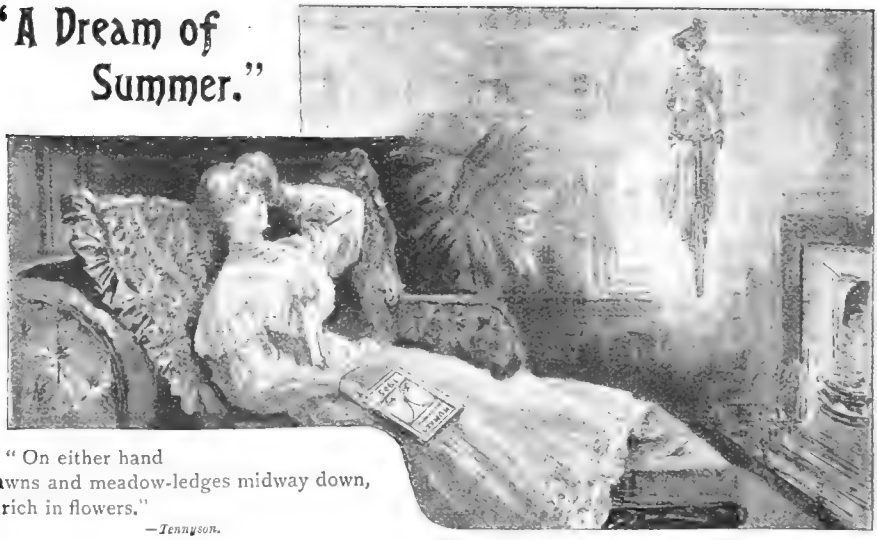
This splendid book is compiled from the **best authorities in the world.** Explains how electricity as supplied by inexpensive batteries cures Gout, Rheumatism, Headache, Dyspepsia, Insomnia, Liver and Kidney Trouble, and all nerve affections and diseases due to poor circulation. Explains how to enjoy the famous electric baths and the beauty and health massage at home at little cost.

FREE TRIAL. We send an apparatus on receipt of postal order value 9/6. We allow you **10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.** If not satisfied we refund money. **WRITE FOR FREE BOOK.**

THE BRITISH ELECTRIC MEDICAL Co., 434 Byron House, Fleet St., London, E.C.

Digitized by Google

"A Dream of Summer."



"On either hand
The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down,
Hang rich in flowers."
—*Tennyson.*

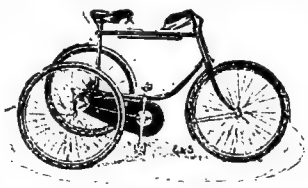
THE MODERN BICYCLE.

In this article the writer, a cyclist of twenty years' experience, and a well-known authority on the subject, compares the lot of the cyclist of to-day with that of his predecessor of the eighties, and indicates the points of difference between a good and trashy bicycle.

WHAT a curious world it would be without a bicycle! Have you ever thought of it? Imagine our roads with no other form of traffic than the horse-drawn vehicle or a stray pedestrian! Yet that was practically their condition twenty years ago. There were cyclists then, true, but the present writer remembers how the clubmen were wont to ride together as a form of protection against the assaults, if not the insults of the rural population.

For assaults upon solitary cyclists were not unknown twenty years ago, although sometimes the cyclists got, as the saying goes, "some of their own back." As instance of this I remember one never-to-be-forgotten afternoon of the summer of 1888. Some twenty of us were upon a club-run in the North of England, and a few miles before reaching the destination of the afternoon two men were sent ahead to order tea. These were the days of the high bicycle, and a mile or two further, as we swept round the corner, we came upon a scene that raised yells of execration from our band. One of our club mates was lying in the road, while the other was carrying on an unequal fight against two peculiarly disreputable-looking colliers.

We were wild young spirits in those days, and without a word being said in discussion the law was taken into our own hands. I don't wish to glorify our conduct, but there was need for stern measures of self-defence amongst cyclists in those days.

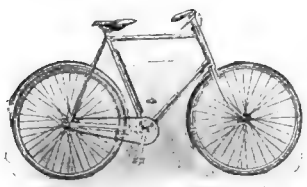


THE KING'S CYCLE.
This is the Beeston Humber Tricycle ridden by His Majesty King Edward VII.

Further instance of the comparative youth of the sport is that it is still less than forty years since the first "velocipede" was introduced from France into England. The premier cycle manufacturing firm, the Humber Company, is only thirty-seven years old, for it was in 1868 that Mr. Thomas Humber began to make bicycles at Nottingham, afterwards removing to Beeston, and combining thus two names that have become world-famous.

I chanced to be in the district of the Nottinghamshire town some time ago, and it occurred to me then that some notes on the manufacture of the bicycle which has for many years been accepted as the standard of the highest grade, would prove acceptable to readers of the *Royal*.

Google

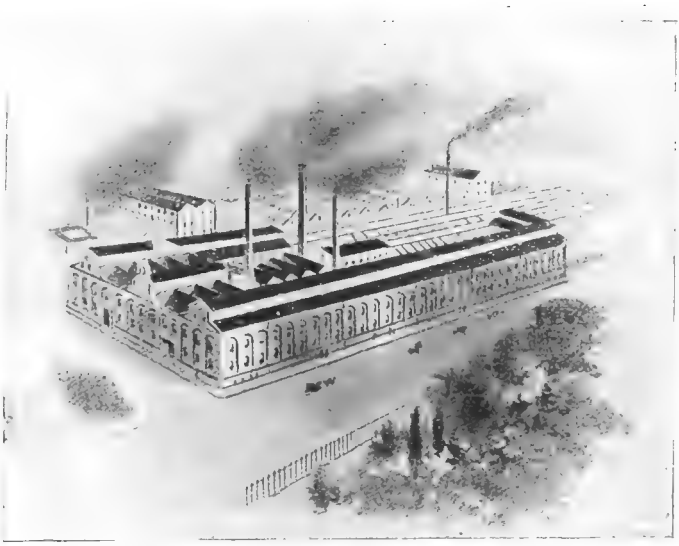


THE PRINCE'S BICYCLE.
The Beeston Humber Featherweight Aluminium Bicycle, ridden by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

Beeston itself is a quiet little town which is dominated by the great works of the Humber Company. They stand to the east of the village, and around them has grown a town of itself. It is a huge factory, and here only the Beeston Humbers are made. I am not sure whether this is not the largest cycle factory in the kingdom, but at any rate it is by far the largest devoted to the manufacture of high-grade bicycles. It is an important point, which cyclists should note, that no other grade of bicycle than the Beeston Humber is made at the huge Beeston works. There every appliance is provided for assuring that nothing but the very best shall be used. The steel makers, tyre makers, and others who supply material are bound down under the most rigid contracts to supply nothing but the very best material; merely "good" is not good enough to use in the Beeston Humber. Not only is none but the best material used, but only the most skilled labour is employed.

"Nothing succeeds like success," and the premier position held by the Humber Company for no less than thirty-seven years is an asset too valuable to be trifled with, and the knowledge of this fact justifies the policy of the management to permit nothing that is not of the highest quality to leave the works.

The advantages obtained by a rider of a machine so constructed are not confined to its ease of running, but its lasting qualities are extraordinary. Take the case of Mr. Harold Freeman, of Worcester; this gentleman has ridden Beeston Humbers for the almost incredible distance of 120,000 miles—equal to five times round this globe of ours!



The Beeston Works of the Humber Company.

PRINCESS VICTORIA'S BICYCLE.
The Beeston Humber Lady's Light Roadster Bicycle, ridden by H.R.H. Princess Victoria.

Amongst the cycling fraternity one is constantly coming across instances of men who have been riding the same Beeston Humber bicycle for ten or twelve years, and the machine is still running as perfectly as ever.

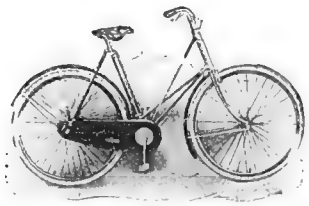
My personal recollections of this famous machine go back many years, and each Beeston that has fallen to my lot has proved better than its predecessor.

The Beeston Humber is essentially the aristocrat of bicycles, and it is natural that it should be the favourite mount of the aristocracy. The King has been a tricyclist for years. I am able to present a picture of the machine ridden by His Gracious Majesty. It is a Beeston tricycle, light, but as steady and perfect to the smallest detail as every Humber production.

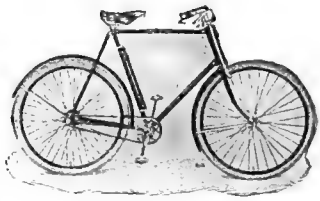
The Prince and Princess of Wales are both patrons of this famous bicycle, and each of the King's daughters, Princess Victoria, the Duchess of Fife, and Princess Charles of Denmark, also ride Beeston Humbers. Princess Louise and the Duke of Fife are also Beeston Humber riders, and almost without exception the British aristocracy, wherever they are cyclists, will be found amongst the big list of Humber patrons.

A notable feature this year is that the price of the Beeston Humber bicycle has been reduced to sixteen guineas—the most sweeping reduction in a year of price-cutting in bicycles. This reduced price was announced last October, long before other firms had made public their

Digitized by Google



PRINCESS CHARLES' BICYCLE.
The Beeston Humber Lady's Featherweight Bicycle, ridden by H.R.H. Princess Charles of Denmark.



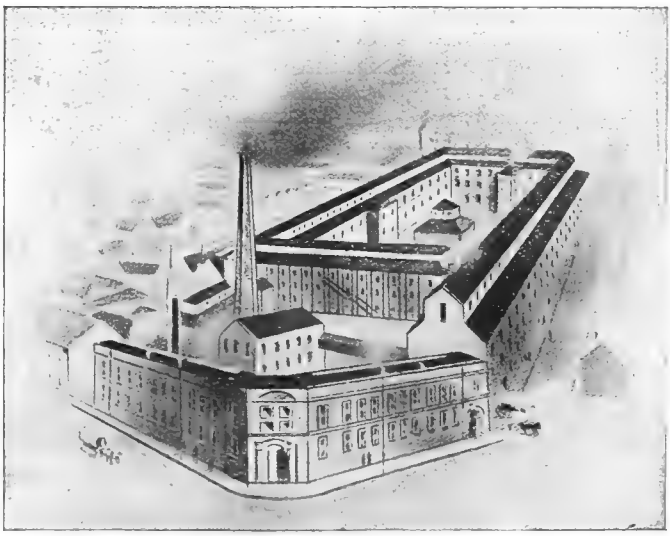
THE PREMIER'S BICYCLE.
The Beeston Humber Light Roadster, ridden by the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.

reduced prices, and there is no doubt that this was the cause of the reduction in other prices, since, as one journal expressed it, "no one will pay more than sixteen guineas for a bicycle when a Beeston Humber can be obtained for that sum." Indeed, other firms were compelled to reduce their prices in recognition of the fact that their only opportunity of competing with the first bicycle of the day is by offering their productions at a considerably lower price. The Beeston Humber, of course, includes every recognised improvement, such as two-speed gear, free wheel, wireless rim brakes, etc., it being a point of Humber manufacture that the purchaser shall not be subjected to annoying "extras." The first payment for a Humber bicycle is the last, both in the bicycle itself and in the complete subsequent absence of repair charges.

The Beeston Humber, however, is by no means the only bicycle made by the leading firm. Everybody cannot afford to pay sixteen guineas for a bicycle. Yet there is no reason why a mere shortage in the purse should condemn the would-be cyclist to an inferior machine. Three other grades at £12 12*s*., £10 10*s*., and £8 8*s*., are made at the great Coventry works of the Company.

What is the difference between, let us say, the £8 8*s*. Coventry Humber, the £16 16*s*., Beeston Humber, and the much-advertised cheap bicycles offered at five or six pounds, is a question that will be readily asked. The difference between the £8 8*s*. bicycle and the £16 16*s*. may be best illustrated by an analogy common to all sport. The gamekeeper or the farmer who occasionally shoots over his own land is well satisfied with a gun at the cost of a few pounds — a gun that will shoot straight and be a sound article. But the sportsman wants something better; he wants a gun as nearly perfect as human ingenuity can make it. Place the two guns side by side, and to the uninitiated there will appear to be little difference, yet one may have cost six and the other sixty pounds! Where is the difference? Simply that one gun is made by automatic machinery by the thousand, while the other is practically hand-made by the most skilled workmen under expert supervision. That is exactly the difference between a low or a high priced bicycle of good make.

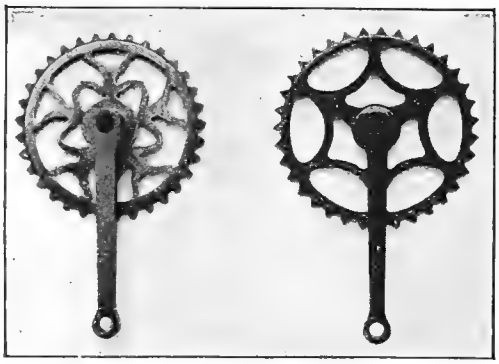
I often hear people in a good position say: "Oh, a cheap bicycle is good enough for me; I don't use it very much." The same person would be horrified at the idea of buying a cheap straw hat, or any other article at a less price than they could afford, simply because they "don't use it very often." Whether it be eight, or ten, or twelve, or sixteen guineas that one pays to such a firm as Humbers', one may depend upon receiving the fullest value for it. The higher the price the better the bicycle, the better the equipment, the easier the running, and the nearer to perfection. It is a striking fact that old cyclists, who really know something about quality in a bicycle, invariably buy the very best they can afford.



The Coventry Works of the Humber Company.

To turn to the other comparison; the difference between the £8 8*s*. Humber and the "deal-

Digitized by Google

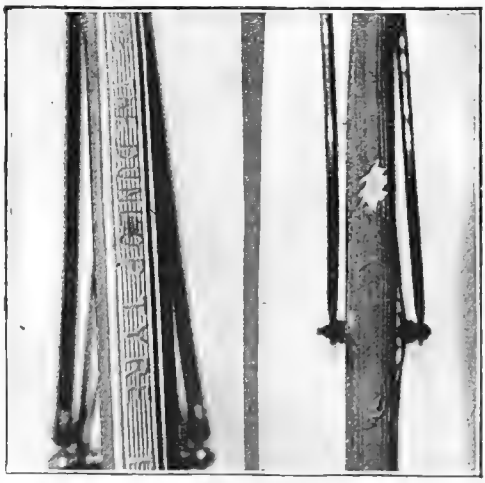


HOW A CHAIN WHEEL WEARS.

Note the Humber chain wheel (on left) and the worn teeth of the chain wheel of a "cheap" bicycle after the same wear.

direct-with-the-makers" trash. Compare such with an eight-guinea Humber after, say, only three months' wear! The wheels have begun to go out of truth, the tyres are wearing rapidly, the chain is not running as sweetly as before, nuts here and there no longer fit, there is a rattle in various parts, the plating has gone and given place to rust, and the enamel has chipped; meantime the Humber is running as steadily and as sweetly as when new. Taking these items only, I will show wherein the difference lies.

If the bicycle be carefully built on proper



TYRE WEAR.

These photographs show the condition of the tyre fitted to Humbers and that fitted to a "cheap" bicycle, after the same wear.

"jigs," each tube in the frame will be in its proper position and the wheels will fall naturally into line. In the garret "factories" there are either no such appliances or they are of the most inferior kind; consequently, the frame is "forced" into temporary truth. Thus, after very little riding, the frame not being mathematically correct, the wheels get

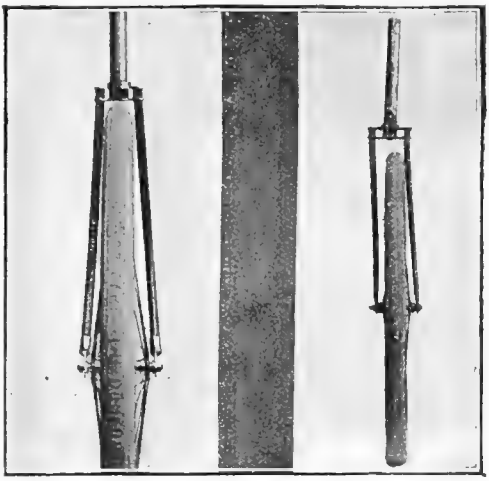
AFTER A COLLISION.

The Humber frame remains uninjured in a collison, while that of an inferior bicycle "crumbles up" under the same shock, in the manner shown.

out of line, and the work of cycling becomes much heavier, while the wear on the tyres and all working parts is enormously increased. In the huge Humber factories, with their vast output, every modern appliance for the proper building of the bicycle is included, and therefore every frame is "true" and perfectly built.

As to the tyres, I cannot do better than record a conversation I had a little while ago with the English traveller of a foreign rubber firm. He had just told me that he was supplying "tyres" for a much-advertised cheap bicycle at a few shillings per pair! "But do you guarantee them?" I asked. "Of course not," he replied. "They are made out of redeemed rubber—that is, all the used-up, worn-out rubber we can buy is melted down and re-made into tyres. All I say is, they look like tyres."

On the other hand, the Humber tyre fitted to the eight-guinea Humber is specially made for the Company by one of the greatest British tyre-making firms, who have not only a great reputation to sustain, but are bound down under heavy penalties to supply only a sound and satisfactory article.



A COMMON DEFECT OF CHEAP BICYCLES.

Forks and other parts of the frame quickly get out of line if the bicycle be not most carefully built. This photograph shows the front forks of a "cheap" bicycle and those of a Humber as they appear after some months' use.

Digitized by Google

Chains allow ample scope for cheapening costs. Nuts that wear and rattle are the effect of the same cause; soft, badly-made, and cheap threads which wear quickly.

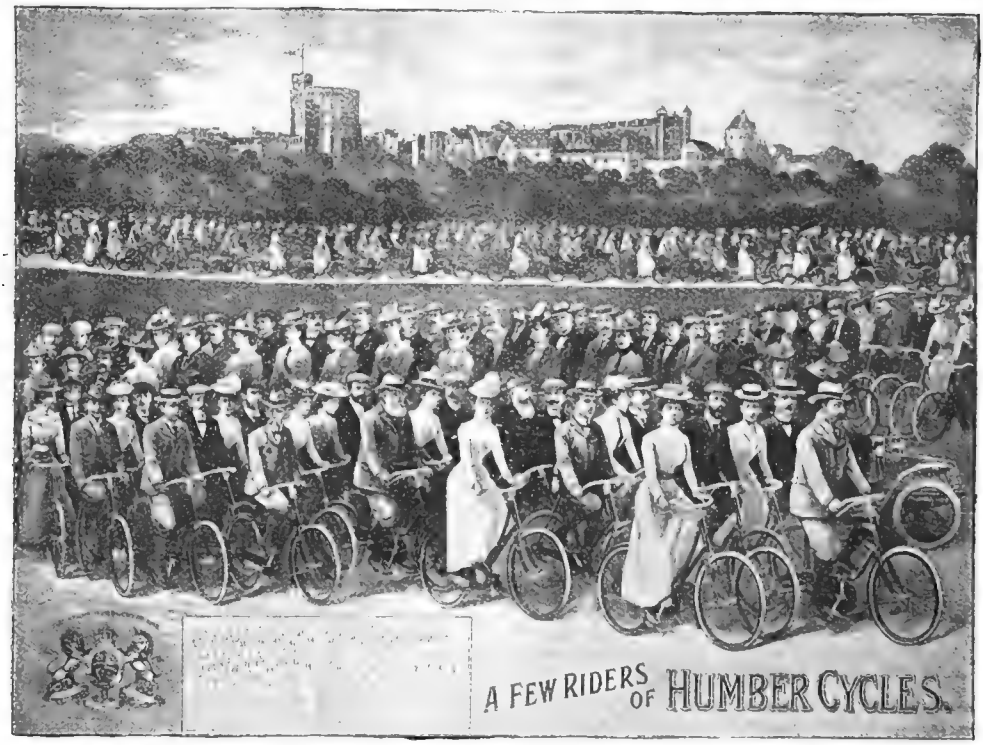
Enamel and plating are two of the most dangerous allies of the trashy bicycle. In the Humber, however, there is a heavy deposit of plating, after hours spent in preparation of the surface by hand. This means that the plating will wear well, and, with reasonable care, never tarnish. In the cheap bicycle there is no preparatory hand finish, and the plating deposits are of the thinnest possible kind. It is the same with enamel. This may be of the cheapest quality or it may be good, it may be one coat, or it may be six coats, as in the Humber, and thoroughly and properly stoved, and so made permanent.

There are many other directions in which the vendor of a cheap bicycle can save costs —cheap saddles, cheap brakes, cheap pedals, and so on, all items "made to sell" and not to wear. In fact, they are usually the outcome of job lines of parts, often of the worst foreign make, and "made" to come together. In this connexion, I cannot do better than point out that every Humber bicycle is fully guaranteed by the Company, with a guarantee which, as the saying goes, is "worth 20*s.* in the £." But let the reader inquire further on his or her own account, either direct from the Company at Beeston (Notts.) or Coventry, or any of the following depots:—London—32 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.; Liverpool—73 Bold-street; Birmingham—4 Victoria-square; Southampton—27 London-road; Manchester—5 Deansgate; Nottingham—Grey Friargate, or of any Humber agents.

A CYCLIST OF TWENTY YEARS.

A SUGGESTION BY A WELL-KNOWN CYCLING ARTIST.

The following are the leading personages depicted, all of whom are Humber riders.



H.M. King Edward VII.
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.
H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.
H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught.
H.R.H. The Duchess of Fife.
The Duke of Fife.
H.R.H. Princess Victoria.
H.R.H. Prince Charles of Denmark.
H.M. King of Italy.
H.M. King of the Belgians.
H.R.H. Princess Charles of Denmark.
H.M. King of Greece.
H.R.H. Princess Louise.
The late Marquis of Salisbury.
H.R.H. Prince Henry of Prussia.
H.R.H. Princess Patricia of Connaught.
H.R.H. Princess Victoria of Schaumburg-Lippe.
Earl Roberts.
H.R.H. Crown Prince of the Belgians.
H.H. Princess Frederick Carl of Hesse.
H.H. Prince Frederick Carl of Hesse.
Earl of Rosebery.
H.R.H. The Grand Duke of Oldenburg.
H.R.H. The Grand Duchess of Oldenburg.
H.R.H. Crown Prince of Greece.
H.R.H. Duke Ernest Gunther.
The Duchess of Sutherland.
The Duchess of Manchester.
Lord Methuen.
Gen. Baden-Powell.
H.R.H. the Shahzada.
Right Hon. A. J. Balfour.
The Marquis of Lansdowne.
The Marchioness of Granby.
Countess of Dudley.
Viscount Curzon.
The Marquis of Londonderry.
The Marchioness of Londonderry.
Lord Harris.
Lady Henry Somerset.
The Duke of Portland.
Lady Randolph Churchill.
Earl of Durham.
H.R.H. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.
Earl of Aylesford.
Lady Sarah Wilson.
Earl of Albemarle.
Earl de la Warr.
Countess de la Warr.
Earl of Jersey.
Lord Muncaster.
Marquis of Salisbury.
Earl of Dudley.
Lady Helen Vincent.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl Cadogan.
Earl of Kintore, &c., &c., &c.

Digitized by Google

For Amateur Gardeners.

Small Gardens

And How to Make the Most of Them.

By VIOLET BIDDLE. Cloth, Price 1s.

This handbook is full of information and hints of the utmost importance to amateur gardeners.

Some of the 18 chapters are :—

THE MANAGEMENT OF ROOM PLANTS—Best kinds for "roughing it"—The proper way of watering them, etc.

WINDOW BOXES—How to make them—Suitable soil—Window plants for different aspects, etc.

TABLE DECORATION—Preserving and resuscitating flowers—Table of flowers in season, etc.

VARIOUS HINTS—Artificial manures—Labelling—Cutting off dead flowers—Buying plants.

At all Booksellers, or post free 1/2 from
C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., 17 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

HENDERSON'S Reg'd PERALIA

INSTANTLY BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION

A brilliantly clear skin after two or three applications. Speedy disappearance of **Roughness, Greasiness, Pimples, Unnatural Whiteness, Redness, Freckles, Tan**, etc. Gentlemen find it cooling after shaving. Recommended for Red Noses. This excellent preparation **differs from all others.** In bottles, 1/-, 1/6, and 2/6. Postage, 3d. extra.

CRIMPOLINE Curls the hair Naturally in a FEW DAYS.

Will keep in curl always. Makes the hair soft and silky. **Produces the fashionable wave.** Neither sticky nor greasy. For Ladies', Gentlemen's, or Children's hair. For keeping the hair in curl **in a heated ballroom** it has no equal. 1/9 and 2/6 a bottle. Postage, 3d. extra.

Free with every order, a dainty booklet—"Beauty's Boudoir"—giving valuable toilet advice.

Your Chemist or Hairdresser will obtain Peralia or Crimpoline for you, or send direct to—

THE PERALIA PERFUMERY CO., 72 & 73 CAMDEN STREET (Dept. R), NORTH SHIELDS, ENGLAND.

ARE YOU LITTLE?

If we will send you particulars of our Elevators, which will increase your height 1in. to 4½in. (without detection). Prices from 5/6 per pair. Send stamp for further particulars — PERALIA Co. (Dept. R), 73 Camden St., North Shields, Eng.

NOSE

If you have an odd-shaped or red nose, send stamp for further particulars of our 10s. Nose Instruments. PERALIA CO. (Dept. R), 73 Camden St., North Shields, England

Madame H. M. ROWLEY'S

TOILET MASK

Or Face Glove (Patented)

Is a **natural beautifier** for **bleaching** and **preserving** the **skin** and **removing complexional imperfections.**

It is **soft** and **flexible** in form, and can be **worn** without **discomfort** or **inconvenience.**

It is recommended by eminent physicians and scientists as a substitute for injurious cosmetics.

COMPLEXION BLEMISHES may be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanish from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant, and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little, and saves pounds uselessly expended for cosmetics, powders, lotions, &c. It prevents and removes wrinkles, and is both a complexion preserver and beautifier. Illustrated Treatise post free two stamps. Address, and kindly mention this Magazine—

Mrs. H. M. ROWLEY,
THE TOILET MASK CO., 139 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

To be worn three times in the week.

THE **ELLIMAN R.E.P.** (RUBBING EASES PAIN) **HAND BOOK.**

What's the Matter?

A KNOWLEDGE OF ITS CONTENTS causes the ELLIMAN R.E.P. BOOK to be kept upon the table for ready reference in **MASSAGE** treatment, Affections arising from taking Cold; Rheumatism; Sprains Common Ailments; First Aid in Accidents, and Hygiene of the Athlete, &c. (256 Pages, Illustrated.)

"It is an excellent example of concise and able writing, some 300 subjects being dealt with, and the book is full of diagrams, and recipes, and sound information, and of a handy size."—*Stage* (London).

Four ways of obtaining the ELLIMAN R.E.P. BOOK :
1. **Order at the Railway Bookstalls, 1/- net.**
2. **Order of your Chemist, 1/- net.**
3. **Order of Elliman, Sons & Co., Slough, 1/- post free to all parts of the world** (*Foreign Stamps accepted*).
4. **Upon terms to be found upon a label affixed to the outside of the back of cartons containing**

1/1½, 2/9, ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION

Digitized by Google

Mr Geo. R. Sims' "TATCHO"

THE GREAT HAIR GROWER & HAIR PRESERVER.

Lady Powell

Torr-Alunu, Dunoon, N.B.

has found "Tatcho" very beneficial, the falling-off of hair having ceased. "Tatcho" is the nicest preparation for the hair, being Non-Oily, and not perfumed as other lotions are.

I find "Tatcho" excellent, and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life devoted partially to keep my hair on.

Ed Keate. Major General

High Croft, Winchester.

Ever since I began to use "Tatcho," and learnt from experience its value, I have recommended it to my friends and acquaintances, and in no case has it failed to meet with unqualified approval.

R Bayford Chester

Zetland House, Maidenhead.

Mrs. Collins

used "Tatcho" for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick.

18 Ashburn Place, Kensington, W.

"I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formulæ recommended by me."

Geo R Sims

MR. GEO. R. SIMS "TATCHO" IS ALSO VOUCHED FOR BY

ROYALTY—
Prince Pless,
Princess Eugenie Cristoforos-Palælogue,
Princess Vassel, &c., &c.

NAVY—
Com. T. Wolfe Murray,
Lieut. E. Thompson, &c.

ARMY—
Col. Perry,
Lieut.-Col. Nedham,
Capt. Pembroke Marshall,
Capt. Phillips,
Capt. Wilkins, &c., &c.

SOCIETY—
Lady Gatacre,
Lady French,
Lady Dunglass,
Lady Sykes, &c., &c.

MEDICAL—
Over 1,500 Physicians and Medical users.

"TATCHO," Non-Oily, a brilliant, spiritous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. **"TATCHO," Oily,** a brilliant tonic, containing all the hair-growing properties of "Tatcho," Non-oily, with the addition of an oil product for dry hair. **"TATCHO"** is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter, or any ingredient harmful to the scalp. **"TATCHO"** is sold by Chemists and Stores all over the world in bottles at **1/-, 2/9,** and **4/6.** Arrangements have also been made whereby the principal Chemists and Stores throughout the Kingdom are empowered to supply a Full Size **4/6** Trial Bottle of "Tatcho" for **1/10,** or direct (mentioning the *Royal Magazine*), carriage paid, to your own door on application to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London.

Digitized by Google

PEARSON'S

London.

Dear Sir, or Madam,

If you buy the April Number of the NOVEL MAGAZINE --a fourpenny monthly, all stories -- your fourpence will be returned to you

Yours faithfully

The Editor

Digitized by Google

IN THE HEART
OF
THE HOME

PEARS' SOAP

reigns supreme because the mother knows it is perfectly pure and that no other soap has answered so well or proved so beneficial to the skin.

MATCHLESS
FOR THE
COMPLEXION.

Cadbury's

"The finest example of cocoa manufacture—Delicious & absolutely pure."

CIVIL SERVICE GAZETTE

The *Lancet* says: "The statement that CADBURY's Cocoa is an absolutely pure article cannot be controverted in view of the results of analysis which in our hands this excellent article of food has yielded."

CADBURY's—Absolutely Pure, therefore Best.

Printed by HORACE COX, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published for the Proprietors by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD. Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
All Advertisements to be addressed to the Advertisement Department, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google